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DECEMBER • 1940



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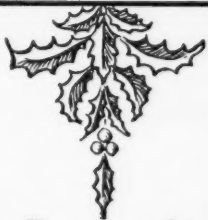


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COVER • "O GLADSOME LIGHT" • IVES COLOR

DANIEL A. POLING, Editor • **Managing Editor, FRANK S. MEAD**
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VOLUME 69 • NUMBER 12

PEOPLE and THINGS

SCOOP is the greatest word in journalism. In religious journalism, there aren't many scoops; the nature of our material works against that. But once in a journalistic blue moon, it happens. CHRISTIAN HERALD is pardonably proud of its scoop on page 27 of this issue: an unpublished poem of Edwin Markham.

It came to us in a roundabout way. Dr. Stidger, who writes our Daily Meditations, was an intimate friend of Edwin Markham for years before the poet died. He visited often in Markham's home, and the good grey author of "The Man With the Hoe" was found often under the Stidger roof. After Markham died, Dr. Stidger was prowling one day among a lot of papers in his library dealing with Markham and his work; he couldn't believe his eyes when he came across a yellowed bit of paper on which Mr. Markham had written "The Manger Song of Mary." It was written in the Stidger home, and thanks to the usual bighearted Stidger generosity, it came from there to CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Vergil Markham, the poet's son, graciously granted his permission for us to put the poem into public print for the first time.

¶ The little piece on Phillips Brooks and "O Little Town of Bethlehem," on page 17, has more to do with the author than the carol—and for that we are glad. Phillips Brooks is too much neglected by this generation. A Methodist bishop recently nominated him as the first Protestant American saint, and while Dr. Brooks would probably be the first one to object to the nomination, he certainly deserves it.

The Managing Editor of this magazine received a part of his theological education in the seminary at Alexandria, Virginia. On the day of his first appearance there, he was shown the room he was to live in by one of the professors. The professor opened the door carefully, stepped reverently into the room and said to the newcomer: "Sir, this is hallowed ground. Phillips Brooks lived in this room while he was studying here." It was a low-ceilinged room on the first floor. Dr. Brooks was a tall man; he was forever bumping his head on the beams in that ceiling when he stood up suddenly and straight. Slightly stoop-shouldered in his later years, he always swore that he got that way in the room at Alexandria.

When next you go to Boston, go over and take a look at the statue of Phillips Brooks outside the church he served. It has him standing in a pulpit, with Jesus Christ standing behind him. Christ's hand is on the shoulder of Phillips Brooks. Perfect!

We Quote

A DIGEST OF THE
MONTH'S THINKING

If tombstones told the truth, everybody would wish to be buried at sea.

John W. Raper

* * *

Happiness is not a station you arrive at; but a manner of traveling.

Margaret Lee Runbeck

* * *

If a child annoys you, quiet him by brushing his hair. If this doesn't work, use the other side of the brush on the other end of the child.

Shawano (Wis.) County Journal

* * *

Today's Version: Make a better mouse-trap and the people who try to beat a path to your door will be halted by pickets.

Progressive Grocer

* * *

You call us colored people, but did it ever occur to you that we could just as easily refer to you as colorless people?

Rev. James Robinson

* * *

Some persons profit by lying convincingly; I profit by telling the truth unconvincingly. It is not so difficult as you might suppose, for in this world, where actually nothing is commonplace, people believe only in the commonplace, in that which they are accustomed to see.

Robert L. Ripley

* * *

In a little church in the far south of Ireland, every window but one is of painted glass. Through that single exception may be seen a breathtaking view: a lake of deepest blue, studded with green islets, and backed by range after range of purple hills. Under the window is the inscription: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

Robert Gibbings

* * *

The terrible danger of our time consists in the fact that ours is a cutflower civilization. Beautiful as cut flowers may be, they will eventually die because they are severed from their sustaining roots. We are trying to maintain the dignity of the individual apart from the deep faith that every man is made in God's image and is therefore precious in God's eyes.

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DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

Are there any figures showing the time given by the various faiths and sects to the religious instruction of children?

Answer:

The following figures are reported in *Western Recorder*: A Jewish child receives 335 hours of religious training each year; the Roman Catholic child, 200 hours; and children of Protestant groups receive less than thirty hours a year. The figures are from "The Romance of the Ministry," by Calkins.

Question:

I belong to a very conservative church, theologically and socially. I am musical and am hungry for great concerts. I am criticized severely whenever I go to the theater, whatever the character of the program there. I have tried to think first of others; my parents and my church, but where is the line to be drawn?

Answer:

I am entirely sympathetic with the spirit expressed in this question. The young man writing this letter is to be commended for the consideration he has shown his parents and others of his church who may disagree with him, but eventually, "trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ" for wisdom and strength, he must make his own decisions. Mary, the mother of Jesus, said to the disciples at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, "Whatsoever he saith unto thee, do it." Very good people are sometimes very unreasonable.

Question:

I am an unmarried woman beyond middle age. A divorced man four years my senior wishes me to marry him. If I could overcome my feeling about divorce, I think I would say, "Yes," because we have much in common and are old enough to know both our minds and hearts. My family and friends call me foolish. What is your advice?

Answer:

On what grounds did this man secure his divorce? There are Scriptural as well as legal grounds for divorce. A few of the happiest marriages I have known have followed a divorce where the innocent party has found, in the second

marriage, that more abundant life for which all men and women hunger. I cannot standardize an answer for this question. Perhaps I could be more helpful if I knew the particulars.

Question:

You said recently that those men and women who subscribed to the ideals of Christianity and democracy and who demonstrated them, are both good and great. Jesus and Paul lived under a monarchy and Niemoeller under a totalitarian state. I am of the opinion that any one of them is as good and great as any man or woman in a democratic government.

Answer:

Nothing I wrote suggested that Jesus, Paul and Niemoeller in their times and under their governments were not both good and great. Certainly I did not suggest that there is any government or any circumstances under which men and women cannot be good and great. Indeed some of the best and greatest of men and women achieved their intellectual, moral and spiritual stature under slave government, and under economic, social and moral conditions that beggar description.

Question:

In your recent answer to a question, you spoke of driving the bishop to his Sunday appointment when he could have taken the streetcar. Do you not think you and the bishop should have helped the horse to get his Sunday rest?

Answer:

Yes, definitely we would have done better to help the horse rest on Sunday. That is what I wanted to do but I was not the bishop.

Question:

Are any Palestine tours now being conducted anywhere by anyone?

Answer:

No, but CHRISTIAN HERALD is already planning an Easter tour for the earliest possible date—perhaps 1948. We have some very definite and perhaps unique ideas.

Question:

From many conflicting reports and

rumors, as a descendent of Hungarian ancestors, I am unable to reach any conclusion as to what is happening in that ancient land. I should be glad to know.

Answer:

From a distinguished Hungarian now in this country and from other sources, we learn that inflation has made Hungarian money almost worthless. Budapest is one of the most sadly wrecked cities of Europe. There are few medical supplies, little milk or meat and practically no food. The staple diet is potatoes when they are available. The country's producing capacity is only 25 percent of what it was in 1938 and of this, more than 70 percent is shipped out as reparations.

Question:

"Man, an Autobiography," by George R. Stewart, just about confirms Henry Ford who twenty-five years ago said, "History is bunk." The author doesn't think that much happened between 2000 B.C. and A.D. 1700. What do you think?

Answer:

A friend of mine, a distinguished New York publisher, has this to say: "No, Professor Stewart, nothing happened between 2000 B.C. and A.D. 1700 except the birth of Christ, and with Christ's crucifixion, a new concept of man and the hereafter started its long struggle to culmination. The author of this book discusses the products that increase man's ease of living, but man's ethical, moral and spiritual progress—despite all failures and shortcomings—are not to be brushed aside in this fashion."

Question:

Is the Federal Council of Churches a hindrance to the broadcasting of the gospel or not?

Answer:

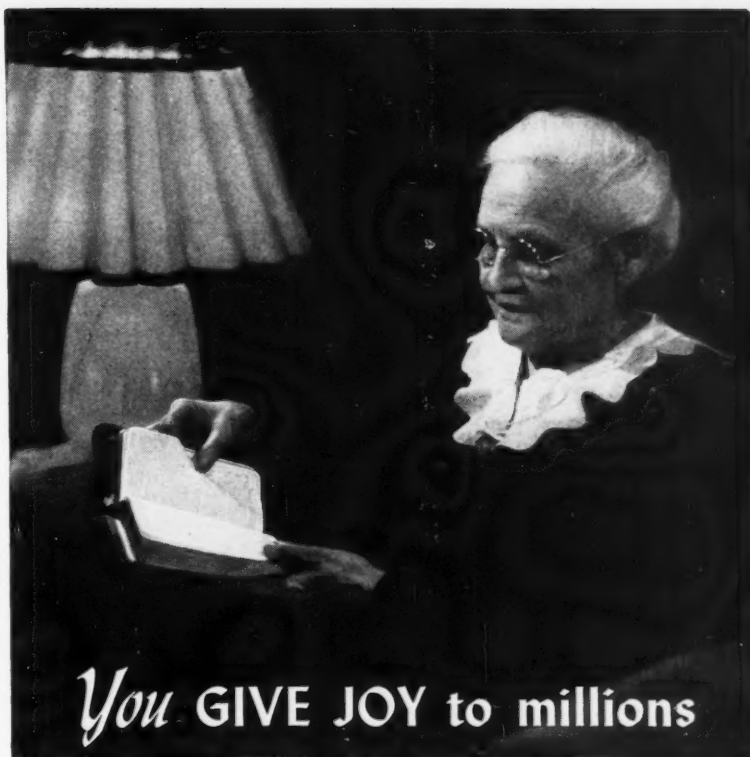
No, the Federal Council is responsible for more religious and gospel broadcasting than any other single agency. There are, of course, many great religious broadcasts that are not under the auspices of the Federal Council.

Question:

Is it fair to a congregation for the pastor's wife to take an employed position when she is needed in the church and the church is paying her husband all they can afford?

Answer:

It may not only be fair, but necessary for the pastor's wife to take an employed position even though the congregation is paying all it can afford. My salary arrangement has never included the provision that Mrs. Poling's services were also covered. She has given herself to the church in a marvelous way but it has been her gift. A few churches act as though they "bought" the pastor's wife when they "hired" him.



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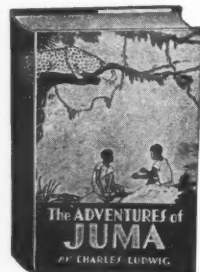
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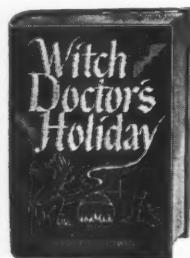
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That "MESS OF POTTAGE"

"Is this author right?" is the question Christian Herald asked the readers in connection with Laurel Keynan's article on radio in the October issue. As usual the readers wrote—many of them and plenty! Letters agreeing with Mrs. Keynan constituted 99.9 percent of the total. Here's a selection from the most interesting:

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading the article in your October issue entitled "A Mess of Pottage," by Laurel Keynan, and I want to write you about it before the fire in me dies down, as it does with so many of us before it can be used constructively.

I thoroughly agree with the author. I have yearned many times to be able to tune in to more programs like "Hymns of All Churches," from which inspiration and satisfaction may be derived. I scan the radio news to find worthwhile entertainment, but am unable to find enough good programs to listen to even while I'm ironing. I am a young mother and might therefore like these modern romances and similar programs, but I dislike them intensely because their fictitious homes are no ideal of mine; neither are the relationships the "married couples" are supposed to "enjoy."

Radio—the invention—is wonderful, but I'm sure its inventor would be disappointed if he could hear what it is being used for—to spread dismay, ill-humor and misconduct.

MRS. DONALD WILHELM, JR.
Barberton, Ohio

* * *

Dear Sirs:

A mess of pottage? Not necessarily. Granted that there is much on the air that is poor; granted, too, that much of the fare is mediocre; granted also that such programs win far too many friends and influence far too many people. But no amount of talking against such programs or writing to sponsors and stations condemning them will get them off the air. Such an approach is psychologically unsound. A constructive approach will get farther faster.

Our Wisconsin Joint Committee For Better Listening uses a better approach, and it is gaining ground. This committee has found that there are more excellent programs than one has time to listen to. Proceeding on the theory that the standards of an individual's taste can be raised by constant emphasis on that which is good, the committee prepares

and circulates a monthly list of about ninety excellent programs, and a semi-annual list of good programs on the air between the hours of 4 and 9, when the children listen.

By various methods, besides distributing the lists to the cooperating organizations (P.T.A., Federation of Women's Clubs, etc.) we focus attention on top programs. Community group meetings, semi-annual conferences, programs on good listening in all affiliated organizations, radio appreciation courses at vocational schools for PTA study groups, materials on learning to listen placed in the hands of many people—these are among the devices used.

As for children's appreciation of the best in radio, we all know the value of early training. Many of our Wisconsin schools use radio in the classroom; many teachers know how to direct the interest of their pupils to good radio outside of school hours. Several schools teach radio appreciation and discrimination. When the child's taste is rightly cultivated, adult taste will take care of itself.

So—ignore the poor and the mediocre in radio programs and cultivate the best in music, drama, forums, etc., on the air. Then, slowly perhaps, but surely, the best will gain in popularity and influence, and we will not be content with a mess of pottage.

Madison, Wis. MARGARET SHELTON

* * *

Dear Editor:

Frankly, it is worse than a mess of pottage. Most of it is just a mess. If we cannot in some way get the commercial stations to give us less moronic drivel and putrid problems like those Laurel Keynan mentions, the Christians will be forced to have their own stations. However, I wish that the commercial stations could be brought to a much higher level in their program material and subject matter.

REV. J. ALLEN ANDERSON
Birmingham, Ala.

* * *

Dear Editor:

I think the article by Laurel Keynan

is one of the best and most needed you have published in years. They say the native Africans howl with pain when American jazz is turned on. I don't blame them. If there is any way to make these programs more hideous I cannot imagine what it is.

Stark, Kansas LUTHER DILLON

Dear Editor:

I just won't go into the "soap opera" business. . . . And I have another fault to find with the newscasters—not so much with the man who sticks to the news as with the "commentator" who adds his own personal predictions and thoughts to the news. I believe much of the feeling against Russia has been brought about by the remarks and comments of biased news reporters.

Marion, Indiana MRS. W.M. BOTHWELL

Dear Editor:

At a friend's house recently I asked, "Where is your radio?" She replied, "Up in the attic, where it's going to stay." To a homesick G. I. Bride (from the other side) I asked, "Do you get any pleasure out of your radio?" She said, "I think your programs over here are disgusting; they are three-quarters advertising."

GERTRUDE M. WITHAM
Johnson City, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I can't understand why nothing has been done. The programs are the laughing-stock of the nation . . . People are buying combination radio-and-phonograph sets to get away from the soap operas.

Peoria Height, Ill. MRS. E. V. CRONE

Dear Editor:

Walk down any neighborly little street, with a row of cottages with doors and windows open some morning or afternoon, and the sounds that come from the houses would lead one to believe that murder, burglary and crime of all sorts was being committed. Babies cry, women sob, men shriek or argue or threaten. Ugh! Soap operas!

Although she (Mrs. Keynan) spoke of the frequent emphasis put on sex on many shows—and she is correct in that—she did not mention the one thing which, to me, is a sore spot, and that is the frequent mention of drinking, portrayal of drunken roles, etc., done mostly in a way to make the loathsome drink habit something to be admired! We listeners are at fault. It takes time, courage and postage to write letters, but since reading Mrs. Keynan's article, I have determined that within the next few months I am going to write at least ten letters to sponsors, telling them things I do not like on their programs . . . Laurel Keynan has converted me; from now on I am going to demand better things.

Decatur, Ill. MRS. B. J. MOODY

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*And I will dwell in the house
of the Lord forever.*

PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

HOME TO WHAT? George II of Greece, a five-year exile, comes home at last (left). He will live again in his palace, but in the Athens street he will face hunger, pain and see children (right) made orphans by the war.



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT

Edited by Gabriel Courier

AT HOME

PRICES: So price ceilings are going, going, gone. You can have all the meat you can eat—if you can get it, and if you can pay for it.

Meat soared up to 65 percent more than OPA ceiling prices in New York City immediately after the Presidential broadcast which blew the ceilings to pieces. The packers and the butchers say we shouldn't be bothered about that: prices will soon come down, competition will get in its work, and we'll all be back to normalcy before we know it. Let's hope so!

Mr. Truman's radio speech, which finished the regrettable business, was a pitiful one; he talked like a man backed into a corner, and his thrusts at the Republicans and the packers as the guilty parties failed to shield his own blundering—which in this particular case has been pretty sad. The Administration's price controls never had a chance;

the public received them exactly as so much of the public received Prohibition. Coupled with the duplicity of men who wanted to make millions and make them quick, whatever happened, was a public jaded and weary with the war and ready to do almost anything to get away from wartime prohibitions. There was no public will behind Mr. Truman and OPA.

Equally sad was the speech of Republican National Committee Chairman Carroll Reece, who said only, in substance, "Don't blame us; blame Mr. Truman and the Democrats." Reece's waving of the Communist flag wouldn't have fooled an eighth-grader. His was an ambiguous Fourth of July oratory that the voting public has been frowning on for twenty years. If Mr. Reece can't do better than this, the Republicans will *not* win in a walk come the Presidential elections.

SOUTH: Things are beginning to "jell" in that Presidential affair in '48. The candidates are lining up their campaigns, and certain truths are becoming self-evident.

On the Democratic side, good men are few and far between. If Mr. Truman makes many more blunders, he will be definitely out; at the moment, however, even the Republicans have not taken his defeat for granted. If he doesn't run, nobody knows who will. The Democrats are much worse off for leadership than are the Republicans.

If Dewey wins the governorship of New York this year, he will be a formidable candidate for the Presidential nomination. He will be more formidable there than with the people; we do not believe this country wants Dewey—but of course we've been wrong, once or twice. Neither Dewey nor Stassen stand a chance with the Republican Old Guard—more's the pity, for this man Stassen, we believe, could sweep the country like a prairie fire, if he got the chance. He's too young, liberal, progressive and independent; a free mind is always bad in politics. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg is the most likely choice for the middle-of-the-roads. His stock is rising fast.

More important than the men are the areas in which the main battle will be fought: the most vital strategic areas for '48 are the industrial, heavily populated states—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois; no Republican candidate has carried those states in a national election for eighteen years, but they will have to carry them now. Then there is the solid Democratic South; the Republicans are really going to try to break it this time. Chairman Reece hails from Tennessee; that's strategy! He is speaking frequently in the South, pleading the Republican cause. Watch Dixie this time!

We lay no wagers in this department, but we predict that the next President will be a Republican.

OPINION: Ever and anon we hear some perfectly good, patriotic American say that there is definitely a trend back to isolationism in these United States. We have doubted that in our hearts; now comes evidence that makes us doubt it in our minds.

Recent polls disclose this about the

way America is thinking:

1. Fifty-two percent of those polled favor American participation in a plan under which all nations would pool their national armed forces in one great international force. Only 33 percent opposed this plan; 15 percent were undecided.

2. Fifty-four percent believed that the UN should be made over immediately into a world government, with full control over the armed forces of all countries. A scant 24 percent were opposed and 22 percent just didn't know.

3. Sixty-three percent believe that the UN should go along with a plan to create a working world congress strong enough to settle international disputes between the nations, whether the disputing nations like it or not. Twenty percent opposed this plan, and 17 percent didn't vote at all.

Newsweek reports these polls; they are bona fide. And we have a feeling that if such polls could become nationwide and take all of us in, the proportions in favor of international cooperation would be even larger. While the diplomats fumble, the common people of the world have had about all they want of war. It's time the diplomats realized that.

COURIER'S CUES: U.S. Army may transform thousands of its heavy bombers into 3,000-mile robot missiles . . . State Department will drop the sedition trials for good . . . Somehow, U.S.S.R.'s Gromyko knew what Henry Wallace was going to say before Bernard Baruch knew; no fault of Wallace—just a sly tip from an unknown . . . Watch for a wild fight between Spruille Braden and George Messersmith; both may lose their jobs as result of it . . . Franco will call for a national vote in Spain very soon; his rule totters . . . Ten to fifteen times as many Japanese listen to Diet debates as did in pre-war . . . Washington will go the limit in opposing Russian demands on Germany . . . Ford has postponed introduction of real post-war models until after 1947; other car men will probably follow suit . . . When Toscanini retires, famous NBC orchestra will disband; quite a loss . . . And that's all for this month.

ABROAD

FAILURE: The peace conference at Paris was just about 90 percent failure. When Mr. Molotov goes to work on what's left of it, at the Big Four meeting in New York, he may whittle down the other 10 percent. And then, things may happen to prevent that. May God will it so!

The real failure at Paris was not so much a failure to move toward peace, but the failure of the Americans and the British and the French to argue the

Russians out of their conquests. To read the reports of these Paris meetings, one would think that the only vital areas in the peace negotiations were the Balkan areas, where the Russians rule. The focus was too small; we will never get peace for the whole world simply in arguing over the Danube and Trieste. What we all need to understand is that the canvas on which the picture is to be painted is a much, much larger canvas than this.

Let us repeat what we said months ago here: Russia, having lost blood and resource almost beyond reckoning, is not going to see her borders threatened again if she can help it. That's why she fights so desperately, through Molotov among the ministers and Gromyko in the UN, for the Danube and Yugoslavia and for the states bordering on her homeland. If we were in the position Russia is in, we would quite likely be doing the same thing.

This is not to excuse Russia, but to explain her strategy.

HANGINGS: The eleven German war criminals have been hanged by the neck until dead. Aside from the screaming newspaper headlines, there wasn't much fuss made about it on this side of the Atlantic. Those who hate capital punishment were a bit surprised that there was almost no objection to it at all. In Germany, there were bets—two to one—that the softhearted Americans and British would commute the sentences at the last moment. That's how they felt about it!

So—where are we now? Are the eleven dead martyrs? Will resentment over this judging of an enemy beaten fairly on the battlefield provide the Germans with a hymn of hate for World War III? We think not. Goering and his evil crew were despised by the Germans; even those released may be tried by the Germans themselves and punished. About the only word spoken for them from high places was spoken by Senator Taft, who must have regretted it the minute the words were out of his mouth. He felt it unfair to convict a man of a crime when there was no law against that crime at the moment of commission! Murder has always been a crime, Mr. Taft.

They committed murder, or attempted murder, against the whole human race. The verdicts of the Nuremberg trials are rich with evidence on that. Those verdicts are interesting. Have you read them? Goering was convicted as "director of slave labor programs and creator of the oppressive programs against the Jews and other races . . ."; Wilhelm Frick was "largely responsible for legislation which suppressed trade unions, the church and the Jews;" Fritz Sauckel engineered "deportation for slave labor of more than five million human beings;" Streicher "infected the German mind with the virus of anti-Semitism."

Murder, in the first degree!

INDIA: There is rejoicing in India and England: the Moslems have expressed their willingness to enter the interim national government, and to participate in drafting a new constitution for India. It is the happiest news in fifty years for both Hindu and Britisher.

Some hurdles remain to be crossed, but they are not nearly as high as those formerly placed in the way of concord. The offer that really brought the Moslem League into the interim picture was a new one from Viceroy Viscount Wavell, who offered to allot five seats out of the fourteen in the government to the Moslems. Three other seats would be allotted to Sikhs, Indian Christians, and Parsees. It is an intelligent, tolerant allotment, and a credit to Wavell and the British.

We have been criticized in this department, more than once, for our anti-British attitude. Let's get that straight. We are not anti-British, but anti-imperialist. We are *pro* the Indian people. We are *pro* any people who want to live as they please in their own country. If we may borrow a phrase from Tom Paine (seldom quoted in this magazine), "Wherever freedom is denied, there is my home." Freedom has been too long denied in India; we have seen the whips of the foreign oppressor fall, with our own eyes, and we have hated it. We would hate it equally if the whip were held by a French hand, or an Italian, or an American. It's the principle, not the individual, that we fight.

Now our hopes are high for India. May they find freedom soon—and may they be intelligent enough, and *tolerant* enough, to hold it, once they get it!

CZECHS: There may be many in this country who say that the State Department has no foreign policy—but don't say that in Czechoslovakia. The Czechs got some pretty sad news this month: angered at Czech charges of "imperialism and slavery" in the American policy of extending credits, the State Department has moved to suspend negotiations to grant Czechoslovakia ninety million dollars in rehabilitation loans and surplus war materials. The Department also asks the U.S. Export-Import Bank to cancel a fifty-million-dollar credit to the Czechs for raw materials and rehabilitation. It is a body blow.

The truth is, of course, that it is not the pre-war, freedom-loving Czech who is making these charges of imperialism and slavery; these accusations come right out of the hearts of the Communist bosses of the land. These overlords from Moscow are the same men who recently arranged the resale of ten million dollars worth of surplus property purchased from the U.S. to Romania—a country, if you recall, that helped the Allies very, very little in the war years. Why anyone should expect the United States to help Romania, via Czechoslovakia, after all that, is pretty hard for the State Department to figure out.

There are still millions of hungry people in the world who are *not* trying their level best to bite the hand that feeds them.

WAR? We're all wondering about the next war. Some of us are almost panicky about it. Those who should know are not so panicky.

Speaking in London, General Eisenhower said that in his opinion no major power in the world wants a global war, nor would any such power provoke it at this time. He also has some rather pointed things to say to those who insist upon shaking the bloody fist at Russia without provocation.

Right on top of that, the Soviet government announces its first post-war budget—which cuts in half the sums allotted to defense, earmarking much more to science, wages and transportation.

Let's cool off, quiet down—and speak when we're spoken to!

BULL: One of our own personal heroes during the war was wrinkle-faced, hard-bitten old "Bull" Halsey of the Navy. We liked his style in war. We do not like it in peace. Recently, he informed a wondering world that we (meaning largely the United States Navy) would go "where we * * * * please."

That, Admiral, is the sort of talk that sounds good in war—but which, uttered in peacetime, is the perfect tinder for more war. It is highly significant of the white man's superiority complex—a complex which, among other things, was behind a lot of Japanese atrocities in the years after Pearl Harbor. The white man—aye, the American—has no right whatsoever to go anywhere he pleases, whether those he steps on to get there like it or not. What would you say, sir, if a Russian admiral were to say a thing like that to you? Or to the U. S. State Department? What a howl there would be in our newspapers over that!

It's time we stopped this chip-on-the-shoulder war talk, and began to talk just a little in terms of peace. We might at least make an honest effort to get along with the rest of the world, and this is no way to do that.

CHURCH NEWS

DISINTEGRATION? In a report on ministerial education in the Northern Baptist Convention, we read: "Churches of the Northern Baptist Convention are manned by ministers only 38 percent of whom received their seminary training in the theological schools of the Northern Baptist Convention. A full college and theological course has been achieved by only 36 percent of Northern Baptist ministers; 10 percent have received no training beyond high school. . . ."

That's bad. Very bad. But what we think is worse is the conclusion about all this, drawn in the columns of a contemporary (Northern Baptist) magazine. What the writer seems most worried about is that all this leads to "a general denominational disintegration!" We wonder if that is the worst result?

Unless something is done to change this, says the Baptist writer, "the breakup is bound to come." We think the breakup is coming anyway, and that it

statement to the effect that in *their* opinion, voluntary euthanasia, *practiced under careful safeguards*, is not to be regarded as contrary to the teachings of Christ or the principles of Christianity. Let us repeat: that's *their* opinion.

The list of Protestant ministers who signed this statement is impressive; they are definitely prominent, and they are not men to give their names to a cause without knowing what that cause is about. We would hesitate to condemn



Summers in the Buffalo Evening News

A MAN WITH COLLATERAL

has little to do with ministerial education. We do not mean a breakup in the Northern Baptist system; we mean that the whole system of *Protestant* denominationalism is doomed. It may take ten years and it may take a hundred—but we either get together or we die.

Shameful indeed it is that ministers in any church are badly instructed—that they face laymen who know more than they do! Sadder yet is the stubborn belief that we must go on educating ministers to work within the narrow, confusing confines of our little sectarianism instead of in that broader Christian parish which claimed the mind and heart of one like John Wesley. Said Wesley, "The world is my parish!"

EUTHANASIA: Forty prominent Protestant ministers have come out with a

statement to the effect that in *their* opinion, voluntary euthanasia, *practiced under careful safeguards*, is not to be regarded as contrary to the teachings of Christ or the principles of Christianity. Let us repeat: that's *their* opinion.

We are also bothered with one other thought: just *who* is to decide when the method is to be employed? Who is to say that this disease or that is completely incurable? If we put out of the way those who seem helplessly ill or crippled, this world would not have



PRESS ASSN.

AERIAL SERVICES. As relatives watch, two Christian chaplains and a Jewish rabbi officiate at funeral services in a plane flying over the scene of the airliner crash in Newfoundland where thirty-nine persons lost their lives.

known Steinmetz, Helen Keller, Fanny Crosby—you go on and finish the list. It's endless.

TAXES: Taxpayers are being told by income-tax authorities that they had better make their church donations by check and not by cash, if they want deductions in the future.

Some will be insulted by that suggestion, but they haven't much right to be. The harsh truth is that many a dollar is withheld from the government on the plea of "church donation" that never gets into a church collection-plate. It's an especially convenient arrangement for the "tramp" who moves around from one church to another. Government tax authorities, of course, are hesitant to question any church donation. The burden of proof, however, is not upon governmental shoulders; it is upon the shoulder of the individual—and any honest church contributor should welcome investigation of this whole business.

Someone has said, in Washington, that if all the money donated to the churches really got to the churches, we could have a cathedral at every crossroads in America. We wouldn't know about that, not knowing just how much money is thus accounted for on income-tax blanks. We do know that a lot of it is pretty doubtful.

WEEK-DAYS: The question of week-day religious education, on released time from the public schools, is still being hotly debated in many states. Those uncertain as to its fruits should turn to Pittsburgh and take a good long look.

Religion is the most recent "R" added

to the three historic "R's" in the high schools of Allegheny county. It was added, officially, in 1940, when 600 students of all faiths were enrolled and released for the one-hour-a-week classes held in parochial and public schools every Wednesday. There was some doubt around the Smoky City as to whether the youngsters—and their parents—would go for it, but there isn't any doubt any more. For this current semester, 12,000 children are enrolled!

From 600 in 1940 to 12,000 in 1946 looks to us like a pretty healthy gain—and pretty good evidence that this thing will work, when it has intelligent supervision. You may be reading more about Pittsburgh in *CHRISTIAN HERALD*, later.

UNITY: We can talk ourselves blue in the face about unity between the churches, for years on end, and not make one tenth the impression that an actual demonstration of church unity will make. Up in Syracuse, an interfaith group has been formed to unite Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish religious bodies in support of the United Nations Organization. Leading the movement are a member of the Syracuse Council of Churches, the assistant chancellor of the Catholic Diocese of Syracuse and a Jewish rabbi. "Regardless of creed, race or political ideology," says this group, "no greater issue faces us than the issue of world government. We need to remind ourselves in and out of season that the hope for peace and progress for the future lies along the road of conference and cooperation, rather than conflict."

Right! If all the religious folk in the world were to say tomorrow that they

would never fight again, there would be no more war. If all the religious folk get behind the UN—there will be no more war. It will take Protestant, Catholic and Jew working together to do that. Thank you, Syracuse!

TEMPERANCE

SELF-INFLICTED: It's funny how sentimental we can get even while we're trying desperately to be scientific. Take, for example, our modern attitude toward the chronic alcoholic. Time was when the drunkard was a wastrel, a ne'er-do-well, bearing his own sins, reaping what he himself had sown. But not today. Now we say his condition may be misfortune, but never misdeed. Blame it on his mores, his environment, his heredity. But don't blame the man himself. He's victim, not sinner; a patient to be treated and not a penitent to be hanged.

But a judge in Pennsylvania's Supreme Court recently handed down a decision that gives a jolt to this sentimentality. Into the court came counsel for one Allen G. Lynch, whose dalliance with the bottle had led to a physical condition for which he hoped to collect a waiver of premiums and monthly disability payments on two insurance policies. The insurance company had denied the claims, pointing to the provision: "Benefits shall not be granted if disability is the result of self-inflicted injury."

Counsel for Lynch, filled with modern enlightenment as to the alcoholic's irresponsibility, took umbrage at that phrase "self-inflicted" and rushed into court. Judge Claude T. Reno heard both sides, then pounded his gavel and spoke words weighty with commonsense. Said he:

"Man drinks because he desires, intends, wills to experience the effects of the drink. . . . Conceding that men do not deliberately intend to become chronic alcoholics, what shall be said of a man who, knowing the ultimate results, seeks the cumulative effects which liquor produces? . . . This insured sought regularly the effects of liquor, and now that liquor has produced the ultimate result it must be said that the final outcome was of his own choosing. . . . If a sane man chooses to loose destructive forces upon himself, the law will not relieve him of his folly. Neither he nor those claiming under him can profit by a self-inflicted injury."

The effect of Judge Reno's decision may be more far-reaching than appears on the surface. Its possible legal ramifications are endless. But in any case it seems that, financially as well as morally, the alcoholic may hereafter have to bear on his own back—and at his own expense—the burden of his sin against himself and society.



FEATURES

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CHRISTIAN Herald

»»»»»»»»»» DECEMBER, 1946

DID JESUS COME TOO SOON?

WAS Jesus born too soon? Paul's answer is "No." For him Jesus came "In the fullness of time." But there are others who disagree.

"The Wingless Victory" was an unusual play. Its thesis was intolerance and the scene was laid in Salem, Massachusetts—the Salem of one hundred and fifty years ago. Nathaniel McQueston followed the sea; he left his native city in poverty and returned fabulously rich. During his absence his life had been saved by Oparee, a Malay princess whom he later married. When McQueston came back with his wife and two children, he ran head on into racial prejudice. Oparee had turned from her ancient gods to Christ. She set herself to win the good will of her husband's family, but found them adamant. They would have none of her and they set out to destroy her happiness and her husband's position. As a last resort she appealed to her husband's brother who was a clergyman and to her dismay found that his religion had made him only the more intolerant.

Finally, even Oparee's husband broke under the strain and repudiated her. In despair she turned away from what had become to her a heathen civilization. She embarked for the South Seas and then, first poisoning her children, she destroyed her own life. As death approached, she offered her last prayer and it was addressed to the pagan gods of her childhood. "The earth rolls toward the dark and men begin to sleep. God of the children, god of the lesser children of the earth, the black, the unclean, the vengeful, you are mine now as when I was a child. He came too soon, this Christ of peace. Men are not yet ready. Another thousand years they must drink your potion of tears and blood. . . ."

Bishop Bromley Oxnam, in a remarkable sermon, after using this illustration from Maxwell Anderson's great play said, "Paul the Apostle believed Christ had come 'in the fullness of time.' Oparee, the Malay princess, thought He had come too soon. A court charged with decision might conclude that the evidence justifies the conclusion of Oparee rather than that of Paul."

The gentle Christ, whose birthday we presently celebrate and whom Oparee had come to love and worship, and for whom she had turned away from the gods of her people, was rejected by the churchmen of His time, eighteen hundred years before the dis-



illusioned Malay girl found Him despised in a New England city. Even in the choice between Jesus and Barabbas, who was a thief and murderer, the churchmen of the day took Barabbas. They were no better than the one they preferred, if as good. For them the Christ came too soon. When He told them that the spirit of their worship was more important than its form, when He rebuked them because they paid more attention to the outside of the cup than to the inside, they greeted Him with angry denials. For them He came too soon.

He said, "Love your enemies." "Do good to them that despitefully use you," and "Turn the other cheek." He proclaimed a brotherhood that did not distinguish between races and colors. He prayed that all might be one, and in the face of Roman world conquest, He announced that the meek would inherit the earth. How completely His generation rejected His thesis is demonstrated by the fact that He Himself was crucified. Eighteen hundred years later, the gentleness of a Malay princess met the same rebuke and found a similar crucifixion. Today the blood of the races is mingled, but not in brotherhood. It still flows from fratricidal wounds across the frontiers of Europe and Asia. It is an ever-widening, deepening flood of fear and hatred. Christ came too soon?

In the Roman world of nearly two thousand years ago, Christ arrived far ahead of schedule and for the dictators of the Twentieth Century, His birth now would be just as premature. As we think on these things, surely Oparee's "thousand years" is nearer the truth than Paul's exultant claim that "He came in the fullness of time."

But all of this is beside the central point that to those who received Him He became actually the power of an endless life. The voices that shouted for His crucifixion; the authority that released Barabbas the robber and thief in His stead, have long been silent. But the very character of the Cross was changed by the One who hung upon it and the timid men who ran from the event returned to become the forerunners of a new social order. He did not come too soon for Peter and John and the rest who followed Him, even though they followed afar off. For them He came "in the fullness of time." Nor does He come too soon for any life or time unless the life by its own delays or the generation by its own deliberate follies, or the civilization by its own brutal intolerance, is too late.

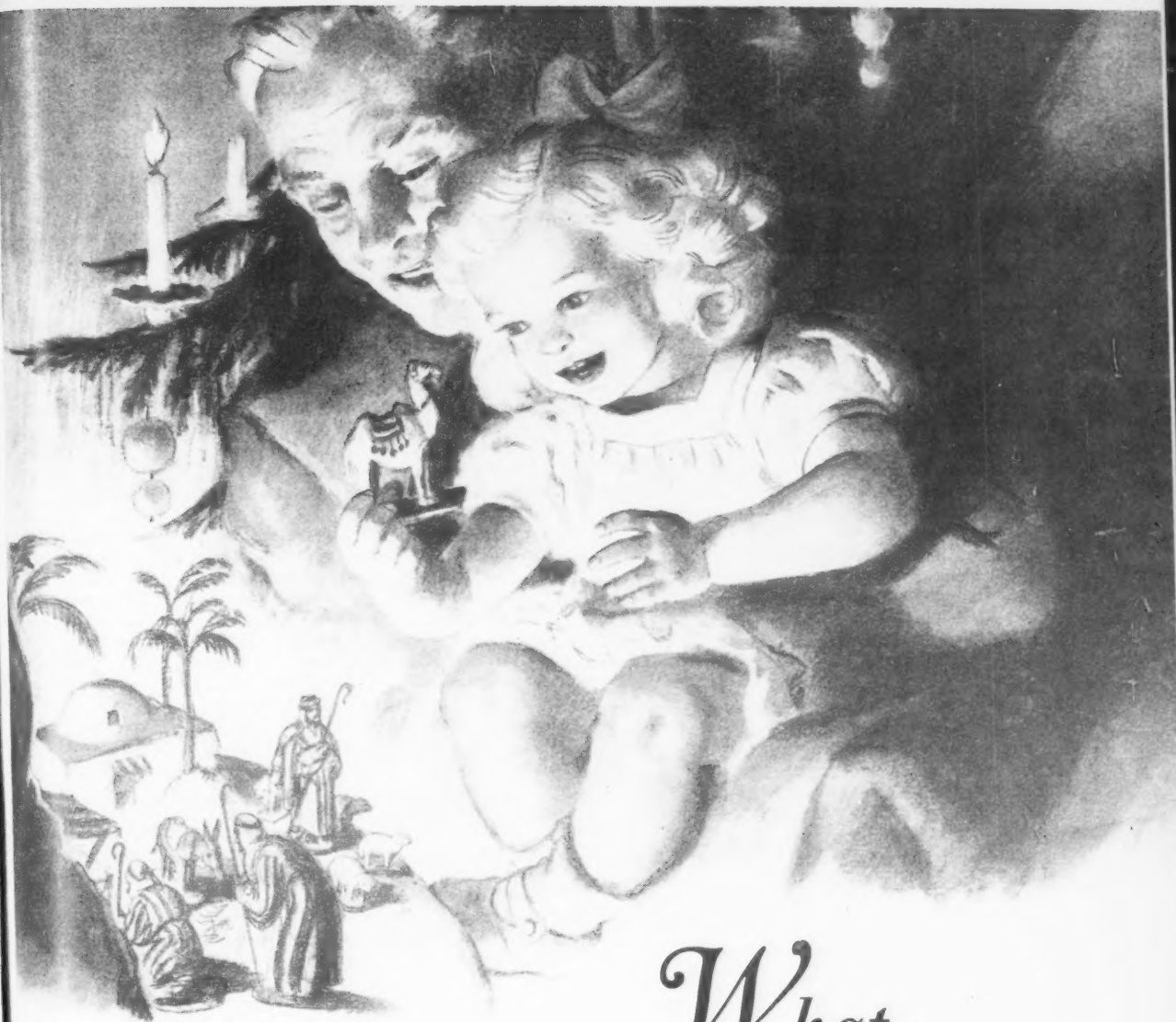
Again and again from the evils of our own time, from the inequalities of our civilization, emerge men and women who demonstrate the reality of the truths Jesus first proclaimed to the common people of Galilee and Judea. He did not come too soon!

Daniel A. Poling

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ EDITOR ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.





"I have long thought that man is at his finest at Christmastime. If I am to be long remembered by those I love, I would have them think of me as I was at Christmas."

By Edgar A. Guest

ONE of the very first of my memories is that of Christmas Day in our home in Birmingham, England, in the early eighties—perhaps 1884. I must have been told about Santa Claus and I must have looked forward to the coming of the patron saint of childhood.

I woke to find the stocking I had hung up the night before at the chimney place, with a horn at the top and an orange at the toe, and looking back now I know that I woke also to find that a day different from all other days had dawned. There were laughter and song and love and eyes twinkling with joy and tenderness everywhere about me. During the night, holly and mistletoe and gay ribbons had been hung. Upon the mantel above the fireplace were pretty cards. I didn't know it then, but I do now; they were greetings and good wishes—each one a gay tribute to enduring friendship. The sideboard in the dining room held plates filled with the

little mince pies my mother always made; tarts and colored sugared cookies (called *biscuits* in England), figs and raisins. I had heard carol singers at the door the night before, and church bells ringing.

In my third year I had become aware of Christmas Day and had found it better than any day I had ever known. It seemed to me that from the time I woke until I was put to bed, friends were constantly coming and going, always with this cry on their lips:

"A Merry Christmas to all!"

From that day to this I have cherished Christmas and all it means and has meant. There are those, grown old and tired and sickened by the greed and selfish passions of mankind and the hatreds that have led to the wars of the world, who say that "Christmas is for children." With that I do not agree at all!

What Christmas Means To Me



ON GOING HOME For Christmas

He little knew the sorrow that was in his vacant chair;
He never guessed they'd miss him, or he'd surely have been there;
He couldn't see his mother or the lump that filled her throat,
Or the tears that started falling as she read his hasty note;
And he couldn't see his father, sitting sorrowful and dumb,
Or he never would have written that he thought he couldn't come.

He little knew the gladness that his presence would have made,
And the joy it would have given, or he never would have stayed.
He didn't know how hungry had the little mother grown
Once again to see her baby and to claim him for her own.
He didn't guess the meaning of his visit Christmas Day,
Or he never would have written that he couldn't get away.

He couldn't see the fading of the cheeks that once were pink,
And the silver in the tresses; and he didn't stop to think
How the years are passing swiftly, and next Christmas it might be,
There would be no home to visit and no mother dear to see.
He didn't think about it—I'll not say he didn't care.
He was heedless and forgetful or he'd surely have been there.

Are you going home for Christmas? Have you written you'll be there?
Going home to kiss the mother and to show her that you care?
Going home to greet the father in a way to make him glad?
If you're not, I hope there'll never come a time you'll wish you had.
Just sit down and write a letter—it will make their heart strings hum,
With a tune of perfect gladness—if you'll tell them that you'll come.

By Edgar A. Guest

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Christmas is the one day of the year that carries real hope and promise for all mankind. It carries the torch of brotherhood. It is the one day in the year when most of us grow big of heart and broad of mind. It is the single day when most of us are as kind and as thoughtful of others as we know how to be; when most of us are as gracious and generous as we would like always to be; when the joy of the home is more important than the profits of the office; when peoples of all races speak cheerfully to each other when they meet; when high and low wish each other well; and the one day when even enemies forgive and forget. In times of war, Christian forces arrayed against each other in the bitterest of conflicts on the field have been known to cease firing and enjoy for a few hours something of that "peace on earth" of which the angels sang. No other day makes them do that!

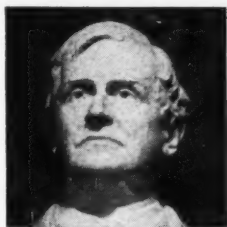
I have long thought that man is at his finest at Christmas-time. If I am to be long remembered by those I love, I would have them think of me as I was at Christmas and not as I was in moments of irritation and ill-temper; not as I was engrossed in the business of the day; not as I was neglectful, under the pretense of lacking time, of the little things I *could* have stepped aside to do; not as I was in moments of disappointment—but as I was when I was at my best . . . at Christmas.

I look on Christmas Day as the opportunity of all Christians to discover for themselves that the two great commandments which Christ gave to men: "Love Thy Neighbor As Thyself," and "Do Unto Others As You Would Be Done By," do work when they are truly tried. It is plain that to try them only one day of the year is not enough. If the spirit of Christmas were to be carried over into the cares and strifes of the common workdays of the year, that better world of which men dream and talk and for which they hope would not seem so far away.

Our family has lived through good times and bad; we have all come to know hardship and struggle and even privation. The two of us who remain out of that English home have only happy memories of Christmas. We saw the breaking up of that home in Birmingham; young as we were, we understood that hardship was upon us, the troubled looks upon the faces of Father and Mother were not due to domestic discontent; we heard no bitterness of quarrel, but we saw plainly that all was not as it had been. Our parents were sad and troubled, and we were too young to know just why or to help if we had known. Gradually comfort left the home; things were being taken away never to be returned, and then in 1890 my father and my brother left for America. We followed a few months later, and the old family life was resumed. It seemed we were hardly settled in Detroit before another panic struck.

Then came Christmas—the day of love and laughter and Santa Claus and good will to all! Never was the purse so thin, but never, to paraphrase Winston Churchill, "did so little mean so much." The small individual mince pies which were annually mother's signature to her Christmas preparations, were on the sideboard—not many, but they were there, one for each of us. There was a sprig of mistletoe in the hall and a spray of holly on the mantel. An orange was in the toe of my stocking and that of my younger brother, and we heard carol singing—one sweet voice—that of her who loved Christmas and us. There were no new toys for me; no costly gifts for the elder ones; no great packages, ribbon-tied to unwrap; not many friends then to come laughing to the door with the old cry: "A Merry Christmas to all"; no turkey on the table—but at the last the plum pudding was there, with its holly leaf at the crown. We had few gifts, but we had the riches of a great love, and after all these are the most enduring. Mother and Dad had kept Christmas for us.

We came later to happier Christmas Days, as those marked by many gifts are called. There was always the children's secret, the whispering together and the planning for that "something extra fine" for Mother; the new coat she needed, the fur piece and muff we knew she wanted but thought beyond our means; the saving to get (Continued on page 76)



Keystone

PHILLIPS BROOKS

By
VINCENT
EDWARDS

THE friends who saw Phillips Brooks sail for the Old World in the late summer of 1865 probably never dreamed that the young rector's vacation trip abroad would prove the inspirational background for one of our greatest Christmas hymns. But "O Little Town of Bethlehem" would never have been written had it not been for that experience.

Phillips Brooks was thirty years old at this time, and it would be hard to picture a jollier and more lovable parson. He was as big of heart as he was in stature. Possessed of enormous strength, he was the envy of small boys, who heard of how he had paddled a canoe one summer from Moosehead Lake in Maine down the Allegash and St. John rivers to the sea.

When he told his congregation at the Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia that he was going abroad for a year, the news came as a sad surprise. The parishioners had become very much attached to their rector, and they hated to see him go. Their hearts naturally went out to him as he said goodby, and one church paper paid him this tribute: "Respected no less than admired, honored as well as beloved, for his fidelity, his fine gifts, his outspoken manliness . . . his genuine eloquence of a soul alive and glowing with holy principles and noble emotions, he will go accompanied with the prayers of thousands for his happy journeying and his safe return."

When he started to travel through the Holy Land, there suddenly came to him an intimate sense of the presence of the Christ in all those towns and cities. His visit to Nazareth, for example, led him to write home as follows:

"We climbed the 'hill on which the city was built,' and saw what is perhaps the finest view in Palestine. I thought all the time I was looking at it of how often Jesus must have climbed up here and enjoyed it . . . we lunched at Cana of Galilee . . . You can picture Jesus and His mother going out from Nazareth to a near town to attend the marriage to which they had been invited . . . We rode on through a rolling country through which Jesus must often have walked on His way back and forth between Nazareth and the lake. The whole country, every hill and valley, seemed marked with His footprints . . . The Hill of the Beatitudes; another hill where they say Christ fed the multitude. Another ridge climbed, and there was the 'Sea of Galilee, which is the Sea of Tiberias.' There it lay in the afternoon twilight, blue among the purple hills. There were the walks He walked, the shore where He taught, the mountains where He prayed . . ."

When, a year later, Phillips Brooks returned to his Philadelphia church, he was still under the spell of having visited those places which the Saviour's presence had hallowed. A sense of closer communion with the Christ found expression in some of his finest sermons, and the crowds that packed the Church of the Holy Trinity drew increasing inspiration from his words. His biographer records: "He held the city of Philadelphia enchained in admiration of his eloquence, wondering at the mystery and secret of his power, which no analysis could fathom."

With all his great popularity, however, Phillips Brooks did not forget the children of the Sunday school. He took keen



STORY of a Famous Christmas Carol



"O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM"

delight in their singing, and he liked to hear them raise their voices in the hymns of simple praise.

The happiest time of the year for the beloved rector, as well as for all those boys and girls, was Christmas. Because he had such a genuine sympathy with childhood, Phillips Brooks rejoiced in this season quite as wholeheartedly as if he had been a child himself. It was then that his rare gift for writing carols was revealed. Such lovely verses as "The earth has grown old with its burden of care," and "Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight" were dashed off in a mood of infectious enthusiasm. If ever preacher's "holy glee" found utterance, Phillips Brooks' did, during the Yuletide.

Of all his carols, "O Little Town of Bethlehem" is, of course, the favorite. The lyric was not written until three years after his trip abroad, but, according to his biographer Dr. A. V. G. Allen, "it had been singing in the soul of Phillips Brooks since he was in Palestine." Filled with the happy glow of the season, the jolly rector penned his lines for his Sunday-school youngsters shortly before Christmas, 1868. Like so much of his poetry, it seemed to have been penned without effort. (Cont'd page 93)

KENTUCKY is famous for many, many things and men: for blue grass, horses, whiskey, Mammoth Cave, a state song by Stephen Foster, Daniel Boone and "Happy" Chandler and a quite unpredictable politics. By "unpredictable" we mean that in a strong Republican year the state has been known to go Republican, and in a strong Democratic year, Democratic. Those two parties pretty much control things—or have controlled them, in times past. Third parties ran like horses from any other state—poor thirds.

So—it must have been a little hard for a lot of folks down bluegrass way to understand what the Democratic mayor of Louisville meant when he got up before a Louisville political club recently and said, "People are beginning to vote the way they feel instead of the way they are registered." Is this treason?

No, it's the Louisville Christian League, something new and something very, *very* encouraging in American politics. Encouraging, that is, if you're interested in electing men with Christian backbone and ideals and not just "loyal" Democrats or Republicans.

The mayor knew what he was talking about. For, in the opinion of many a man who knows what goes on politically in Louisville, the mayor was elected to his job last fall by people who voted the way they felt, and not as they had registered for the last ten years.

Mayor E. Leland Taylor and some twenty other candidates who won in the general elections of 1945 in Louisville and Jefferson county had been endorsed by the Louisville Christian League—a non-partisan, non-sectarian, non-racial organization devoted to the business of "making democracy work by making democracy Christian." Its members take but one pledge: *they promise to vote according to the dictates of their consciences.* And in that election, only one candidate who failed to receive the

By O. C. DAWKINS



They Made Democracy Christian

League's approval was elected. So Louisville is League-conscious right now, and many an old-line politician who had an idea that you could fool most of the people most of the time is wondering what hit him.

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Up to the time the League got started, this city was the happy hunting-ground of the old-fashioned politician who controlled things and stayed in power by the simple expedient of keeping the voting strictly within party lines. There are people in this country who say that system should never be changed. Maybe so—but more than once the people in this country have been offered two candidates, representing both major parties, neither of whom were fit for any office. Consider *The Man Bilbo!*

The Christian Civic League set about to change that idea. It submitted a questionnaire to each candidate, asking him some very pointed questions. From his answers, plus a careful investigation of the candidate's political, business and civic records, they classified him as "preferred" or "qualified," or without any label at all—which meant that so far as the League was concerned, they didn't want him in any office. A candidate was looked over carefully as to education, ability, experience, character and—most important of all—whether he behaved like a Christian in his dealings with his fellow men. That last one stopped a lot of them.

On the Sunday morning before election, Louisville went to church—and at their various churches the worshipers were greeted with 5,000 copies of the *Louisville Christian Citizen*, which is the League's official organ. In the *Citizen* were brutally frank thumbnail sketches of the candidates who were running for office, together with the League's rating of each candidate. Some of those endorsed were Democrats, some Republicans; party lines didn't seem to mean very much. In one instance, a Jew was marked "preferred" over a Gentile candidate. (Yes, sometimes a Jew *does* practice a better Christianity than a Gentile!) In another race, a Catholic was approved over a Protestant. And (yes, this is Kentucky,) two Negro candidates were marked "qualified." The churchgoers read it, pondered it, and the politicians held their breath. Nothing like it had ever happened before!

They didn't have to hold their breath very long; when the votes were counted on election night, the old party lines were completely smashed. Veteran political wisecracks, who usually had been able to predict results pretty accurately, were thrown badly off balance by split tickets and ballot-scratching; many a famous prophet lost caste that night. The net result of the whole thing was that a Republican board of aldermen had been elected to serve with a Democratic mayor; a Democrat had been elected county tax commissioner, and a new Republican county judge was on the bench. And so on, all down the line.

One leading politician moaned that, "The League carried the election around in its pocket." He may have exaggerated a bit; it is quite impossible to tell just how many votes were directly influenced

by the League. League officials themselves say between 3,000 and 5,000, and if that is true, it was enough to be a deciding factor. Whatever the total, it is worth noting that twenty-one of the twenty-two candidates in major races who received League endorsement were elected.

But the League men knew all too well that three to five thousand votes won't win consistently in a metropolitan area where the total is around 100,000. So they settled down, all through the winter, to strengthen and expand their organization. They went to work on a membership drive; their rolls now include members of seventy-five Protestant churches—churches in which units of the League hold monthly meetings to

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discuss civic and political problems. The *Christian Citizen*, published irregularly heretofore, soon will become a full-fledged monthly publication carrying civic and religious news. A young people's division, for boys and girls 17 to 21, is being organized. As part of their training for citizenship, the youngsters have set up a complete city government with mayor, aldermen, etc., discussing municipal problems as they come up (some of their solutions really *are* solutions). A series of monthly mass meetings were held to create interest in civic and political affairs.

Those mass meetings are unusual. They aren't just political; they are aimed at correcting or eliminating any condition which the League thinks detrimental to the moral, physical or spiritual health of the community. Right now, the League is fighting gambling. Louisville, you know, is the home of the Churchill Downs racetrack—which means that

gambling is something of a problem in the city. Pari-mutuel gambling is legal at Churchill Downs, but the operation of horse-race handbooks away from the track is illegal; the "bookie" is definitely outside the law. But grand juries have been lenient with the bookies, for some reason or other, and as a consequence there are an estimated 500 to 600 handbooks in the town—in saloons, cigar stands, and barbershops.

The Christian Civic League took the position immediately that gambling is wrong—that it is not only wrong in itself, but that it breeds a nasty host of other underworld activities. It insisted that the bookie must go, even if it was legal for a gambler to put down a bet at the track. At its first big mass meeting, the League threw down the gauntlet to the men who were supposed to enforce the law: it called upon "our law enforcement officials, in uniform and on the bench, who are under solemn oath to enforce our laws without fear or favor, to immediately inaugurate a campaign to eliminate gambling."

It was like a spark to tinder. The director of public safety became so interested that he ordered all bookies to close up shop during the racing season at Churchill Downs, expressing the rather naive hope that some of the bookies might fail to reopen after the enforced "holiday" was over. The League cracked down on that one, hard: they demanded that the handbooks be closed *permanently*. If the bookies can be outlawed temporarily, why can't they be shut up for good? The matter rests right there at present—except that the League doesn't show very many signs of forgetting the matter. A lot of people wish it would!

The League also has plans aimed at action on juvenile delinquency, interracial relations and slum clearance—at anything, in fact, that will help Louisville to become "in name and fact, the most Christian city in America."

The whole thing started in a little Methodist church, in the fall of 1943, when a stranger in town—a shy little man whose name was Ralph H. Searle—suggested to the congregation of that church that a single militant city-wide organization might be able to do something in the interests of decent government. Searle is a former businessman and YMCA secretary from Iowa, who has a strange hobby, a life-time hobby which he calls "Christian Citizenship." He was started on that hobby while a student at the University of Nebraska; he attended a Bible class in Lincoln, in those days, taught by a silver-tongued orator from the Platte, named William Jennings Bryan.

Searle was so dead in earnest about it that a committee, composed of members of five different churches, was formed; they drew up a provisional constitution

(Continued on page 66)



Mama

As told to

BONNIE

BESS

WORLINE

"IT'S all a state of mind," I used to exclaim impatiently when one or another of the prospective or former young adult class women pleaded baby business as an excuse for absence. "Believe me," I sputtered virtuously, "when I have a baby I'm going to church just the same!" That was *before* I had a baby.

I had been so outspoken about the whole affair that to save face I really clung faithfully to my resolutions after Jenny came. However I soon learned that babies eat at ten A.M. without Sundays off; also that a newly fed infant tossed over the shoulder of your new spring coat to be carried to church, will not be above spitting sour milk the length of it—in addition to creating its own specialized emergencies at the last minute when you think you're ready to go. Invariably we dragged into church after the service was well under way; often we had to leave prematurely for certain reasons.

Long before the siege was over I was perfectly willing to admit that the only reason I continued to spur myself on to that extra job of hustling was that I had always said I would. I was frankly relieved when the doctor, scheduling preparations for Little Brother, was firm about cutting out everything that added to my nervous strain. The Sunday morning church ordeal was in that category. With great relief I settled back into an everyday schedule for Sundays, and found that swinging along in my usual rhythm, I was not so exhausted by the end of the day, and could not only listen to a radio sermon in the evening when Little Bit was put away after the six o'clock feeding, but that often I could concentrate on it.

When Rob was six months old and I found myself alone with the two chil-

◆ *Cumbered with an armload of baby, bag and blankets, my hat knocked cattywampus, Jenny tugging at my skirt, I staggered down the aisle, looking hopefully for a seat.*

Goes to Church



Here's a good-natured account of what happened when mama went to church—with her babies. But behind the humor is serious food-for-thought for churches with members pleading baby business as an excuse for absence.



dren in a new community waiting for their Daddy to come back—I decided that for my own peace of mind I *had* to make the effort and get started at church. It was the only place I knew to make the kind of friends I wanted, and some acquaintances I needed in that new aloneness. For two weeks I planned the details. I even shifted Rob's schedule to fifteen minutes earlier (by then I realized it could be done, gradually and carefully) but I had two to handle alone.

We were late. Dragging reluctant Jenny I explored long corridors and elbowed open unmarked doors for some time before I traced the sounds of singing to the main auditorium. At the door Rob, getting hot in his bunting, began to squirm and Jenny chose the moment for a sitdown strike. Cumbered with the armload of baby, bag and blankets I nevertheless managed to pick up the other child (knocking my hat cattywampus, but no help for that—my hands were full) and staggered down the aisle, looking hopefully for a seat. *The rear seats were packed solid.* The middle ones were full at the end, and I could hardly climb over six pairs of knees with two struggling children in my arms. Perforce I trailed the length of the aisle, children, bags, cock-eyed hat and congregational stares combining to make me feel far from at ease and worshipful, while the minister, with aplomb I still marvel at, read without flinching the ninety-third psalm.

I tried to concentrate on his words (in between taking off coats and hats, shifting bags, whispering no-no and anchoring Jenny in the pew with a hymnal). "I must forget my embarrassment, I *must* learn to do this," I told myself, for I knew well enough that I needed church right then—I kept telling myself that I had a perfect right to be there—and it was time for a hymn.

"Be Still, My Soul," to the tune of "Finlandia"! How I loved it—and how I needed it! Incautiously I let go of Jenny to reach for a hymnal—like a flash she was down from the seat and scampering toward the center aisle. Of

course there was a suppressed giggle from somewhere as she bobbed along, black curls bouncing. Before I could be after her I had to organize Rob—who was just drifting off to sleep and resented the disturbance—gather up the paraphernalia and crawl past all the people of the other end of the pew.

"Stupid fools," I was telling myself, "why didn't they stop her? Didn't any of them ever have any children? Weren't any of them ever children themselves? Probably not!" Jenny by then had reached the chancel—pulled a flower from the table and smelled it loudly—and was continuing her way up the fascinating steps at the side of the platform. I grabbed her just before she escaped across the platform from the top step and under cover of the last stanza of the hymn beat a hasty and bitter retreat to the refuge of our pew. "Never, never, never, never again," I muttered through set teeth.

Two and a half years passed, a day at a time as the worst and best of years do. Daddy was home again. Jenny was past four, Rob was having a third birthday and a new baby sister was getting acquainted with the family. We still talked occasionally—not very definitely—of the time when the family would be grown and we could go to church again "like we used to," but meanwhile we had slipped, one by one, from the little habits we had formerly enjoyed—the Bible reading together, grace before meals. For a while we had continued to make a pledge to our home church, but no one ever asked for it, and one year at the regular renewal time we forgot, and then we never seemed to get around to it. And all this time we still thought of ourselves as good Christians and churchmembers.

And then one day Carol Lee next door was Jenny's guest on our shopping ride when we passed a corner church, fair sized and not new. There was little that I could see to justify the exultant note of pride in which Carol Lee announced to Jenny, "That's MY church. Where is *your* church?" I heard Jenny's sad

acknowledgement, "I haven't got any church," and then, "Mama, why don't I have a church like Carol Lee?"

For the former chairman of the membership committee of the young adult class, that question was a shock. All of the answers I could think of immediately took on a ring of familiarity. I had heard them before, impatiently enough, and deplored parents so nearsighted they would thus neglect the spiritual nourishment of their children. I put Jenny off as best I could—reminding her that Mama had baby sister to take care of and couldn't go, but maybe one of these days, and so forth. "The baby can go to MY church," Carol Lee piped up. I wondered why I had never noticed before what an obnoxious child she seemed to be.

That night I talked about it to Big Robert, and we acknowledged that we hadn't realized—Jenny and Rob might be old enough to go to Sunday school. Tentatively we discussed taking turns staying home with the baby, but our family had been separated so long—we still have little time together—we somehow didn't work up much enthusiasm over the prospect of giving up the Sunday morning companionship. Sunday came and we drifted on.

Monday, Carol Lee's mama came to call.

"I came to ask if you would care to come to our Sunday School Mother's Club luncheon Wednesday," she told me. "Carol Lee was telling me you people didn't go to church regularly, and we'd like to invite you to go with us. We enjoy it so much."

"Thank you . . . very much . . . but I haven't anyone to leave the children with."

"Oh, bring them . . . that's the point . . . we all do. One of the older women helps look after them, and each of the members brings a covered dish. The hostess serves bread and butter and any extras she wants and we sew and talk and just have a good time. One of the women will call for you and me and our families in her car—"

Mama and three babies went—and had a wonderful time! What's more, before we left we had promised to "do our best" to get to church on Sunday.

"Robert, I told them we'd *both* come for Sunday school and church."

"We-e-ll—if you want to try it. But what about Kit's ten o'clock feeding?"

"They said they have a nursery . . . just bring her and her bottle a little early and they'll feed her and put her to bed right there in a crib . . . and they keep children like Jenny and Rob all through church, too."

"Sounds too good to be true, but I guess it won't hurt to see."

By the time our expedition arrived at the doors of the fair-to-middling looking church, most of my enthusiasm had vanished. Anguished memories of Jenny's parade assailed me—I comforted myself

with the presence of Big Robert, holding Jenny and Rob firmly by the hand. But from the moment that an old, beaming, deaf usher opened the door for us and motioned us into an attractive hallway we had no more time for misgivings. He smiled understandingly at the children, gave Rob a card to sign and led us along a hall—not downstairs into a damp and gloomy basement, but into a jonquil-yellow room with wide, low windows looking out upon an enclosed garden. A dozen or so small children were busy around the room, playing in the sand or sitting at small tables looking at bright pictures.

"Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Carrigan," our guide introduced us. The white-haired woman smiled at us and said calmly to Jenny and Rob, "Good morning. We are very glad to have you come to see us. Would you like to pick out the hook you want for your wraps?"

She indicated a row of low hooks above which animal pictures were pasted. Rob's threatening shyness disappeared as he trotted over to select a donkey and hang his hat over it. The woman turned to us.

"I will bring the children to see the Parents' Class—they will feel more at home if they understand where you are." Farther down the same hall she led us all into a smallish classroom whose open, rear door revealed a further room with six or seven various sized cribs and bassinets. Two play-pens in the middle of the floor held two toddlers apiece, and a white-haired woman in a low rocker was de-blanketing a very new cherub. I thought to myself that I had never before in any church seen so many busy old people, nor so many happy children. Mrs. Carrigan, holding Jenny's and Rob's hands, stopped at the door of the inner room and said, "This is where your baby is going to take a nap."

"I don't want to take a nap," Rob announced firmly. "I want to go back and play with the dolly dishes and be the daddy."

"Me, too," chimed in Jenny.

"Of course," Mrs. Carrigan assured them, "while mama and daddy sit in here and study about our Heavenly Father. And then pretty soon they will come get you."

Mrs. Albright, the "Baby Supervisor," took Kit, bottle and bag—and introduced us to Mr. Kenyon, president of the parents' class. Secure in the knowledge that our children were happy and disturbing no one, we began to relax and let the sunny friendliness of this group of strangers sink in. Soon the small room was bulging. Fathers climbed up to sit in the high, recessed window ledges, mothers squeezed together laughingly to make room for one more, and two more—and still more. The room was always crowded, they told us unapologetically, but there wasn't any other place so convenient for the babies. It was worth a lot to have them close, in a sunny room.

On a hurried inspection tour between the church school and the worship service, Rob and I saw contented Kit sleeping in an immaculate little crib, and went on to watch Jenny and Rob very busy with several other children doing something with a pile of blocks and a row of chairs.

"They just play, I guess," Robert whispered to me, "they don't seem to be learning anything, like I used to do in



Jenny reached the chancel, pulled a flower from the table, sniffed it loudly.

Illustrator PHIL BERRY

☆
Sunday school—"

"But at least it gives us a chance to get back to church, and be better Christians. I know perfectly well I've not given them what I can call a Christian home atmosphere, but if I can just get a little spiritual rest, be less nervous—I'm going to do better."

He patted my hand and nodded. But before we could slip out, something happened that changed our minds even about that "not learning" business. Two young men came in, wearing conspicuously new civilian clothes with shiny discharge pins. They greeted Mrs. Carrigan warmly, and went jubilantly around the room, touching the posters, the playhouse toys, the low-hung pic-

tures, the sand tables, the children's hair. Mrs. Carrigan hugged as much of them as she could reach, and then began to fasten discharge emblems beside two stars on the service flag we only then noticed. With a quick count I estimated that there were almost fifty blue stars, and in the center shone two gold ones. One of the young men touched gently the gold stars.

"Jim and Jerry. I've never forgotten slugging Jerry with a toy train, and Mrs. Carrigan holding us both on her lap and singing, 'Jesus says, Be ye kind, one to another.' It was the first time in my life I ever really felt like a heel."

The other boy nodded. "I used to think of that song, out there . . . it seems so simple, doesn't it? If everyone would do just that little thing, all this talk and talk about the problems of the world just boils down to 'Jesus says, Be ye kind, one to another.'" He stopped. Mrs. Carrigan said to them in the same firm tone she had used to Rob and Jenny, "Jim and Jerry have done all they could, Peter and Nick. Your big job is still ahead. Now you go out and do it."

The two young men looked at her silently a moment. Then they smiled and saluted. "Yes, sir," they said—and they walked out looking as if they really expected to convince the whole world of the simple truth they had discovered. Mrs. Carrigan firmed her lips with a finger.

"I've had the babies here for twenty-one years," she said quietly. "Now they are all over the world, but most of them still keep in touch," she went on a little absently, almost to herself. "Jim had the prettiest yellow curls—and a most trying disposition. But he became a fine man. He was a chaplain. Decorated several times for heroism. He died after rescuing seven men under fire. It's hard to tell what a baby will be." And without a change in tone she continued to an imp of mischief in her current crop:

"Margaret, Jean had the dolly first. It isn't loving to take her dolly. Let's find something else for Margaret, and then pretty soon Jean will give you the dolly and you give your toy to her."

Subdued, we found seats in the somewhat shabby, crowded sanctuary. We needed no words to acknowledge to each other what both of us realized—that not only mama and daddy, but the whole Jones family were really in the truest sense in church, each of us experiencing at our own level the fundamental truths of the Christian faith: that God is love, that His love is everywhere, including His Church, and that His love as manifested by Jesus requires us also to love our neighbors.

* * *

The organ music sounded softly, and I bowed my head, feeling, in a strange building among strange people, for the first time in years really and truly at home.

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EZEKIEL 1946

ACME

Pastor Martin Niemöller preaching his first sermon in Berlin after his liberation from Dachau camp.

Unconquerable Shepherd

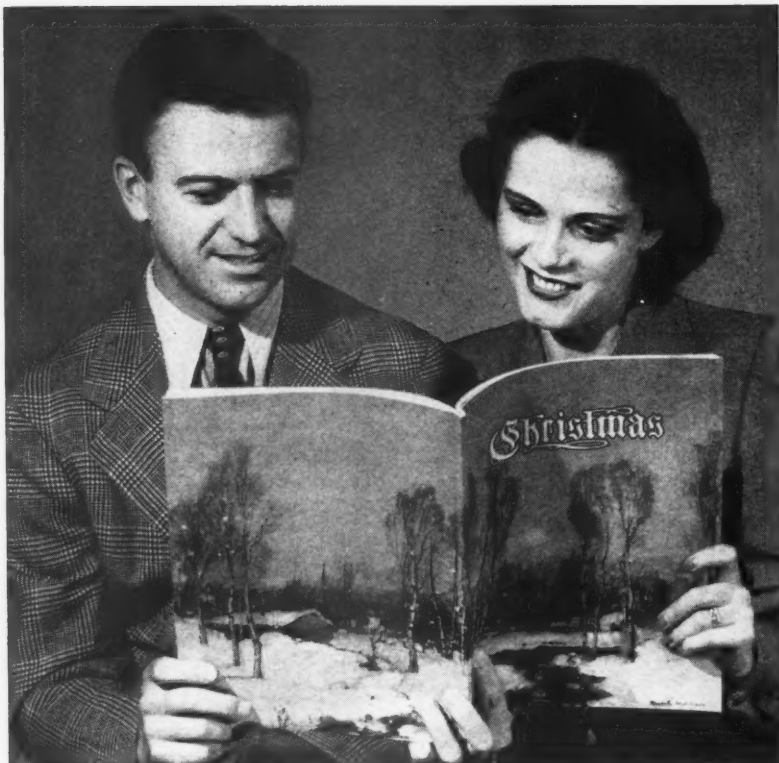
HAGGARD and happy, Pastor Martin Niemöller is free at last to preach that freedom in Christ for which he suffered so much and nearly died. "Silenced" by Hitler in his concentration camp, the unconquerable Lutheran was in his silence the most eloquent preacher of the war years. On his shoulders rests gracefully the mantle of that other Martin, founder of his Church, who cried to his persecutors, "Here I stand.

God helping me . . ."

There is much of Old Testament Ezekiel in Martin Niemöller. Both had eyes to see clearly in their people's darkest hour; both went with the faithful into exile, holding fast to the faith of the fathers amid the degeneracy of the sons. Both were prophets, preaching a God whose love was more powerful than man's hate, preaching the nation's res-

urrection day, preaching repentance, preaching that out of this nation's dry dead bones God would yet raise up a great and worthy and faithful people.

Ezekiel talked much of a good shepherd. Pastor Niemöller, vice-president of the Evangelical Church in crushed, bitter Germany, may be the shepherd sent of God to lead his people out to a better day than they have ever known.



CHRISTMAS

is Spiritual

By FRANK S. MEAD

YOU don't just sit down and write a book. Not a good book. You dream and you suffer and you pray and you slave; you conjure up a hundred ideas that look good and then you throw them all into the wastebasket and start all over again; you forge it painfully, slowly, in the crucible of mind and heart. You go adventuring all over the universe hunting whatever it is you just must have and your poor soul is tortured and torn this way and that as you try to separate the wheat from the chaff, the good from the mediocre. Now you're on a mountaintop, inspired, exhilarated; now you're in the slough of despond. That's how *good* books are written.

This is the story of a good book that was put together that way; it is one of the most heartening Christian books of this generation, and it is one of the big success stories of the publishing trade. It may be wrong to call it a book at all; the Augsburg Publishing House in Minneapolis, where it was born and

where it grew up, calls it simply "Christmas." It is a Yuletide annual that has won widespread popular favor while ten thousand other Christmas books were failing, and yet it has done no more than to retell a story as old as the angels over Bethlehem—a story told who knows how many millions of times already, and still more popular than "The Robe" or "In His Steps."

Now Christmas books in our time are a dime a dozen, literally; you can buy anything you want. Nine out of ten of them are so ill-conceived that they go up like the rocket and down like the stick. Some picture the children opening presents under the tree; that is supposed to be Christmas, Alpha to Omega. Some show Grandfather coasting downhill with Junior on his lap; that's Christmas, for some others. Last year we saw one Christmas card picturing Santa Claus sliding down a factory (!) smokestack. Some outrage Christmas completely with comic valentine effects; there is supposed to be something very

funny about the Birthday of the King!

The men at Augsburg decided back in 1931, that the public, in its great collective heart, didn't like this. They had an idea that most people do *not* want to streamline Christmas, and that a Christmas book that was a one-hundred percent spiritual book would find a warm national welcome. They decided to turn their backs on the presents-under-the-tree technique, make Matthew and Luke the authors of their lead articles, put the old Gospel story at the heart of the book and then throw themselves on the mercy of the reading public.

There wasn't much of any precedent for them to build on, when they started. Randolph E. Haugan, who still supervises the whole job, was familiar with the Scandinavian and English Christmas annuals that had been published for some time; Sweden and Norway had collections of "Literature For Christmas," and there was an annual printed in America for Norwegians living here. The *Illustrated London News* and others had special Christmas numbers and so did *The Times of India* (!) and *L'Illustration* of Paris. But these were purely commercial affairs, with a few Christmas features sandwiched in between purely secular material. They were published only to make money. They lacked that spiritual something which Haugan and his editors were sure the American people wanted.

The publishers laid down three guiding rules that must have made the commercially minded publishers of Christmas cards and books laugh out loud. First of all, they turned a cold shoulder on Santa Claus; as one of the editors in the Augsburg office put it to us, "We just don't believe in Santa Claus, so far as the annual is concerned." They insisted that Jesus Christ was the One to think about at Christmas, not Kris Kringle. This annual doesn't condemn Santa; it just ignores him. And that is something new in Christmas publishing!

Second, they ruled out the flowing bowl. In these pages, there are no red-coated English gentlemen gathered around the alcoholic punch-bowl with factory children from the other side of the tracks singing "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," in the snow outside. Christmas is Christian, or ought to be. It is no revel, no drinking bout. It is the birthday of the Son of God, and he who ignores that central truth about the The Day had better not celebrate it at all.

They would accept no advertising—which is a good indication of the point of view of the editors who created this Christmas phenomenon. Advertising is easy to get in a book selling over 100,000 copies a year—which this one sold, very soon—and it must be quite a temptation, if you are out only to make a lot of money. But Haugan felt, with his associates, that if this book could not stand on its spiritual merit alone, it didn't de-

THE story of a Yuletide annual that has won widespread popular favor by doing no more than retelling a story as old as the angels over Bethlehem.

serve to stand on advertising. If they couldn't put out a book that would help put the old spiritual emphasis of Christmas back into the American home, then why put out any book at all?

All this took publishing nerve. They were gambling (that's a poor word, but it says what we want to say)—they were gambling on the conviction that a large proportion of the Christians in this country wanted a Christmas that was Christian; they were also gambling on a book built on a Bible story—and there are a lot of Bibles in the United States! Would such a book sell? Were they inspired at Augsburg, or just plain crazy?

They printed a mere 5,000 copies in 1931, and the run sold slowly. But it sold. This was a depression year; perhaps the finest tribute that could be paid this annual is that it sold when people had very, very little money for books. By 1935 Augsburg printed 16,000 and sold them at a dollar apiece; they sold another 1,000 in cloth, at \$2.00 (still the price of the annual, in 1946). Gradually, they crept up to 100,000, and that made other publishers begin to sit up and take notice. By 1945 they were printing 122,000 and selling every one of them, and if paper holds out this year they will print 140,000. That's big business, in any publisher's language.

Look the book over from 1931 to 1946, and you'll find much the same pattern in all of them. Generally, the annual has 68 to 72 pages with departments devoted to Christmas stories and poetry, photography, art, music and—above all—Scripture. Those portions of *Matthew* and *Luke* containing the Magnificat of Mary, the accounts of the birth of Jesus, the visits of the Shepherds and the Wise-men, the flight into Egypt, are recorded here as they are in the Bible. This year there is a facsimile page giving the birth story as it was printed in the King James Version (1611), and the preface addressed to King James. (Not one in ten thousand Christians ever stop to read that famous preface!) Then, in parallel, it is told in the brand new Revised Standard Version of the New Testament, printed in 1946.

It may seem like "old stuff," to put it crudely, to reprint the Bible. But this reprinting is unique; it will be read not only because of its fame but because of the sheer artistry of its type and arrangement. The whole book is like that. It is almost spendthrift with art and color, and thousands of copies are sold every year to artists and amateurs who clip the color-pages for framing or for scrap-books.

The publishers travel far and wide for their artists and writers; they want

men and women who will paint and write with their hearts as well as with their heads. Ninety-five percent of them are asked to contribute; only five percent of the material in the annual is unsolicited. That's because the editors want what they want when they want it. They want a good dialect story—and they hunt until they find an expert in dialect. Everybody *cannot* write dialect, any more than everybody can write poetry or music or fantasy. In the annual, experts write and few of them are preachers or professors (academic and theological language are sidetracked in the interests of grassroots language) and the legion who attempt to retell the story of a legendary character and tell it poorly don't get in. There are too many of us trying that. There are also

too many writing that the Shepherds followed the star!

From the first, the publishers have avoided the blasé; they seek the simple in art. You will find none of the monstrosities of "modernistic" art; that is as taboo as Santa and the flowing bowl. There are no wild flights into the heights of sophisticated symbolism that only a handful of artists can understand, but there are plenty of pictures and paragraphs that bring back to the mind the Christmases we knew when we were young. An old rail-fence before a farmhouse brought letters from a score of readers who said, "It took me—back." A girl in China picked up an annual and looked at a drift of snow on a Minnesota cornfield, and cried for home. Jimmy Stewart in Hollywood wrote out of his heart to say that an article on Christmas among the Pennsylvania Dutch made him homesick and heartsick for days that were gone.

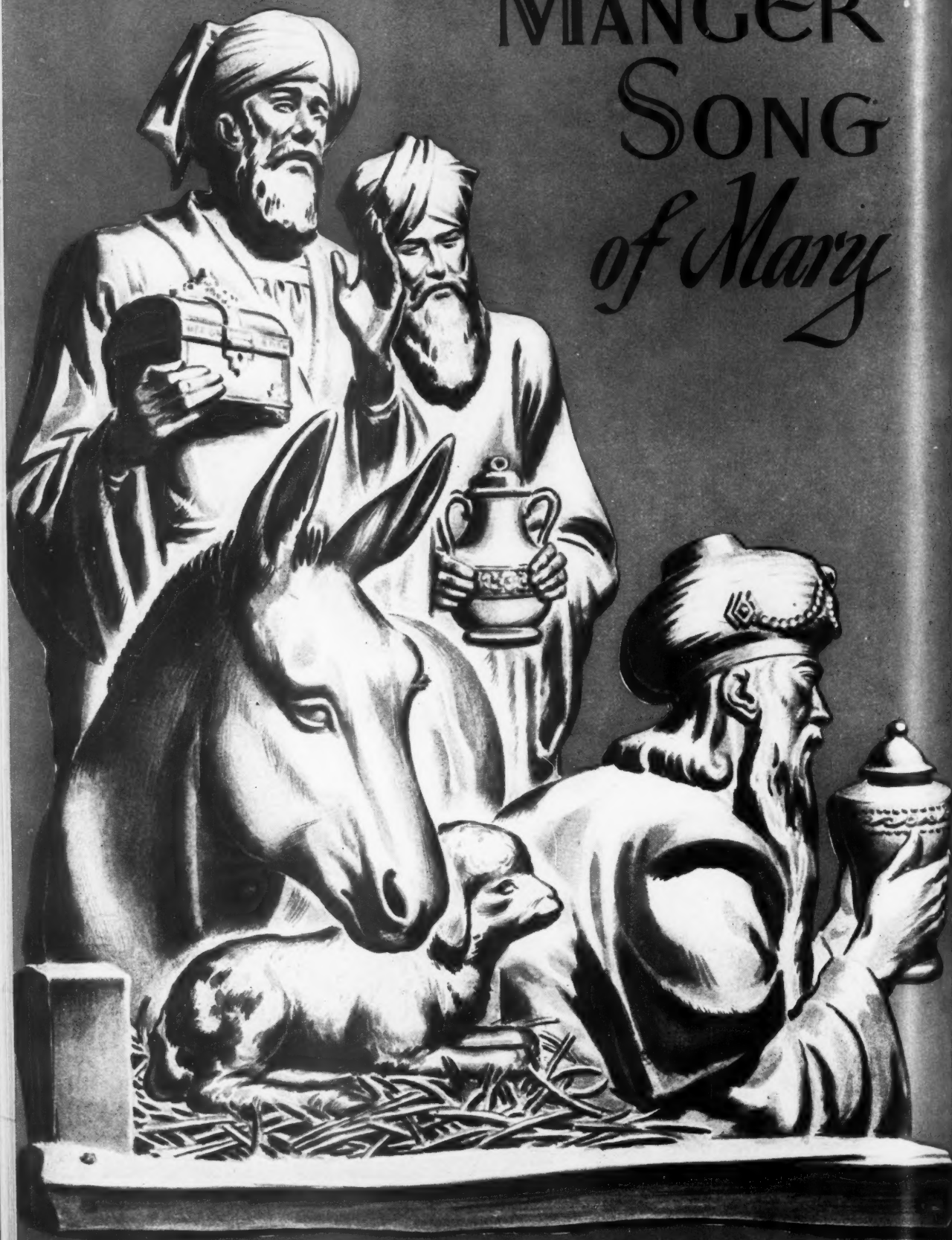
Bishops and bankers and railroad presidents and Presidents of the United

(Continued on page 94)



Four recent covers of Augsburg's Yuletide annual. The originals are in beautiful full color, reproduced from paintings by topnotch artists.

MANGER SONG *of Mary*



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By EDWIN
MARKHAM

Hark, baby, hark
To the bells in the dark.

Here are the three that are led by the star—
Melchoir, Gaspar and Old Balthazar.
Great are the gifts in the hands of the wise;
Mother has only a kiss for your eyes!

Croon, baby, croon
Like a dove at the noon.

Melchoir's beard reaching down to the knees
Pours you the gold from the hills and the seas,
Brings you a gift for a king to command;
Mother has only a kiss for your hand!

Sleep, baby, sleep,
For the shadows are deep.

Gaspar with pears on his red turban comes,
Bringing you myrrh and Arabian gums.
Wind where he passes is warm, soft and sweet;
Mother has only a kiss for your feet!

Dream, baby, dream,
For the star is a-gleam,

Balthazar kneels by the manger to sing,
Burning white frankincense, ring over ring.
They have brought treasures from mountain
and mart—
Mother has nothing to give but her heart!



CHRISTIAN HERALD presents a hitherto unpublished poem by one of America's greatest poets, author of the immortal "Man With The Hoe." "The Manger Song of Mary" is printed here by special arrangement with the poet's son, Mr. Virgil Markham.

DECEMBER 1946





Dr. Frederick Adams, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Richmond, Va., is always available to help and advise his people with personal problems or difficult decisions.

By SPENCER DURYEE

WHAT makes a church "tick," anyway? What makes it go? Why is it that some churches are so tremendously alive while other churches right around the corner are about ready to collapse? There must be a reason for that.

What most of us forget, when we try to figure it out, is that a church is not just so much stone and wood and stained glass. A church is a personality. A composite personality, made up of the stream of human life flowing through it. There is an air about a church, a voice in it, something strangely warm inside it. And there are no two of them alike.

Some sit like pompous bishops—purely denominational. Some are like old men—aged, weatherbeaten, mellow. Some are young and bright as a high-school graduate. Some are rich and regal and proud as kings, and some are beautifully humble. And some are Happy Debtor churches, for all the world like an unpretending rich man who knows he is head-over-heels in debt to God, and rejoices in it.

The happiest Happy Debtor church I know of is First Baptist Church of Rich-

mond, Virginia. It is a church that seems to have everything; it ticks like a 17-jewel watch. It is a church with a million dollars in the bank (an endowment) and a people who laugh at bankbooks and work as though they had a million-dollar mortgage to pay off by midnight; a church that runs itself and gives away its money; a church as old as Major Andre and as young as air-conditioning; a church in a warm and lazy climate that is livelier in summer than it is in winter; a church that might be proud and even snobbish with its Old School traditions, but isn't; a church that might have retired long ago from aggressive Kingdom action, but wouldn't. It is one of the largest and richest churches in Dixie, older than your grandfather and maybe older than his grandfather; yet, if it goes on the way it is going now, it will be young fifty years from now.

First Baptist Church was born in 1780, which was the year in which Major Andre blundered and got caught on the Tarrytown Road. Richmond was a country town then; First Baptist Church has helped it grow to a city of 200,000 souls (one-quarter of whom, in 1946, are Baptists). It had all the up's and down's of any church. Twice fire scorched it: once in a blaze set by Benedict Arnold, again during the evacuation of 1865. The first organized church in Richmond, it has

seen the elect and the damned of American history tramp past its doors; there was Washington and there was Lee, Patrick Henry, Stonewall Jackson, the Marquis de Lafayette, the plotting Burr and the lonely brooding Edgar Allen Poe. It has been an endless procession of triumph and tragedy, and it is all a part of First Church.

From 1841 to 1928, it was in the Kingdom business on a corner in downtown Richmond; when office buildings and state government buildings began to crowd it down there, the congregation decided to do something that too few congregations have the courage to do: to pull up stakes and move. They moved out on Monument Avenue, and Monument Avenue, to those who know Richmond, is the *Unter Den Linden* of the Confederacy. It is a hero's boulevard with Lee and Jackson and Jeff Davis, among others, immortalized in bronze. There is history and dignity and pride and the Old South along Monument Avenue, as there should be. But not too much pride, especially in the ranks of a fun-loving younger generation which has a habit of looking ahead rather than back. The statue of Jeff Davis, for instance, has him standing there in an oratorical pose, his right hand stretched out straight in front of him. Some wag, the weekend we were in Richmond came

The Happy DEBTOR

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by night and hung a five-gallon gasoline can on the outstretched hand of the President of the Confederate States of America. Young-generation work, surely—but never again will I be able to think of Jefferson Davis without thinking of that rusty can from Standard Oil!

Moving out to residential West Richmond, First Baptist Church took along its sense of dignity, its respect for the past and its forward look. They built on the corner of Monument and Boulevard a church that is one of the most beautiful in America; they planned it that way, and what they got with their planning accounts for much of their success. Build yourself an ugly church and you are defeated before you start; plan for beauty and you need no "Welcome" on your mat. The building committee of this particular church was lucky enough to have on it at least one man who thought the best was not too good for God. He said

bluntly, "Gentlemen, I live in a good substantial house. It cost me good money to build it, and it costs me more good money to keep it beautiful, and I think it's money well spent. You and I do not live in shacks; we give ourselves and our families the best we are able to give. Is there any reason why we shouldn't give God something just as good? So far as I am concerned, I'm going to see to it that God has just as beautiful a house as I have!"

They did just that. They built a stately mansion of the soul that cost four hundred thousand dollars; they went in debt to do it; the church that will not mortgage its future hasn't any future. They are debt-free today, and their plant is worth perhaps half a million. You gasp when you see it. It covers a large city block; rich brick and concrete, there are huge Parthenon pillars on the front porch that make you

tell yourself that whoever planned it had been in Athens. A two-story church school plant is separated from the sanctuary by an open court, in which open-air services are held in the summer. The old bell, from the old church, is enshrined in a little enclosure of its own; that bell nearly got itself melted down into cannon during the Civil War, but God probably saved it to remind First Baptist Church of its days of struggle and fire. There is a lush green lawn so old-looking and so well-kept that it made us think of Hyde Park, London; there are hedges and shrubbery that are altogether lovely. Half a block of the property is open lawn, used as parking-space on Sunday and recreation-space on weekdays. (They planned for that, too.) The man who swore he'd make it beautiful kept his word.

Beautiful, and every inch of it is usable. This church gives the impression that it cost money, but when you look at it carefully you see that they threw no money away. The interior of the sanctuary is splendid Greek, worshipful, simple, accurate, adequate, nobly done. It seats better than 1600, and if you want a seat on Sunday morning you'd better get there early. Downstairs is a dream of a chapel, used for prayer meetings (crowded, too), funerals, weddings. The church school plant is so big and so complicated they should give strangers a map before starting them through it; it is large, but already too small for the crowds who turn out for Sunday school.

There are 3,247 members here—or were, the Sunday we were visiting. There were nearly 1500 in the pews that morning, and that was about average; evening congregations run from 700 to 1000. Nearly fifty percent of the membership of a church in the pews on Sunday morning—that isn't bad, at all! And it's typical. They don't guess they have that many out; they know. The pastor has a card-file in his study giving the attendance for every service, and the collection for every service, over a period of the last twelve years.

These people come to church; they also work. And they give. They never seem to have gotten it into their heads that they could or should slow down because they have a balance in the bank, and I think that's a bit unusual. I know churches with endowments that wish they had never heard of endowments; money is an invitation to laziness.

But not here. These people turned their endowment over to a committee with instructions to spend it, and then proceed to forget it. They laid down but one hard and fast rule for the committee: that money was *never* to be spent on current expenses. It goes into scholarships for college students and into special missionary causes at the rate of \$60,000 a year. Meanwhile, the per capita giving of the congregation has actually gone *up*, and that is a performance worth careful study. Think ye first



The church runs buses every Sunday morning out to the University of Richmond. College students, both boys and girls, come in large numbers to worship.



of current expenses and you'll get little time to think of anything worth while; think ye first of the Kingdom of God and you may have happen to your church what has happened to this Happy Debtor of Richmond.

It is also a little amazing that having laughed off its endowment, this church proceeds to raise a budget of \$106,000 a year—and to give half of that to missions. It is a church that runs itself and gives its money away, and there may be a clue to its success in this, as well as in the fact that the members give this fifty percent of the church income to the work of the church abroad. There are hundreds of churches and thousands of churchmen in this country who give what they have to give for missions; they have the old "there's-too-much-

which the newcomer finds out all about the program of the church. Two or three times a year there is a Friendly Visitation, conducted by the laymen who go out two by two to call on prospective members. I may be wrong, but I got the impression that the last man to contact the stranger in this place was the pastor; all the ground-work is done by the people themselves. It pays huge dividends.

A pastor and two associates run this program. Dr. Frederick Adams needs no introduction in American Protestantism; the pastor of First Baptist Church is a national figure. To Richmond he is minister par excellence. To the people of his church he is loved as pastor and listened to closely as a preacher. To his official men he is not only pastor and preacher, but Grade-A executive as well; they give

people like in sermons—doing it this way.

Then there is another reason for all this: air-conditioning. I know, it sounds a little strange—almost blasphemous, to some of us—to talk of air-conditioning a sanctuary. What was good enough for father to worship in ought to be good enough for us, even if father worshipped in a dark cave freezing cold in winter and seven times hotter than the fiery furnace of Babylon in summer. It seemed that way to some of the folks at First Church, when they first began to think of air-conditioning their new building. There were two objections to the idea. One was that the sanctuary would be used only once a week; could they justify the expense involved in installing all that expensive machinery, to use only one day in seven? The other had to do with the other churches in town; these other churches might not like it, might not like to see their people deserting their own pews for the only air-conditioned church in town. There could be trouble over that.

They argued and they argued, until at long last one man with the long forward look put a stop to it. He said, "You and I grew up in churches that were insufferably hot most of the summer. We suffered through it; our children would say we 'sweat it out,' and that may be a better description. We went to church because in our day we never thought of going anywhere else. We took it for granted. But our youngsters are not taking anything for granted! You know and I know that they don't see it as we saw it, at all; they just don't believe in sweating it out when there is no good reason for sweating it out. They have air-conditioned schools and air-conditioned ice cream parlors and stores and movie palaces. Is there any real reason why they shouldn't have air-conditioned churches?"

"So far as the other churches are concerned, I don't believe there will be any trouble with them. Sooner or later, they will all begin to think of air-conditioning. Some church will start it, and personally I'd like to see mine start it, and not come tagging in on the tail end of the procession."

That settled it. They air-conditioned the sanctuary, and it was the wisest thing they ever did. Results prove it. The loose collections more than pay the expense involved, and congregations are as good in July as they are in January. When we asked Dr. Adams if air-conditioning brought many new people out to church who wouldn't have come otherwise, he was honest enough to reply, "I don't know about that, but I do know that a lot of people would stay away if we didn't have it."

They don't know what you mean by "the summer letdown" here; they can't believe that there are big churches up in the cool North that just shut up shop and forget it from the Fourth of July to Labor Day. They put on an enlarged

(Continued on page 79)



Greek columns, spacious green lawns, well-trimmed shrubbery feature the handsome church plant of the Happy Debtor church—First Baptist—of Richmond, Virginia.

to-be-done-right-here-at-home" type of mind, and it is a fatal type of mind. Narrow horizons make for a little church; the wider view makes you big. Try it and see.

They get large congregations here, but they do not get them by sitting back in their lovely church and waiting for the community to come knocking on their door; they get them by the sweat of their collective brow. They run buses out to the University of Richmond every Sunday morning to pick up students interested in church or Sunday school. That's why the coach and athletic director and the leading athletes of the university "happen" to be in First Baptist Church. They never miss a stranger, nor do they let up on a newcomer once they spot him. Every first-comer finds a "Here Am I" card in his pew. (The "Here am I, send me" of Isaiah 6:8.) Here am I; put me to work in your church. New members are taken in at the rate of 325 a year, and you could count on your fingers the ones they lose. They really keep after the stranger. Every six weeks there is a New Members Dinner, at

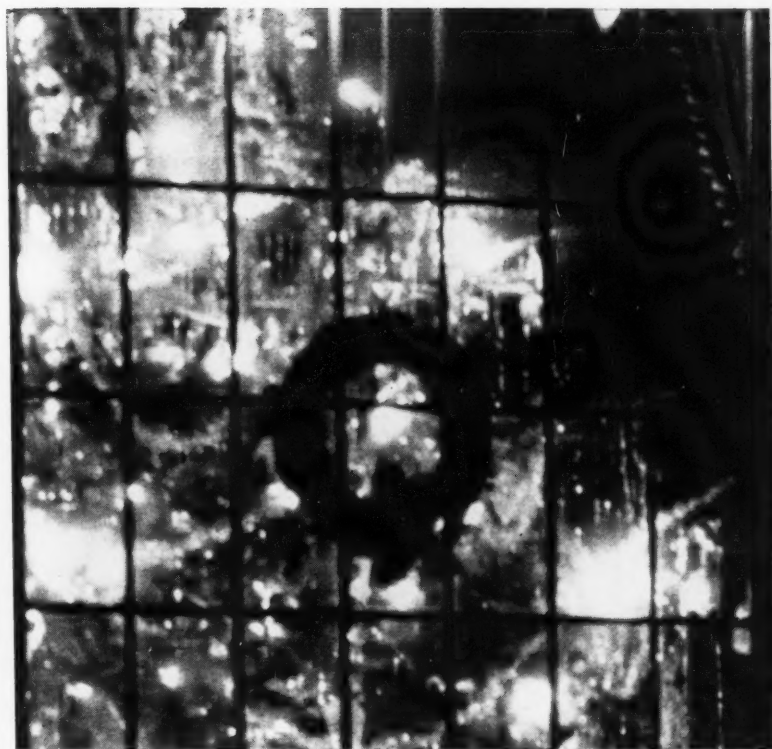
him credit for nearly everything—and he in turn tries to give them credit. A perfect team! Associated with him are two younger ministers, one of whom is charged with responsibility for recreational and young people's programs; the other spends the best part of his time visiting. They believe in calling. Dr. Adams refuses to let his associate do all of it; he has an idea that good preaching comes out of a preacher's experience with his people. He calls, too.

Whether calling is responsible or not, there is great preaching in this pulpit, and that is always one good reason for big congregations. It is Gospel preaching. No tricks. No fancy lace around the sleeves. No service ever closes without an opportunity to enter the door of the church and accept the Saviour. (What's happened to that idea, in a lot of our churches?) Along about June, the sermon topics of the year are printed in the church bulletin, and the congregation is asked to select the two sermons they enjoyed most. These are repeated at a morning and evening service. The pastor gets a good check on what his

Tea-Time CHAT

By

MARTHA TODD



GENDREAU

*Be present at our table, Lord
Be here and everywhere adored
From Thy all bounteous hand our food
May we receive with gratitude.*

*We humbly thank Thee Lord, our God
For all Thy gifts on us bestowed;
And pray Thee graciously to grant
The food which day by day we want.*

THIS is a very familiar grace which is used at the tables in many of our homes; few of us realize that it was originally written as a Christmas grace. Some two hundred years ago, John Cennick wrote it and ever since, it has been used by the Moravians who live in Salem, North Carolina, on Christmas Day. To these Moravians the Feast of Christmas is most important and theirs is a musical religion, keyed to old tunes, some of them dating back five centuries. In keeping with their musical tradition, this grace is chanted.

There is no season of the year which is more marked by tradition than Christmastime. All over our country, we find the same wonderful spirit but in each community that spirit is expressed differently, depending upon the origin of the people living within the community. If we stop to consider where the tradi-

tion comes from, we are amazed and fascinated for most of our customs and habits have been brought to us from over the seas and we choose those from our background which strike our fancy and inevitably we reject others which do not.

For some time now, I have been very much interested in finding out just where many of our customs come from and I thought that perhaps you might be interested in some of my findings. A large part of our festivities have to do with food and since that subject is so close to the hearts of us homemakers, you'll find that most of the things I have to say pertain to that subject. Perhaps after you finish reading this, you'll be inspired to do a little research on your own and I can promise that you will find it very rewarding and it will also make grand program material for a

highly interesting Christmas meeting.

It is very easy to imagine that at this time of year peoples in every country set aside their very best and choicest foods to be used especially for Christmas. Even now in countries that are suffering post-war effects, mothers are scraping a little here and a little there so that they can make the extras which symbolize Christmas to their families. Going back into history, we find that no article of food was served as often at Christmastime, as the Boar's Head.

It was officially established by Henry the VIII and ever since, we find variations of it appearing throughout the menus of other countries, particularly in the form of a suckling pig. In medieval days, at the great Christmas feast, the Boar's Head was not the only big item on the menu, but around it many ceremonies revolved. It wasn't just brought in by a servant and placed on the table. A procession headed by the Master of the Revelers, and consisting of choristers and the minstrels, entered the room, all singing and playing. Second in the procession was the man who killed the boar. He carried the sword with which the animal was slain and it wasn't enough that just the sword was shown. It had to be dripping with blood. Then followed the bearer of the Boar's Head. The head, itself, was garlanded with rosemary and laurel and as a final garnish a lemon, the symbol of plenty, was stuck in its mouth.

Now you may wonder why the boar was chosen. Well, it seems that the boar was revered as having taught mankind the art of plowing. As he used his tusks rooting them in the ground, the people that watched the boar got the idea of turning over the earth. The Boar's Head thus was not just valued for the food it provided, it became symbolic. Before the head could be carved, it was customary for each man present at the table, starting with the master of the house, to come to the head of the table, place his hands on the dish, and take this oath: "To be faithful to my family and to fulfill other obligations as a man of honor."

Another medieval dish which attracted my attention, and in which you will perhaps be interested, was the serving of the Peacock and this was considered the most kingly of dishes. Certainly it looked most elegant by far, for it was served with all its brilliant plumage and rested on a great silver tray. An old manuscript cookbook, written about 1430, tells how to prepare the peacock properly, so if you have any inclination to surprise your family this Christmas, perhaps you'd be interested in the recipe. This is the way that recipe reads:

"Take a peacock and break its neck and cut its throat. Slay him, the skin and neck together, the head still to the skin of the neck. Keep the skin and the feathers whole together. Draw him as a

(Continued on page 63)

A FLICKERING candle is good for the soul: there is something about that tiny, trembling flame that conquers the weariness of the struggle for bread, and brings rest and peace to mind and heart, and a readiness for worship. Candles in the sanctuary have driven more than one man to his knees.

The Christian Church, historically, has been well aware of the power of a lighted candle; in the great cathedrals of the Old World they still use ancient candelabra with burning tapers. Each Easter Week, the Roman Catholic Church has a service called Tenebrae, in which twelve candles (the Apostles) and one great central candle (Christ) are dramatically snuffed out as the story of Passion Week's tragedy unfolds; at last, there is total darkness in the church, and those who worship, standing there like babes lost in a dark wood, know what life and man would be were it not for the light which came in Christ. There is no more dramatic and terrifying performance in Christendom.

Less ritualistic, many Protestant churches today have brought back the candle for use in candle-lighting services at Christmas



COURTESY GRACE METHODIST CHURCH, KEARNY, N. J.

Weddings are even more lovely, enhanced by candlelight.

Right, above: Candles on the altar are at once Jewish, Catholic, Protestant. Right, below: The larger candle, from which all others are lighted, is held by the pastor.

and Easter. Different churches do it differently. Some have their congregations march in procession down the darkened aisle, to light their candles from one held in the hand of the pastor. Others have the worshippers wait in the pew; the ushers take their lights from the pastor's flame, pass it to the person nearest the aisle, who lights all other candles in his pew. It matters not how it is done; it is forever a mystic, beautiful, worshipful performance symbolizing the passing of the light of Christ from life to life and age to age. There is no lovelier service in all the year than candle-lighting service at Christmas.

For you whose church has not yet had a candle-lighting service at Christmastime, or for you who might like a different one this year, we give you this complete program of one appropriately entitled:

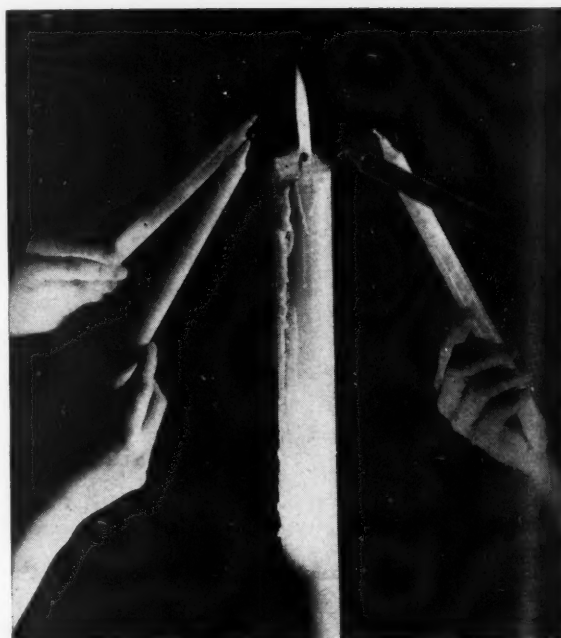
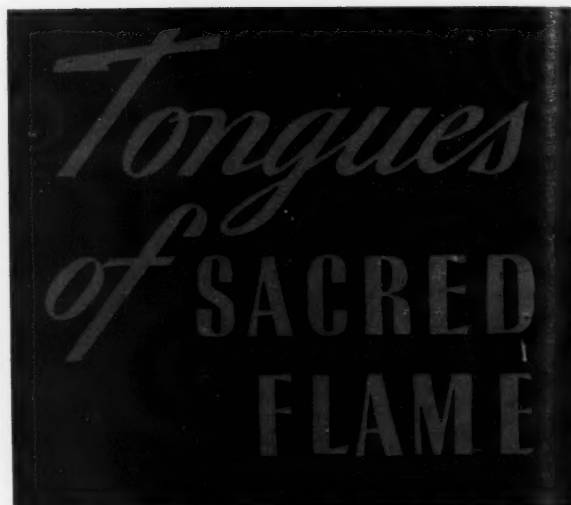
THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

A Christmas Candle-lighting Service

Note the progressive nature of this service. In the opening Call to Worship, Scripture verses are used to indicate the wistfulness of a people "in great darkness." This is followed



BLACK STAR



BLACK STAR

CHRISTIAN HERALD

by a prayer for light. As the service progresses light is given and the congregation, in the closing hymn, leaves the church, praying for further illumination.

(This service is most effective staged in a dimly lighted church. On the communion table, arranged in suitable candelabra are thirteen candles. One large one is in the center. Six smaller ones are arranged on either side. The large one alone is lighted as the worshippers enter.)

Organ Prelude:

A hymn medley: "Lead, Kindly Light," "The Morning Light is Breaking," "Watchman Tell Us of the Night."

Call to Worship:

(Worshippers standing.) "The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death a great light is sprung up." "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" "That was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The Gloria Patri:

(Worshippers standing.) "Glory be to the Father, and to

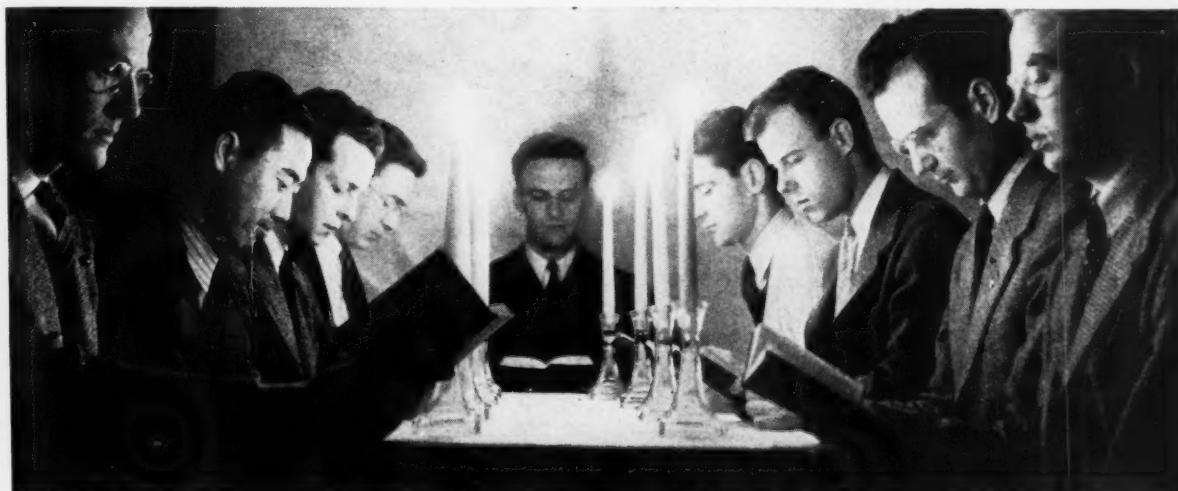
The Service of Candle-lighting:

(While organ plays Gounod's "Send Out Thy Light," two ushers bearing unlighted tapers march to the table.)

The Minister Speaks: "On the table are thirteen candles. One alone is lighted. That represents our Christ. Arranged on either hand are six additional candles representing the twelve apostles. Judas hath fled and St. Paul is represented in the group. From the light of the Christ, we will now light the twelve other candles." (Each usher lights his taper from the large candle and then lights six of the smaller ones on his side.)

The Minister Continues: "The apostles make a connecting link between the Christ and the Christian disciples of all times. From them we are to receive the torch and lighten the way of Christian faith. Your part is to join with us in singing the hymn of consecration. Let each word you sing be an invitation for light to enter your soul."

At this point some churches will wish to have the entire congregation unite in the service of candle-lighting. To properly prepare for this the small candles, with suitable hand protectors, should be distributed to the worshippers as they enter the church. The congregation will rise, candles in hands. The ushers will pass along the aisles lighting the candles of the



BLACK STAR

Candlelight services are increasingly popular not only at Christmas, but at weddings, communions, and as above, at young people's devotional services, all the year round.

the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. Amen."

Hymn:

"Father of Lights," by Elizabeth Wilson and Helen Thoburn.

An Affirmation of Faith:

(To be said in unison. Congregation seated.) We believe that God is a spirit, and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. We believe that God is Light; and if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another. We believe that God is Love; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. We believe that Jesus is the Son of God; and as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God.

We believe that Jesus is the Way, the Truth and the Life; and that God sent His Son into the world that the world should be saved through Him. We believe that we are children of God; and that God hath given us eternal life, and that this life is in His Son. We believe that if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. We believe that the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but that he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

worshipper at the end of the pew. He in turn will light the candle of the person next to him. When all are lighted, the congregation remains standing for the singing of the hymn of consecration. Then the lights are extinguished and the congregation seated. Altar candles remain lighted throughout.

The Hymn of Consecration:

"Spirit Divine, Attend Our Prayers." (Congregation stands.)

The Pastoral Prayer

(Congregation still standing.)

A Choir Response

(To be selected.)

Offering and Choir Offertory

The Sermon or Meditation

Concluding Hymn:

"The Morning Light Is Breaking." (Congregation standing.)

Benediction

Organ Postlude.

* * *

(The candle-lighting service is from "The Uses of Candles in Christian Fellowship," by Rev. William H. Leach. Published by Goodenough & Woglom Co., 150 Nassau St., New York 7.)



Her Gift

JOSEPHA was sweeping the cobbled inn yard with swift hard strokes. It was the second time that day, but it was again littered with the skins of fruit and bits of straw and grain dropped from the feed baskets of beasts that had crowded the inn yard that day. They were all stabled now, all save a crouching camel with a red embroidered saddlecloth who bared his ugly teeth as the girl's broom of rushes swept closer.

It would soon be time for the evening worship in the temple. There would be a big sacrifice this day. People who had come far to bring their taxes for Caesar Augustus surely would not forget the offering to their Lord. Josepha could vision it all. The blast of the ram's horn as the holy Ark was brought in; all the people in their best robes standing with heads bowed as the high priest lifted each offering up before the altar; the vaulted temple with walls shining like alabaster in the glow of many lamps; the chanted praises of the Lord God Jehovah and the reading from Holy Writ. The last time Josepha had finished her work in time to slip away to the women's court to worship, the priest had read,

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

She loved the words, but wondered about the meaning. But there would be no temple service for her this day. The

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DECEMB



A Christmas Story

by Margaret Allen

inn was crowded and she had work enough for four pairs of hands and feet. Perhaps it was just as well, for Josepha never went on sacrifice days. She had nothing to give.

As she worked she glanced at the people passing by. Merchants with embroidered robes and bright headdresses. Proud women in purple. Children chattering as they stroked the doves they were holding. They all had something, the best they had to give. The girl looked after them wistfully. If only she had something to offer to the Lord. Some small thing the priest could bless!

Josepha had no thought of questioning the ways of Providence. She saw and enjoyed and was thankful for much of the beauty of the world. But the joy of sharing one's substance was denied her. She had been alone and friendless since her father and mother both died of a fever when she was a babe. Now she was fourteen, small for her age, but strong and served well at the inn for the little food she ate, the shelter of a roof, and the clothes she wore. Her feet were bare. Her simple garment was coarse and unadorned. Her dark hair was tied in a headcloth. These were her only possessions.

The priest had not told the girl that helping hands were an offering to the Lord. Or willing feet. Or eyes that were like stars as they beheld the beauty of God's world.

She finished the last corner except the one where the camel sat chewing his cud, and she had stopped for one glimpse of the setting sun when she saw a pair of travellers approaching. They were silhouetted against the red-gold sky and to Josepha they seemed to be a part of that blaze of glory, riding out of the golden cloud which momentarily touched the earth. She

stood in sudden quiet and waited as they approached. One was a man leading a donkey on which a woman sat. The woman drooped with weariness as if she were very tired. The man leaned heavily on his staff and the little beast pulled his feet forward hard and slowly.

"They must have come from afar," she thought. "They are very weary."

The road was red with the dust of many travellers. Josepha didn't think about the inn being full. She only thought of how tired the pair were. "I'll bring a basin of water to wash their poor feet."

As she darted inside she called, "Oh master, more travellers await thee without."

"More! We have too many I tell thee. Tell them there is not room."

"But master, one is a woman and she is far spent."

"They are too late I tell thee. They should have known. Bid them go on."

But Josepha had already gone to the kitchen for a basin and a towel, leaving the harassed innkeeper to greet the travellers as best he could.

When she returned he was shaking his head and spreading his palms in hopeless irritation. "Not even a bed—" he was saying.

The traveller looked sad. "We have come far and the woman is weary and worn. Is there no place for her to rest?"

"No, no, I tell you—not even a corner," the innkeeper said.

"Oh master," Josepha whispered, "I pray thee, let them have my bed. It is but a small corner, but it is warm."

"Hush thy stupid tongue! A mat of rushes on the floor to offer to strangers?"

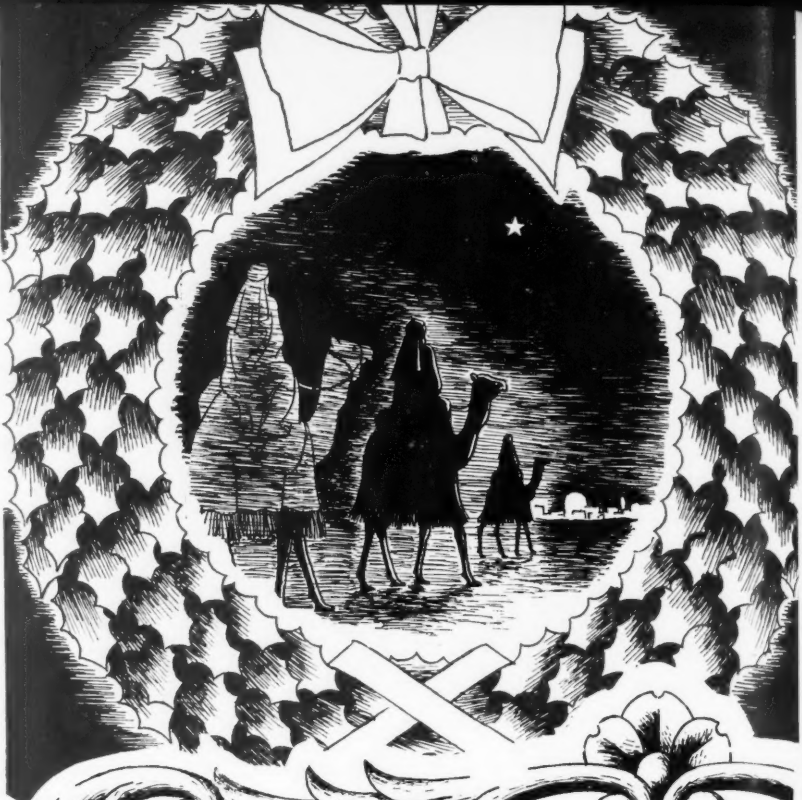
"Ah, good sir," spoke the husband sadly, "even a mat of rushes is better than the cold earth."

The woman looked gratefully at Josepha and smiled. When she smiled, Josepha thought she had never seen anyone more beautiful. The innkeeper shrugged (*Continued on page 67*)

HOW old is Christmas? Viewed as a festival, it is only about sixteen hundred years old. We have no record that the Feast of the Nativity was celebrated prior to the fourth century. But is that the date by which the age of Christmas is to be determined?

Presumably most of us would say that Christmas, being the birthday of Jesus of Nazareth, dates from the decree of Caesar Augustus, in obedience to which Joseph and Mary went up to Bethlehem to register. But the beginning of Christmas may be dated as we might calculate the beginning of a church. We might say that the age of a church dates from the day it was opened for worship. Or we might hold that the birthday of a church is the day on which the cornerstone was laid. Or we might go further back and say that a church began at the time the decision was made to form it.

So is it with the age of Christmas. As a festival of worship it was entered in the fourth century. But the cornerstone of Christmas was laid in a Bethlehem manger at the birth of Him who is called the



Christmas

Chief Cornerstone in the household of faith. But back of Bethlehem were the dreams of a deliverer cherished by the people of Israel. A former associate of mine once made a statement which I have never verified, namely that there are 141 prophecies of Christ's coming in the Old Testament.

And this expectation of a Redeemer, was not limited to the Hebrew people. Plato, the Greek philosopher, five centuries before Christ said that "only by way of some divine disclosure coming into life from outside it, could men find the way of truth and freedom." Yet, the beginnings of Christmas go back to the dreams of redemption cherished by suffering people and wise men, not only in Israel but in Greece and throughout the East. Ah, we can even go farther and say that Christmas began in the heart of God, for as John said, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

This longer view helps our mature minds in approaching the Christmas cele-



HOW OLD IS CHRISTMAS?

By Ralph W. Sockman

bration. So many adults seem to think that the Bethlehem accounts are just a beautiful story for children, and that in entering into the Nativity stories we have to check our intellects at the door and lower our heads as tourists do when entering the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. If we are wise enough, we shall see the Bethlehem event as the vast panorama of Messianic expectation drawn to the scale of a miniature which even a child can grasp.

And this larger view of Christmas helps us to understand also the incorporation of non-Christian elements in our festival. We are told that our word *yule* comes from the pagan *jol* of Iceland, that our fir tree comes from pagan Ger-

happened to the shepherds as they were watching their flocks by night. This is the line: *And the glory of the Lord shone round about them.*

It is deeply significant that in the Christmas story the glory of the Lord shone round about the shepherds. They were humble folk. Anyone who has traveled in Palestine knows the drabness of the shepherds' life. They lived among their flocks and but little above the sheep in their standards of living. Like sheep the shepherds were wet by the rains and chilled by the winds. Like sheep they were led about by those above them, for they lived in a conquered nation and were among the least of the subjects. And when they died, they dropped out with little more notice than a sheep.

Sermon

many, our mistletoe from Celtic Britain and our good Saint Nicholas from Holland. All of which is probably true, but it should only serve to enhance the glory of Christmas as the birthday of Our Lord, for it is another evidence of the universality of His appeal. It would seem that the One born in Bethlehem is so magnetic that He has drawn into His birthday celebration the best elements and the healthiest longings of all peoples.

However mature our minds, we do not need to approach Christmas with any mental apology as parents sometimes go to a circus saying, "We are doing it for the sake of the children." Those who are thoughtful enough to look for life's deeper meanings will find the wonder and glory of Christmas growing upon them. The more we know, the more we shall see in Christmas.

Hence today let us ponder one of the broadest and most inclusive lines in the Christmas story. It is what Luke says

Yet unlike sheep, the shepherds did not nourish a blind life within the brain. They lifted their faces from the clod. They had in them such stuff as dreams are made of. They looked up at the stars and they were haunted by the feeling that there was One whose "ways were higher than their ways as the heavens are high above the earth." At nights they often sang songs learned from ancient psalmists about that Divine Being enthroned above. They had heard reports of prophets who foretold that a heavenly Messiah would visit His people to redeem them. They were longing for such a heaven-sent Savior who would give meaning and value to their life in this world and hope for a life beyond.

And on that first Christmas night "the glory of the Lord shone round about" the shepherds. To them came the announcement, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour who is Christ the Lord." They said, "Let us go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass." And the report

is that the shepherds returned from Bethlehem, "glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen."

Ah, if those shepherds could have foreseen as well as seen, their rejoicing would have been magnified. They would have looked ahead to see that child born in a manger grow up in a carpenter shop, and go forth to preach the gospel to the poor. They would have heard that Bethlehem-born Savior proclaim how much better man is than a sheep and declare Himself as the door of the divine sheepfold through which man enters into salvation. They would have looked down the centuries and seen Christ's doctrine of man's divine sonship lifting the status of the plain people, raising serfs and slaves into citizens, destroying the so-called divine right of kings, spreading the spirit of democracy, until eventually governments like ours proclaim the plain man's inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. If the shepherds could have seen far enough ahead, they would have beheld that Bethlehem child growing up to be called the Great Physician, healing the poor in his own Palestine and imparting such an impetus and sympathy to the healing art that the best surgery is being sent to the jungles of Africa and the deserts of Arabia, to the poorest child in Jerusalem or Memphis or New York.

If the shepherds could have listened down the corridor of the centuries, they would have heard a President of the United States, Calvin Coolidge by name, certainly a man not given to extravagant statement or radical views, declare: "Let the laws proclaim to the humblest citizen performing the most menial tasks, the recognition of his manhood, the recognition that all men are peers, the recognition that all work is glorified."

The shepherds would have noted the families of America sending hundreds of thousands of kits and garments to Russian families driven from their homes, thereby weaving bonds of sympathy between the peoples of two great nations whose policies of government may differ. Amid the confusion and turmoil of this troubled time, one thing is as clear as the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. And that one thing is that the plain people of the world are rising to demand a place in the sun. The man with the hoe is turning his face from the clod to become the man with the hope. The people that have walked in darkness have seen a great light, and they are determined to march further toward the dawn.

The shepherds on the Jerusalem hill-sides stand as symbolic of the earth's plain people, longing for deliverance from "the whips and scorns of time" and for salvation from the dread of something after death, that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. Ah, but that Bethlehem-born babe did convince the world that He triumphed

also over death. He is the Savior for time and eternity. For this double reason the Scripture can say of the shepherds on that first Christmas, "the glory of the Lord shone round about them."

But there were others around whom the glory shone on that holy night. Let us turn now from the shepherds to those mysterious figures called the wisemen. It is significant and symbolic that the Christmas radiance should encompass both the humble shepherds and the wisemen.

Wisdom was already old when Jesus was born. China and India had evolved philosophers of whom the Orient might well be proud. Under the porticos of

still hold them as models. He uttered ideas of such import that scholars like Nicodemus came to learn His secret. He laid down principles of such range and permanence that our Oxfords and Yales can only verify them, not improve them. The wonder of Christ's wisdom amazes the wise men of the world.

Stanley Jones tells us that the first inclination of India's scholars is to regard Jesus' teachings as crude. They seem so simple, so devoid of the polished sophistries of India's sacred books. But a longer look reveals to India's students that the limpid clear words which fell from the lips of Jesus are the distilled essence of wisdom. And what is more,

of the world follow the Star of Bethlehem because Christ can convert wisdom into saving power. Knowledge without wisdom is dangerous. As a lawyer once asked in a famous case, "Why should I be taxed to educate my neighbor's child, when that education only makes the little rascal twice as dangerous as he was before?" Mere learning may only serve to sharpen men's destructive skills. The deep tragedy of our time is that the best brains of the world today are spending their efforts in devising ways of sending more bullets through the brains of their brothers.

Christ is the world's chief hope of converting dangerous knowledge into saving wisdom. He is able to instill such self-control in the individual that warring desires are brought into the peace of God which passeth all understanding. He is able, as Paul said, to break down the middle wall of partition between the races and impart a spirit of brotherhood within nations. He, with His six hundred million followers, if they will only take Him seriously, is able to be the unifying and healing force in binding this broken world together after the war. That is why the wise men must still follow His star.

At the close of the last war, General Jan Smuts said, "Humanity has struck its tents and is on the march." Humanity did start marching. But it fell under the control of false leaders, fanatical messiahs who played upon people's fears, promised them new orders of government and then used them as pawns for imperialistic ambitions. That must not happen again. This time as men turn their faces from the blood-soaked sod of battlefields, we must see to it that they turn toward the true Messiah who came to bring peace on earth to men of good will.

This year we have to look for the Star of Bethlehem above the crosses of a grief-stricken earth. But the One at whose birth the Star shone is the One who more and more rules the world from His Cross.

Turn from the bad news of the moment to the good news of the gospel which has come through many a crisis before ours. In that domain of the cruel Herod, the Bethlehem crib looks as fragile as a Belgian stable in front of a German tank. A carpenter with a frail wife, a manger with dumb beasts, docile bearers of burdens, and in their midst a helpless child—what a symbol of weakness pitted against the power of the Herod who was searching for them! Who could have predicted that the Child of Bethlehem would rise to dwarf the proud ruler, and the Caesar that stood behind him? Yet Herod is remembered today only because of his connection with the Christ Child. And something there was about the Babe born in Bethlehem which survived the Caesars. That something was the glory of the Lord.



PEACE AT CHRISTMAS

THE dove of peace, its broken body hurled
On weary wings that once were sure and fleet,
Now fails to find in all this warring world
A place to rest its little tired feet.
Yet far above the sound of earthly clamor,
Fixed in its orbit still, there is the Star!
And moments when again we are sane and calmer,
We catch a glimpse of white wings flying far.
Dear, precious Babe, sent down to us from heaven
So many and such weary years ago,
Plant in our hearts a tiny bit of leaven
For faith to feed upon and thrive and grow.
We are so tired of hate, distrust and spite;
Oh, grant us once again a Holy Night!

Mamie M. McQuillen

Athens had appeared such brilliant minds as Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. In Egypt were to be found elaborate libraries. Yes, there were lofty intellects before Christ came.

Then He appeared. Of His schooling we do not know. With a carpenter shop and a fatherless home on His hands, His contact with schools must have been slight. Yet when He laid aside His tools and began to teach, He spoke words of such classic purity that grammarians

Christ gives to wisdom a living force. Some years ago a Christian leader of India declared: "My people have been famed for their philosophical capacity. They have woven many sublime speculative systems. But now the Indian race longs for those lofty ideas to take concrete human form upon the road of life." That longing is answered in Christ. He is the Master Teacher who walks along the road of life.

And what is still more, the wise men



Proud of Mother, who won *Christian Herald's* Cover Contest, are husband Harry Turley, daughter Doreene and son Neal. They live in Greenville, Illinois.

THE WINNER of *Christian Herald's* Cover Contest

We've had contests on Christian Herald ever since '78, but never one with as much excitement as this one. It was a hard one for the judges to decide; they finally picked the winner in Mrs. Harry Turley of Route 4, Greenville, Ill.

IF the editors set out deliberately to pick a typical "Christian Herald" as the winner of our Cover Contest, they could not have picked a better one than this. We love that "Route 4" on her mailing address. Look at that picture! The Turley's are farm-folk right out of the heart of the country, the salt-of-the-earth variety of Americans and Exhibit A of this democracy.

Mrs. Vera Turley is 32, born and raised in Bond County, Illinois, a member (with all the rest of her family) of little nearby rural Mt. Carmel Methodist Church; her family has a perfect attendance record in Sunday school since 1943. She is the church pianist, teacher of the young people's Sunday-school class, president of the Women's Society for Christian Service. In her spare time she works on the Community Unit, setting up an educational

and recreational program for the farmers of the township; she also serves as leader of a girls' 4-H club. If that isn't *CHRISTIAN HERALD* character and performance, then we've forgotten how to judge it.

The November 1945 cover ran away with the contest, insofar as popularity is concerned; it got 2373 votes. Second and third, in that order, were January with 1448 votes, and July with 1343. Hundreds of readers named all three; only 74 named them in exact order. Of the 74, Mrs. Turley had what seemed to us the best suggestion for our next Easter cover.

On the other covers, the votes ran: May, 1112; December, 1053; April, 1010; September, 949; February, 820; August, 457; June, 288; March, 265; October, 78. Our thanks to the readers; our congratulations to Mrs. Turley.



1. November, 1945



2. January, 1946



3. July, 1946

By MARGARET
LEE
RUNBECK

A BEAUTIFUL London morning it was, and the men and women hurrying into the conference meeting had a brightness to their faces, and a lightness to their steps which must have struck anyone who saw them. However heavy and bitter were the errands carrying others about the world at that moment, these were persons who were bearing the highest spark of human hope for our future.

For these men and women were attending the first 1946 Conference of UNESCO, which, as you know, is the United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organization. As a writer for CHRISTIAN HERALD, it was my privilege to attend that meeting, and as I watched the delegates from thirty-six nations taking their places, I could not help being thrilled with the character and high-mindedness which stamped every face. These were persons of many diverse languages; their deliberations would have to be lubricated constantly by interpreters and translators; yet in one thing they were unanimous in understanding: they represented the world's faith in education.

The first article in the constitution of UNESCO states, "That since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the fences of peace must be constructed." Wonderful and revolutionary words!

So here I was, seeing the men and women representing thousands of others like themselves, who are pledged to fight the terror and darkness of war with the light of learning, however slow and patient that fight must be. One could see from their faces they knew how long and slow a process education is; behind their eyes one could see some of them wondering if the threat of the next global war would hold off and wait for them to accomplish the ponderous miracle of patience required to educate a whole world.

For it requires not weeks or months or even years, but generations for men to speak across miles and customs and



God does not work in groups, for mass production. He speaks only silently to every heart that turns to Him for listening.



try to touch other men's minds and change them permanently into better habits of living and being and thinking. And all this to be done while knowing the doom which hangs over this world may not wait for the slow re-forming of a generation.

Thinking about the magnitude of that task, and knowing that these people, however good-willed and earnest and intelligent they were, were relying only upon the human mind to move that

mountain of ignorance and hatred in the world, I felt myself engulfed in a wave of despair. It is a task too big for men alone . . . even good, wise men like these.

Suddenly, then, I knew what was wrong with that word UNESCO, made up of the initials of words on which men base their hope of the future. *There was one initial conspicuously missing.* When I had asked tentatively about that initial, as thousands of us have asked, I had been put off with a glib explana-

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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tion of how impossible it is to mention any kind of religion in a group so diverse as these delegates are. Education may be mentioned, and culture (though surely there could not be wider divergence than lies between cultures of different countries!). But not religion. Religion was mentioned in the United Nations Charter, you remember. Under the last subdivision of Article 55, it is resolved that the United Nations shall promote "universal respect for and observance of, human rights and fundamental freedoms for all, without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion." A pretty negative mentioning. In other words, religion shall not be called upon to help establish peace on earth; religion is mentioned only to make sure it shall not hinder nor divide!

Men had traveled from all parts of the civilized world to talk about making peace. Yet the Great Peacemaker, at whose birth the very angels had sung "peace on earth, good will toward men," was not a delegate.

I sat there rather dismally thinking

NO BROTHERHOOD *Without* FATHERHOOD

about all this, while the meeting was called to order, and a few remarks were made by that great scholar, Julian Huxley. There was applause, and several delegates rose in turn and spoke with quiet eloquence. It seemed that the well-oiled wheels of parliamentary procedure were beginning to grind in the smoothest accepted way.

And then, across my thinking, a mild new voice was speaking, for a worn small man with silver hair and a pink Dutch face had risen and had identified himself and had been recognized. He was Dr. Philip Idenburg, the delegate from the Netherlands, a Protestant educator. He was quoting something familiar, in the midst of these noble international sentiments. Something familiar and simple—the story of Mary and her sister Martha, and he was pointing the parable to ask that the conference be not so "cumbered with much doing" that it lose "that good

part." He was pleading for "the deeper insight," and these words tiptoed across the conference chamber so quietly and yet so commandingly that every paper stopped rustling, and every pen hushed to listen.

"Without a spiritual revival, humanity will not survive," Dr. Idenburg said.

He developed his theme then so logically that no listener could escape acknowledging the truth of what he said. He sketched in the present distress and want abroad on the earth, and he showed that it has been caused by the greatest display of human power and knowledge and skill which the world has ever known. Then he asked, in view of this, if it were reasonable for us to assume that greater human power and knowledge could bring peace, until something had been added to that power to modify its meaning.

"Human power and knowledge is fatal without faith in spiritual values," he said quietly; then he added, "No educational problem can be dealt with, without taking spiritual meaning into ac-

All the way back across the ocean, I thought about that Dutchman and what he was trying to say for posterity's sake, and yet how perfunctorily his words had been heard, and I yearned to know how men's ears could be unstopped so that they may hear the still small clamoring that is rising above the din of human knowledge and cleverness and doom.

Finally I came to a conclusion that satisfied me. Not a new conclusion, nor an original one. The oldest conclusion on earth, in fact: men cannot be roused to their Sonship by organization, however good it is; nor by resolutions, however eloquently they are drawn up; nor even by the exhortation of other men, however good and inspired those men are. Awakening can come about, as in the Beginning, only by the "Word, which was with God. And the word was God." It cannot be done by families, or by nations, or by United Nations. It can come about only by one man at a time . . . only by the man who is yourself, listening and finding, and turning himself into an instrument for God's use.

And would that take too long a time for us to spare? No. For the word is "quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword." Anything else, anything less which man has devised, is too slow and too feeble an instrument for this time. Only God Himself can be quick enough to work the miracle.

God does not work in groups, for mass production. He speaks only silently to every heart that turns to Him for listening. So when we seek for educational programs, and cultural programs, and even scientific ones, we are looking too far away for what can be found only close at hand, "closer than hands and feet."

The American Bible Society offers the way in their World-wide Bible Reading schedule. This is a yearly offering of the society, but never before was it so dynamic in meaning and promise. This year it has been conceived as "The Word of Power For a Power Age." The daily readings from the Bible have been designed to show how some of the "Spiritual pioneers" such as Noah, Abraham, Isaiah, John the Baptist, and Jesus, found this very Word of Power for their own age.

The pathway of Light which runs through the Bible is an ascending triumph all the way. One cannot trace that marvelous pattern in men's affairs, without knowing that the future is sustained in God's care if only we turn to Him and follow His guidance. In a world beset by every doubt and doom, this is the only real assurance we can find, and it is ours for the holding fast.

For those who are not accustomed to daily reading, the American Bible Society has laid out a wonderful course to be followed from Thanksgiving to Christmas. It is entirely practical even for the busiest person. These simple suggestions
(Continued on page 84)

By W. T.
PERSON

A RIFLE cracked sharply in the distance, just as Dave was carefully setting a box of dishes inside the door. He straightened up quickly, grinned at his father. "Squirrel hunter!" he said. "Say, I bet there are gangs of squirrels out here!"

"I hear a car," Granny said. "It's coming this way."

They listened. It was a motor. The cylinders were clearly on very bad terms, each performing at will and without regard for the other three; connecting rod banged out a constant threat of disintegration; there was a steady clanging, as if the fan might be slapping the radiator with each revolution; a series of sharp backfirings machine-gunned the swamp's stillness.

"What if it blows up?" Hope asked. "Hadn't we better watch out for falling metal? Jalopy flak?"

The crack of the rifle sounded again, barely audible above the cacophony of the automobile.

The car came into view, appearing out of what seemed to be the woods, with no road to guide it, nosing through brush and switch cane, barely dodging a tree

No Land is FREE

PART TWO

Synopsis: ANDY IVES, tired of working for someone else for twenty unproductive years, decides to gain independence for himself and wife, KATE, and their two children, HOPE and DAVE, by taking up some "homestead" land in southern Arkansas. It's a radical move, but behind it is the singing pioneer spirit that made America great. Especially pleased with the project is GRANNY CRAIG, Andy's adventurous and brittle-tongued mother-in-law, who enthusiastically dubs it, "The emancipation of Andrew Ives." Andy's wife, however, is not so sure . . . Bag and baggage, the twentieth-century pioneers arrive—to find their new home a broken-down shack in a swampy wilderness. They move in, dreaming big plans, but scarcely aware of the hardships, from natural and human causes, that await them. Now go on with the story.



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here, and just missing a fallen log there.

The roundish, bespectacled face of an elderly man peered around the windshield. It was an owlishly serious face. The man wore a corduroy cap, ear flaps down. He swung the car sharply, just missing a large pecan tree, grazed the bumper of the truck, and came to an abrupt stop by the simple expedient of heading into a hickory sapling.

"Our first guest!" Hope whispered to Granny. "Shall I show him to the blue room?"

The man slid out of the Model A. He was short and slightly on the wiry side. His head was very large for his body; his eyes were bird-bright behind tortoiseshell glasses. His face bore the stamp of good nature, and his ruddy cheeks were lightly seamed as if by laughter.

He came around the truck. "Hello, Mr. Ives," he greeted Andy. "I am Mr. Eliot—Emerson Eliot. Welcome to our fair wilderness!"

Andy shook hands with him. "I'm Andy Iv— But you know my name already!" he exclaimed. "How'd you know it?"

Mr. Eliot chuckled pleasantly. "Oh, news gets around in these parts." He glance toward the door, where the three women were gathered, and removed his cap, revealing a bald scalp with a scholarly fringe of graying brown hair. He bowed.

"We are delighted to have such a charming family as our neighbors."

The crack of the rifle came again. "Mr. Flipp," he said, "is getting you some squirrels for supper."

"Who's Mr. Flipp?" Dave asked.

Mr. Eliot chuckled again, barely moving his lips. "Mr. Flipp is a very odd character and a man of rare attainments against this background. I live with him in a cabin a half mile from here." Then he rubbed his palms briskly. "But, come, I'm delaying you. Let's get the piano into the house. There is nothing I'd rather lift than part of a piano, for I love music. It's the highest form of human expression."

Granny was staring at the old fellow,

her eyes twinkling. "What have we here?" she asked softly. "A lecturer out of a job?"

They were working the piano through the narrow door, onto the rough planks of the main room, when a lank figure, wearing a coonskin cap and knee-length gum boots, came out of the woods and approached the scene. He walked with long, loose steps, and carried a slim rifle. Three fox squirrels swung from his belt, which was a length of rawhide untidily knotted around his thin middle. His light-blue eyes surveyed the world sadly, and his thin, stubbled face seemed to mirror a large part of the world's suffering. Behind him came a gaunt hound with long, floppy ears and ribs that could have been counted from a distance. Her air, too, was one of sadness, as if she had accepted as her own that portion of the world's misery her master had been unable to bear.

"Oh, Mr. Flipp," Mr. Eliot called, "come lend a hand, will you? The force of gravity appears to be very strong at this point." Then he said, aside, to Andy, "Mr. Flipp fiddles!"

Absalom Flipp nodded, leaned his rifle against a sapling, without pausing or changing his gait, and came on. With a barely perceptible nod, he said, "Howdy, all," and found a handhold on the piano.

With this added strength, they soon had the piano in place against the wall to the right of the makeshift fireplace. Kate raised the lid and struck a chord or two.

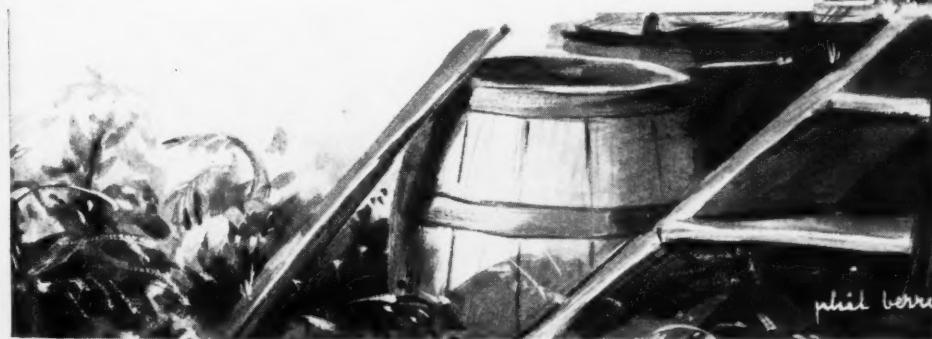
A said wail arose just outside the door, a doleful voice offering up the woes of its soul to waiting heaven: "Ahhhh-OOOOOH-ooooh!" It trailed off into a quavery minor, subsided lingeringly, then started again.

"Shet up, Jessie Bell!" roared Mr. Flipp. Then, in apology to the women: "She allus howls like that when they's music aroun'. Ever' time I fiddle, she does it. Looks like it hurts her somep'n awful."

"Her name is—Jessie Bell, you said?" asked Dave.



A short, heavy man in hunter's attire demanded: "Why don't you donators take up land somewhere else and let our deer-hunting territory alone? You're a blasted nuisance!"





Mr. Flipp nodded. "I named her fer a Bible character."

"There is no Jessie Bell in the Bible," Granny said positively.

Mr. Flipp regarded her solemnly and with polite pity. "I ain't one to dispute a lady," he said gently, "but there's a Jessie Bell in the Bible. She was the wife of a king named Ahab. She got messed up in a quar'l with Elijah. When Jehu whupped Ahab an' his outfit, Jessie Bell got killed. They th'owed her to the dogs." He paused there, but briefly, before adding: "She was a hardheaded hussy, so I named my dog after her, bein's she's hardheaded too."

"The woman in the Bible," Granny pointed out gently, "was named Jezebel."

"Yes, ma'am," Mr. Flipp agreed. "That's exactly whut I said."

Mr. Eliot winked at Andy, raised his brows a little. "Mr. Flipp is a keen student of the Bible," he said. "But let's finish the unloading. There is much to be done yet."

When he had gone out the door, Mr. Flipp said softly to those in the room: "I reckon you figger he's teched, but he ain't. It's jest 'cause he's got too much book learnin'. He went to college up north, where they make all them locks. Yale, ain't it? Now, Miz Ives, if you'll get me a pan, I'll dress these here squir'ls fer ye."

"But maybe Mrs. Flipp would like to have them for supper," Kate protested.

"They ain't no Miz Flipp. Besides, Mr. Eliot an' me have got coon fer supper, already cooked an' waitin'. Now, git me the pan."

Mr. Flipp not only dressed the squirrels, cut them into proper pieces, and placed them in a pan of salt water to soak, but he also cut stovewood, brought a bucket of water from the spring south of the cabin, built a fire in the fireplace, nailed some loose battens back onto the rear wall, set up the cookstove, and constructed five rude shelves in the kitchen.



A lank figure, walking with long loose steps and carrying a slim rifle, came out of the woods. It was Mr. Flipp.

Illustrator
PHIL BERRY

"There should have been a Mrs. Flipp," Kate said in thanking him. "She would have been a lucky woman, with as handy a husband as you around!"

"Well, I don't know, Miz Ives," Absalom said, shaking his head slowly. "I'm awfully ornery at times. Mebbe I wouldn't be if I had a ol' lady, but then I might be wuss. Can't tell. Anyhow, like it is, I kin go an' come or stay put, jest as I want to, an' they ain't a soul kin say a word 'bout it. Besides, they's another reason I'm stayin' single: looks like women these days is gittin' too dang' bossy, an' 'twouldn't s'prise me, 'fore long, if they got to thinkin' they was as good as men. I'm atellin' you, they'd shore be some fur flyin' if I had me a wife an' she tried to make me hop ever time she said, 'Frog!'"

"Some women *are* ridiculous, aren't they?" Granny put in, a keen light in her eye. "Thinking they're as good as men! Absurd, isn't it?"

Mr. Flipp and Mr. Eliot remained on the scene until long after the truck had started back to Harbinsville. They worked as hard as Dave and Andy in getting things shaped up for the night; and then, in the gathering dusk, they departed, borne away by Mr. Eliot's Model A, which, in addition to its banging and clattering and backfiring, left on the air a cloud of acrid blue smoke.

"I like our neighbors," said Kate. "I mean, the two we've seen. My guess is that Mr. Flipp and his bony Jessie Bell are going to be interesting."

"Old Mr. Eliot too," said Andy. "What's a man like that doing down here in the swamp?"

"Living the way he wants to," Granny told him. "Just being here and being satisfied with this way of living marks him as a strong character." She sniffed with feeling. "But that *Flipp* person!"

After breakfast the next morning Andy and Dave walked over the place. A stretch of good timber led to the bayou, the west boundary of the quarter. They followed the low, winding stream, frightening three droves of feeding mallards from shallow slashes, then turned left and walked along the south line. Fifty yards from the bayou, they came out of the big timber and were skirting thickets of berry vines and sweetgum bushes, with here and there an old blackened snag pointing sadly toward the bright blue sky.

Andy kicked in the dirt, and rolled black, loamy soil from beneath the dry-weather crust. "This is it, Dave!" he said. "This is the land that'll grow things for us. Look at it."

Dave looked. "I don't know much about land," he said.

"It's rich and black and workable. Look back toward the house and you'll see what we've got to clear up. Our fields will lie through there."

"It's hard to imagine a field where all this tangle is now," Dave said.

(Continued on page 88)

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DECEMBER

By HOWARD
RUSHMORE

The SOLDIER'S RETURN



A GERMAN 88 coughed in the distance and from beyond the trees came the steady beat of a Nazi machine-gun. Crouched behind the tank, George was reading a three-months old New York newspaper some Joe had given him a couple of hours before.

For six months George had been living in the midst of fire and death and he learned to relax in the middle of war when the opportunity presented itself. There wasn't much in the paper that interested him. He glanced casually at the headline "Yanks Near Rhine," then turned to the inside pages. A story caught his eye: "Hero Gets Big Welcome." George read on, learned that a Yank coming back to his home town after two years in action had been named honorary mayor and was greeted by a brass band at the depot.

"Humph," George said. "The hero." He let the paper slide to the ground and listened to the wham of the Jerry rapid-fire gun. There wouldn't be any brass band to welcome George back. Only a handful of people who would remember him. Not even the best people, for around his home town, George had the reputation of a drunkard. They wouldn't make him honorary mayor.

George's sergeant ducked down beside him. "About time to move," he said. Then: "What's the matter?"

"I was just thinking," George said, "about heroes. What are you going to do when you get back to the States?"

The sergeant scratched his head. "Dunno. If I get back—". He paused. "Go back to work and marry my gal. Buy a little place. Raise a family."

"Not me," said George. "I'm going to get drunk."

* * *

George told me this story at the Bowery Mission, sitting there in the recreation room the Mission has fitted up for ex-service men. You could still see the scars of war, the mental scars, on his face, but there was a peace and gladness there that George hadn't known in the twenty-seven years of his life.

"Did you get drunk?" I asked.

He nodded. "I was bitter that day by the Rhine. I wanted to do what my sergeant had in mind. I wanted a job, a home, a family. But I thought, for me there would be nothing but drink again. That's all I had known for seven years."

He fingered the honorable discharge eagle on the lapel of his coat. "For more than seven years, I guess. Maybe you want the whole story?" I nodded and George, one of twelve million Yanks who fought to preserve the Four Freedoms, spun out the tragedy of his young years.

He was raised in a midwestern town by parents who were confirmed drunkards. From his early years, George could remember the beatings he received from his drunken father. There were beatings, too, from his mother. On his twelfth birthday, the parents forgot to bring him a present and the desolate boy, sitting in a corner chair, saw his mother and father fling furniture at one another in a drunken brawl. Frightened, he ran out of the house.

"It was in late winter and the temperature was below zero and snow was deep on the ground," George said. "I wore only my night clothes, but I didn't want to be in that house anymore. I just wandered around the streets until someone saw me and took me to their home. I would have frozen to death in a little while, but I didn't care. I didn't want to go back."

They made George go back, but four

years later he ran away again, never to return.

"I went East," George said, "and found work. After five years, I met a girl and we were married. I had a good job by this time, but then I started drinking. My wife did the same thing. We were out every night, spending all our money, neglecting the child that came a year or two later. Then came the war and I enlisted."

George stopped drinking. Mainly because the Army doesn't permit it, but also because for the first time in his life George was enthusiastic about something. "I wanted to be a good soldier and do what I was put in uniform to do." He went to Italy, then to England to wait D-Day. And then a letter came from his wife, saying she was getting a divorce and marrying someone else. She had moved from their apartment and had sold all his clothes to raise money.



PAUL PARKER

There's a tree and presents for the friendless at the Mission on Christmas Day

"She wasn't much good, but then I knew I wasn't either," George said, tilting back in his chair and staring at me with intent eyes. "But there I was, about to go into the biggest fight in my country's history and if I came out, there would be no wife, no child, no home to come back to."

George kept his promise to himself. He was a good soldier. He fought across France, into Germany. And all the time he heard dough-foots around him talking about their homes, their jobs, their girls that they were going back to. The war ended, and a few months later George was standing outside the separation center, his discharge papers and his pay in his hand.

"I should have been finished with hate," George said, his face suddenly growing stern. "But I was too weak. I hated life, people. On the train back to New York the other guys talked about home. But I didn't have a home."

"And . . ." I half-asked the question.

"Yep, I did," George shook his head. "It wasn't long before I had drunk up my Army pay. I woke up one morning in an alley a couple of blocks from here. My money was gone, I was sick and I was hungry. So I staggered along until I came to an open door and heard the singing. Hymn singing, too. My folks had never gone to church and I had been in one only once, but the music sounded restful and easy. I went in."

Sitting there in the clean chapel, George watched the man at the pulpit, an energetic, broad-shouldered fellow who had a way of throwing his voice right out at you. He was telling about the Glory of Christ and how the men in the audience owed it to themselves to come to the Lord and be cleansed of their sins.

That was George's introduction to the Rev. G. L. Bolton, pastor of the Bowery Mission. And as he sat there, he heard men around him rise and confess their

sins. One had been a Bowery drunkard for twenty years. Another had been a gangster.

"And then," George said, "a young fellow got up right in front of me and told how he had come to the Lord only a couple of weeks before, right here at the Mission. And he said he had been a veteran and had fought a year overseas. You know how it is with us veterans. We feel a common bond between us. And right then and there I decided this Mission must have something I hadn't known before."

George didn't go down to the altar that night and find release for his unhappiness and hate. But he did linger after the service and talked to the Rev. Bolton.

"I felt a little ashamed for a minute," George said. "But that man is friendly, the most friendly man I've ever known. He just looked at my discharge button and said: 'Want to come up to my office and have a little talk, buddy?' I did."

"In a few minutes I had told him my whole story. Then he told me his: how he had been a gambler and had deserted his wife and children to lead a broken life until he came to the Lord at the Mission. How the Rev. Bolton's family was now reunited with him and how hundreds of other families had been reunited by the Mission."

George leaned back in his chair and looked at me. "That was the first time I had ever heard of Christian kindness. That was the first time I had thought of other things than myself and drinking and hating the world. I began to see that there was another side of life that my parents and I had never known."

A few nights later George went to the altar and knelt to receive Christ. Two more weeks at the Mission and he had obtained a job, thanks to the clothes the Rev. Bolton had provided for him and the recommendation to a department store executive which read: "Here's a

boy who fought for our country—now let's fight for him."

Now George is a new person, a young American coming into the vigor of his manhood. He likes his job and his employers like him. Soon he will leave for his home town to see what can be done about the wife who deserted him.

"I want to bring her to the Bowery Mission, too," George said. "There are lots of people who need to come."

The Rev. Bolton agrees with George. Talking to him a few minutes after George had left, I expressed some surprise that he had veterans at the Mission.

"We have an average of thirty a night," the Rev. Bolton explained. "You can always see plenty of discharge pins shining out there in the audience. And those boys need our special attention."

Most of them are like George, the Rev. Bolton said. Young, hardened by military life, disillusioned by earlier years of drinking, homeless and full of hate, they flock to the Bowery as their last port of call.

"They need, above all, a warm friendship, a feeling of gratitude and understanding," the Bowery Mission's pastor explained. "These veterans aren't comparable to the more hardened cases of the old-timers we get along the Bowery. They pose a special problem and deserve special treatment."

The Bowery Mission has arranged a special sleeping room for the veterans. Clean white beds, showers, lockers and a homelike atmosphere give to these lads who saw Normandy and Guadalcanal a feeling of peace and security. A recreation room and a library have been added for them. And when they are back to normal, clothes and job opportunities are part of the Mission "treatment."

"I know that every CHRISTIAN HERALD reader who has contributed to our Mission had a son, daughter or other relative in service," the Rev. Bolton said. "I know when these boys and girls come back to their home towns, they are given every opportunity to get back to normal life. But these GI's who come to the Mission have no homes or families. Yet they have sacrificed just as much. They deserve everything we can give them."

He waved his hand at the window where the bitter wind howled among the Elevated pillars—cold symbols of the street of forgotten men. "There will be lots of men wearing Uncle Sam's eagle on their coat lapels out on that street this winter," he said.

"They need help. They need Christian friendship and understanding. And above all else, they need the Lord."

For dozens of GI's, that Bowery Mission is home. It is their guidepost to a new and better life.

They have fought the good fight. The Bowery Mission door is always open to them; open to a new and Christian world.

Will you keep that door open?

By LUELLA
VANDERPOOL

A Little Longer, Lord

T WAS the day before Christmas, and Old Man Simmons had been to the store. He put into the window of the one-room apartment the one pork chop he'd just bought at the little neighborhood shop for his Christmas dinner. Tomorrow he would pretend it was turkey.

"Seems like everybody has their own folks," thought the old man, "some family, of some sort. Everybody, I guess, 'cept me."

He thought he almost wished he'd had his accident so's he'd be in the hospital at Christmastime. Two months ago he tripped over a loose board on the step and fell. He was considerably shaken up and his landlady insisted on calling the doctor. They bundled him up and took him to the hospital for observation. There the nurses were so good to him, and he enjoyed the smooth clean sheets, the food, and the attention, though it was short lived.

"Silent Night, Holy Night" playing over the radio in the apartment next door kept Mr. Simmons company as it came through the thin walls. It sounded good to him. Time hung heavy on his hands at 75; his eyes were dim—the left one scarcely any good at all, and his step was slow. All the old-timers were gone now. He wasn't able to work any more, and few people in the shabby apartment house had time to spend with him.

There came a knock at his door, and he called out, "Yeah? I'm comin'."

Shuffling to the door, he saw two ladies, holding between them a grocery box. "Are you Mr. Simmons?" asked one.

"I am."

"We're from the little Mission Church up the street and we've brought you some things for your Christmas dinner."

"Well, well. I declare. You don't have white whiskers, and there are two of you, but you are just like Santa Claus. Come in. Come in."

They brought the box in and set it down on the one table that served as cabinet and dining table, too.

"How did you happen to bring a Christmas dinner to me?" Mr. Simmons asked. "I'll bet you talked to Miss Monroe, that welfare worker, and she sent you. She's a mighty fine lady, Miss Monroe is."

"Some of our folks wanted to share their Christmas, and as a matter of fact, Miss Monroe did give us your name."

Old Man Simmons went to the box and said, "I just can't wait to see what's in here. Would it be all right if I look now?" and without waiting for a reply,



"We're from the little Mission Church up the street," said the two ladies', and we've brought you some things for your Christmas dinner."

he began to investigate. The ladies came to help him, giving him advice about the preparation of his Christmas dinner.

"I just can't tell you how much I thank you; I was just thinkin' nobody but me was all alone in this world. Can't complain, but it does get mighty lonesome, just studying things over and over, here all by myself."

"Don't you have any folks at all?"

"No, I'm all alone. My wife died nearly twenty-five years ago. Ain't got a soul in the world kin to me. That Miss Monroe, she came out and 'investigated' me, when I applied for old-age assistance. You could just go up there to the courthouse and check up on me. There ain't a thing against my record up there. You just ask her, there ain't a thing against

my record. She took down all my history, wanted to know all about me. She's a mighty fine woman. I sure do thank you, and her too, for thinking about an old man at Christmas."

His chin began to quiver, and his eyes filled. The ladies were a little embarrassed at the display of emotion. He was considerably put out with himself. Seemed like his chin quivered easier these days, since he lost the last of his teeth. Maybe he ought to get some false ones. But then his hands were shaking more, too. Guess he must be getting sort of old.

The women were standing at the door now, ready to go.

"We'd like to invite you to come down to our services some Sunday when you



Illustrator HENRY LUHRS

Mr. Simmons sat leaning forward in the pew, hands clasped on his cane, thinking of his wife and their two children.

can. It's one block east and three north. Be glad to have you."

"Well, that's right nice of you, and I reckon some Sunday mebbe I could make it up there. I don't go to church much any more—ain't since my children died. Lost both of them when they were little. Used to take them, some. Went to a little country church, then. Always liked the singin'. Don't know, mebbe I could come sometime. Thank you so much for the Christmas."

Rising early Christmas morning the old man put the chicken, the women had brought, on to stew. His dinner was sumptuous, but too much for one person. Carefully covering what was left of the food, he put it in the window-box that was his refrigerator. All that day he thought about the visit of the women.

Every day the rest of the week he ate Christmas leftovers. He wished the women who had brought the food knew

how much he enjoyed it. Miss Monroe was the only person he had felt took any interest in him, but now he had a feeling of kinship with the Mission Church folks.

On Saturday night Mr. Simmons thought he might go up to the church the next day. Still and all, he did have a little snuffle, and likely the ladies didn't really mean the invitation. He went to church once, maybe ten years back, to one of the big uptown churches. He didn't feel at home for there wasn't a single familiar face. Nobody spoke to him. In all that crowd of folks a stranger would not expect to be noticed. He had enjoyed it, but he hadn't felt any need of returning.

Next morning his snuffle was no worse, but he decided not to risk the cold air.

The last Sunday of the year he spent as he had most of the others, putting around the room, walking in the hall and yard of the apartment house.

On New Year's Eve, Mrs. Baker, his landlady, called to him as he passed her open door. "Made your New Year's resolution yet, Mr. Simmons?"

"No, hadn't thought much about it. Guess I'd ought to though. Might not last the year out. Still never can tell. Might, too. Have thought every year lately, might not last the year out. But always have. Heh. Heh. Guess I must be a pretty tough old feller. I've been studying over about going up here to the little Mission Church. Them ladies invited me when they brought me the stuff for my Christmas dinner. Guess that'll

(Continued on page 80)

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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DECEMBER



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

DECEMBER 1946

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

SUN.
DEC. 1

READ LUKE 2:1

BACK as far as high-school days, on a hot, lazy June morning, while I was watching a bird build its nest outside the school window, utterly indifferent to that history page I was supposed to read, suddenly in the middle of the paragraph there leapt at me this sentence: "It was in the quiet and peaceful reign of Julius Augustus that Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea. The event was unheralded in Rome, but it was filled with the most profound significance, not only for Rome, but for the entire world." That paragraph struck and it stuck. Through all these years that is the only paragraph out of a secular history book that I ever memorized. Yes "the event was unheralded in Rome," but it is not to be unheralded in our hearts, for these meditation pages, through all of December are to be devoted to thinking about that event and getting our hearts ready for the coming of the Christ Child. We spend many months of the year getting Christmas gifts ready, "shopping early," getting our gifts mailed early; but this year we are going to spend at least this month getting our souls ready for "The coming of the King."

Dear Father of all good gifts, we thank Thee most of all for the gift of the little Child, who came to bless the world so long ago. Help us to get our spiritual lives ready for that great event. Amen.

MON.
DEC. 2

READ LUKE 2:5

I DO NOT know of any single phrase in the Bible which brings a more beautiful reverence to my heart than the phrase, "Great with child" does. I tried to express that reverence a few years ago in a little prose-poem: "Blessed are the mothers of the earth for they have combined the practical and the spiritual into one workable way of human life. They have darned little stockings, mended little dresses, washed little faces, and have pointed little eyes to the stars, and little souls to eternal things."

Dear God of all goodness and love; we thank Thee that it is the eternal privilege of all mothers to point the eyes and souls of little children to the Christ Child of Christmas morning. Amen.

TUES.
DEC. 3

READ LUKE 2:7

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD boy sat on his father's lap on Christmas night looking at the shining tree. He fell asleep and dreamed a dream that an angel came into the room, took the top star from the Christmas tree, handed it to the boy and said, "Don't let the star go out! Keep the Christmas lights burning all the year." The child stirred in the father's lap and the father took him up to bed, tucked him in, kissed him good-night. Just as the father turned away, the little boy put his arms around his father's neck and whispered: "Daddy, don't let the light go out and don't let the Christmas angel go away!" The father smiled to himself and said: "The little tyke is dreaming!" That child may have been dreaming but he was dreaming the same dream that the immortal Charles Dickens dreamed long ago, he who gave us "A Christmas Carol." He said: "I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year." So shall we honor Christmas all this month and try to keep its spirit alive in the world all the year.

Dear God of all song and glory, we thank Thee that even this far in advance of Christmas we may actually hear in our hearts "a multitude of the heavenly hosts praising God!" Amen.

WED.
DEC. 4

READ LUKE 2:8

BACK in 1915 I was a young pastor in Calvary Methodist Church in San Francisco when they had the Panama Pacific International Exposition, and I learned a great lesson from the architect of the Fine Arts Palace. That architect built a beautiful lagoon leading up to the entrance of the palace. That lagoon was full of waterflowers. Paralleling that lagoon was a colonnade of Grecian pillars with vines climbing each pillar. At the base of each pillar was a beautiful statue. I asked him why he did this and he said: "To get their souls ready for the fine art in the palace. Most of them will just have come out of the Hall of Machinery, the Hall of Agriculture, the play zones, the blare of popcorn vendors, and hot dog salesmen and will be in no spiritual mood to appreciate the great paintings. Therefore I am

going to make it necessary for them to pass through that colonnade in order to get their souls ready to appreciate great art before they enter." In that same spirit we are planning these December meditations, to get our souls ready for the great Natal Day of Christ.

Oh, Thou great Architect of our souls, of our world and of our spiritual life, help us to get our souls ready for the coming of Thy Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

THURS.
DEC. 5

READ LUKE 2:9

AS WE read this morning's text about the "glory of God" shining round about them, we naturally think of John Masefield's simple verse: "He who gives a child a treat, makes joybells ring in heaven's street. She who gives a child a home builds palaces in Kingdom Come. And she who gives a child its birth brings Savior Christ again to earth." What a glorious thought in this sublime daily process of getting our souls ready for the coming of that Child, and what a glory shines "round about us" as we welcome that thought into our hearts.

Dear God of all glory and gladness, we lift grateful hearts to Thee this morning that the "Angel of the Lord" does appear unto us through little children and that a glory does shine about us in the presence of a child. Amen.

FRI.
DEC. 6

READ LUKE 2:10

SHAKESPEARE himself once said: "This day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love." This is but an echo of our text, "I bring you good tidings of great joy." What greater joy could life hold than to let the spirit of this approaching Christmas change all griefs and quarrels into love; personally, in the family, and internationally?

Dear Father of all love and laughter, help us in these preparation days to start the process of changing all griefs and quarrels in our hearts to joy and love so that we may be ready in our spiritual lives for the Coming of the King. Amen.

SAT.
DEC. 7

READ LUKE 2:11

SOME of our New England poets have given the world immortal and unfor-

(Continued on page 57)

KEEP FAITH



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MUSIC

Presented in his name to his church or school, a Deagan Carillon permits the entire community to share your memories of a soldier hero. Each day, as these glorious bells ring out, they reaffirm to all the qualities that were his in life

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OLD Christmas GIFTS

WHEN I pulled open the forgotten drawer, I found the small pen-wiper as unstained by ink as when those little fingers sewed its colored flannels together in the form of a rose. The paper was still there with its babyish scrawl: "Uncle Arthur, from Florence." Dear little niece with the big dark eyes! She now has two daughters of her own, but I had never had the heart to stain her precious little gift with my green ink. Its rediscovery sent me on a pilgrimage through the house to look at other Christmas gifts of long ago.

HERE IS a little red volume of Bacon's "Essays" that I can hardly see without tears. I had found Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" in a tiny volume of green and gold, and my little brother knew I wanted the red Bacon which matched it. So he sacrificed to get it secretly. Alas, I had bought one, secretly too. One night near Christmas he asked me, "Do you have Bacon's 'Essays'?" "I—ah—yes, I got one. I'm going to give it to Ned Wells for Christmas—and I do want it so much myself." He seemed comforted a little as I finished. Forty-five years ago! I can't wish I had lied about it, but I wish I could forget the disappointment in the big blue eyes.

And here is a little book with deeper pangs in the thought of it. A tiny Bible in elegant leather and gold with gilt edges and golden clasp and one corner badly damaged. Mother told me how Father, in tears (a strong man fatally stricken and speechless) had told her by signs to give the book to me, for he had rescued it from three-year-old Esther who was chewing its edges to pulp.

The book had been Grandfather's gift to Grandmother when Father was a baby. What things, once unspeakably precious, find their way to the junk! I bought a little green book in a second-hand store inscribed by a doctor to his dearest friend: "In loving remembrance of happy summers in Ogunquit by the sea," a long generation before I was born. My library is always crying out with the pathos of life.

HERE IS a book which I thought of as "my new Bible" long after it was old



By

THE COUNTRY PREACHER

with years and use. It was my wife's first gift to me that Christmas when our courtship was new, and now I know that a Bible is the right rock on which to build a happy marriage.

Those Christmas Eves of long ago! The Morgan horse, girdled by a string of silver bells, drew the sleigh through the new snow to where the old white church, sublime in the moonlight, was all lighted within. Songs, and recitations, and the Christmas tree! Some of those early presents give me deep meditation. That little mug which holds the matches on the mantel of Highland Manse (it has a picture of the antlered stag in the snow under a green pine) was given me then. Not two inches in diameter, and I used to make believe I was having coffee with the others at breakfast!

My favorite gift was an earthenware thing—a high green background with an antelope lying under it. I loved it none the less even though nose and horns were broken off before it arrived. I always wanted a tin cow. I could have it now, but—well, did you ever notice that Life will give you most of the things you want, after you have ceased to desire them?

SOMEWHERE in the family is an old doll cradle made by Father in the first Christmas I remember. He cut it from a wooden saltbox, carved rockers for it and painted it, and Mother made the bedding. He made one for Lena, my first playmate, and one for Maude Glines, the blue-eyed girl down the valley. Long ago the girls grew up and outgrew playing with dolls—but I?

Life would be too cruel to live if I couldn't play dolls. And one day in a burst of intimacy I told the dear youngsters that throng the parsonage: "Don't you remember how you used to play dolls? You knew that your doll was only wax and flax and sawdust, but it was your baby just the same. Well, I am playing dolls with you. I know my own little girl is in the grave. I know I have no claim on any of you... I know it is only playing dolls, but my heart would break if I couldn't feel that you are my children just the same."

—ARTHUR W. HEWITT



Celebrate Christmas BY GIVING

many friends. You who have given them the Bowery Mission are their friends and it is on you that we depend to make this Christmas a shining day, one that they will remember down through the year as truly His Birthday.

Add the Bowery Mission to your Christmas list, make up a gift package as pretty as any you have for your own family and send it to us in time to make some man's eyes shine and his heart beat with gratitude. A necktie, a warm scarf or pair of socks, suspenders, handkerchiefs, warm underwear—these are some of the things we suggest as being useful and welcome. Think of any man, your man when you make up your package. Because he is on the Bowery does not mean that he is different. Perhaps he has been weak, but who of us has not. And we cannot let him think we have forgotten him now that he has come back into the fold.

The Bowery Mission has given one of its dormitories to service men who have not been able to find sleeping accommodations in this overcrowded city—perhaps a few of them will still be with us on Christmas Day—there are bound to be some homeless among them, although we hope not. We'll invite them to our Christmas Dinner and party and the spirit of the thing will carry them away from their fears and troubles. It's hard to remember that



you are on the Bowery when you are in the Mission's Chapel. There is a quietness and peace within its walls that takes you back to the little country church where as a child you stood in line to receive your gift.

Send your Christmas packages direct to the Bowery Mission at 227 Bowery, New York 2.

Send your contributions to our business office at Bowery Mission, 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16.



WHAT more fitting way to celebrate Christ's Birthday than by giving to those who were lost in their sin but found their way home again? What better day to celebrate their conversion?

Christmas is a gala day at the Bowery Mission. Its great Christmas Tree glitters with tinsel and stacked under its branches there is a pile of gifts—gifts that will come from every part of the United States for these men have

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By Amos John Traver



DEC.
1ST.

MODERN OPPONENTS OF CHRISTIANITY

ACTS 19:23-30; EPHESIANS 6:13-18

"GREAT is Diana!" the mob cry of the Ephesians echoes down the ages, voiced by countless interests that have felt the condemnation of Christ. Demetrius, the silversmith, is not dead. Wherever a Christian prophet has dared to speak against immoral profits, there is another Demetrius to coin some slogan and inflame the unthinking mob against him. If only Paul had been willing to attack sin in the abstract! If only our preachers would stick to their theology and leave social questions alone! Paul believed that Christian faith produced Christian life. Principles must work or they become meaningless.

They tell the story of the branch railroad up in New Jersey hills. The engineer lived at the end of the road. The branch no longer paid, so orders came to tear up the track. The engineer loved his little old engine and made a bid for it. The company tolerantly accepted. So the last trip up the branch was a sad triumph for him. He laid a short track at the back of his house and the last run of the engine found it resting there. Day after day the old man shined and oiled her and at least once each week made a fire in the boiler. There it stood till he died, all steamed up with no place to go. The Christian church that stirs the fires of enthusiasm without directing its power to the cleansing of the life of the community is just as tragic a joke. The best sign that Paul had done a good work in Ephesus was the resentment of Demetrius.

Paul had visited Ephesus after leaving Corinth. Then he had left his associates there and hurried to Jerusalem to pay a vow. We do not know much about the circumstances, but it might have been made in thankfulness for restored health. There is not enough information on which to discuss this vow, the sign of which was the cutting of his hair and the offering of sacrifices in the temple. Then he returned to Antioch and his third missionary journey was begun. He had promised to return to Ephesus. Here he found Aquila and Priscilla had won the eloquent Apollos and under his leadership a little group of Christians had grown. Paul also instructed a number of disciples who knew only the baptism of John the Baptist. They were then

baptized and filled with the spirit.

OPPOSITION came from the magicians and soothsayers with which the city was infested. Paul worked many miracles as if to show these charlatans that the power of Christ was far greater than theirs. Indeed many of them believed and there was a glorious bonfire of books of magic. This same class are busy at their black arts in every community today. The Christian can have no business with them.

The most violent opposition came from the idol-makers. Priest-craft always makes a profit out of religion. Jesus had to cleanse the temple of its money-changers and sellers of sacrificial animals. Demetrius saw his profits going and blamed Paul. Working through Alexander, the coppersmith, the mob was stirred to action. Paul could not be found but two associates were brought before the magistrate. Nothing came of it because of the good sense of this official. And Paul could continue for many months building the foundations for another great church in a great and influential city.

Those who make profit out of religion still oppose Jesus. With them are those who like their pagan vices, those who act as though the end justifies the means, those who are possessed by their superstitions and those whose pride and prejudices blind them to God as revealed in Christ Jesus.

Questions:

What are the modern idol-makers in your community who are making a racket out of religion?

What are the modern counterparts of the soothsayers and exorcists?

What must be the attitude of the church toward any business that places profits above human welfare?

DEC.
8TH

PAUL ADMONISHES THE CHURCHES

I CORINTHIANS 11:20-27;
ROMANS 13:13, 14; EPHESIANS 5:18-21

DEBAUCHERY at the table of the Lord! Greedy eating, lusty drinking—how could such excesses be practiced in the name of the churches? We can understand, but not excuse. Most of these first-century Christians were converts from heathenism. The whole history of heathenism binds religion to vice. To this day bodily vices are prac-

ticed as an expression of idol worship.

Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Wentz were in India a few years ago sightseeing. As they came to one of the temples their guide said to Dr. Wentz, "You may go in, but no woman can enter. It is too degrading." The answer was: "If it is too bad for my wife, it is too bad for me." And they turned away.

These are natural religions and teach that the desires of the body being natural, they should be gratified. The very lives of their gods are stories of lust and bestiality. Out of such a background came these early converts. We can understand why there was constant temptation to take over into Christianity some of the vices they had always associated with religion.

The early church practiced love feasts. Like a great family they gathered to eat together. So far, so good. There is a legitimate place for Christian fellowship around the table. They also celebrated the Lord's Supper, probably every Sunday. It would be easy to confuse the two. Excesses at the love feasts would be sure to defeat their purpose. But excesses at the Sacrament would be sacrilege. It would mean that the whole significance of the feast would be lost. Indeed Paul shows that it would be "profaning the body and blood of the Lord."

THESE FAULTS were not confined to any one church, though the Corinthians seem to have needed the most direct rebuke. Conduct outside the Lord's house was also important. To the Romans Paul speaks in terms of light and darkness. Night is the time when we seem most alone. We are seen of few and crime and vice have a better chance of secrecy. Darkness tempts to reveling, drunkenness, debauchery and licentiousness. The Christian is never alone, even in the dark. When he falls into these sins, he is forgetting the presence of God. He is an atheist. His only hope for resisting is the practice of the presence of Christ, day and night, always.

To the Ephesians Paul also gives the same warnings. He singles out drunkenness. What is the remedy? "Be filled with the Spirit." Cures for drunkenness fail in most cases unless they are positive. The surest cure is the full possession of the heart by Christ. The love of Christ must be so great that it leaves no room for the desire for alcohol. The devastation of strong drink is all about us. One must be blind indeed who does not see its dangers. It blasts promising careers, it breaks up families, it spurs to vice and crime, it undermines health, it leads to poverty, it spawns misery—the indictment is almost endless. Yet our cocktail lounges are crowded and men and women throng our bars. Fear of the consequences is not enough. Only the full surrender of the heart to Christ will convert our tastes. This was Paul's prescription for the moral life.

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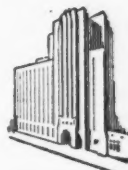
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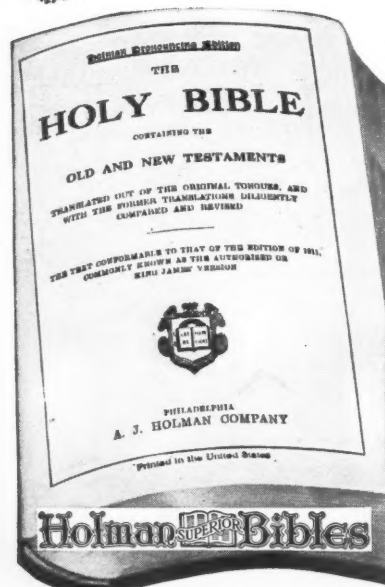
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Questions:

Should church people be total abstainers? Discuss.

Has legalizing the liquor traffic reformed it? By what method can the church best meet the liquor problem today?

What should church people do about the advertising of liquor in magazines, by radio and billboard?

DEC.
15TH

CHRISTIAN LOVE BUILDS BROTHERHOOD

PHILEMON 4-20

PHILEMON is the most personal of the letters of Paul. Most of his letters are devoted to renewing the faith and practice of his churches. This letter has to do with a runaway slave named Onesimus. The story is not difficult to reconstruct.

Philemon was rich. He lived in Colossae. Probably he was converted through Paul during his stay in Ephesus. His wife, Apphia, and he opened their home as the meeting place for the little group of Christians at Colossae. Archippus, also included in the greeting of his letter, may have been their son.

Onesimus was their slave. He had stolen from his master and run away, finally landing in Rome. A large city is the easiest place to avoid detection. How he found his way to the prison-house of Paul, we do not know. He may have known Paul on some visit to his master. We do know that Paul won him to Christ and that he became the devoted servant of Paul. What this attention meant to Paul, with all the restrictions of his prison life, we cannot overestimate.

Onesimus had wronged Philemon and the forgiveness of sin he had received through Christ did not right the wrong. A Christian must use every possible means for righting wrongs that he has done. For the sake of Onesimus as well as Philemon, Paul knew the runaway must return. So he wrote this pleading letter for him to take to his master. With him would go Tychicus with a letter for the Colossian church.

IT IS A TACTFUL letter, yet deeply sincere. Letters can be both. After the greeting, Paul commends Philemon for his Christian faith and life. He recalls his brotherly love for him. Then, refusing to command, he appeals, for love's sake, that Onesimus may be received and forgiven. There is a touch of humor in his play upon the name Onesimus, meaning "useful" or "worth" (*Moffatt*). His slave had been useless, worthless, but now he is useful, "worth something to you and me." (*Moffatt*) Indeed Paul suggests that he is making a real sacrifice in giving up the services of Onesimus.

Then he suggests that it had all been providential, even the wrong done Philemon had been overruled into the salvation of Onesimus. And he would return,

not as a slave, but as a Christian brother. Then comes the crowning appeal, "receive him as you would me." Paul offers to pay for the theft, but he knows that wealthy Philemon would only smile at that. Taking the pen from the hand of his secretary, Paul writes this himself. He reminds Philemon (as though he would need any reminder!) that he had led him to Christ. Then he suggests a possible visit to his home and closes with greetings from his fellow prisoners and the benediction of grace.

Tradition tells us that Philemon became Bishop of Colossae and later suffered martyrdom by stoning. With him died his brother in Christ, Onesimus. Whether this is the true ending of the

What Do You Know About YOUR BIBLE?

(This quiz prepared by
Eunice Taylor, W. Asheville, N. C.)

Of what Bible characters do the following objects remind you:

1. A ladder.
2. A many colored coat.
3. A ram caught in a thicket.
4. Long and heavy hair.
5. A burning bush.
6. A lion's carcass with honey in its mouth.
7. A dove with a branch in its bill.
8. A harp.
9. A fleece.
10. High gallows.
11. A manger.
12. A basket on a wall.

(Answers on page 95)

story, or not, we can be sure that with that letter Onesimus would find a Christian welcome and full forgiveness in the home of Philemon and Apphia.

Paul's gospel gives infinite worth to the human soul. Not only slavery, but every device or custom that denies Christian brotherhood must go. There are no supermen in the Kingdom. Rather all are supermen, sons of God, brothers in the royal family. We cannot solve our international problems on any other basis and make the solution last. There is no social practice that can bypass this test. Race, class, nationality, all must bow before the gospel of Christian brotherhood.

Questions:

What social problems in our community could be solved by the application of the principles in Paul's letter to Philemon?

What support does democracy find in Paul's gospel?

What are the greatest menaces to the practice of brotherhood in our world today?

DEC.
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DECEM

A LITTLE child was crying in the dark. Mother came softly into the room to comfort her. "Don't be afraid. God is here with you." "Yes, I know," answered the little one, "but I want somebody with a face." This is the cry of the ages. Man has been seeking, seeking to find God, to know what He is like, to know Him. Man's search left him as lonesome as in the beginning. Indeed the best he could do was to imagine gods after his own character, often his worst, rather than his best. A look into the faces of the idols of heathendom is like looking into a mirror reflecting our worst selves. Even the best of the philosophies men have built, leave us either afraid of God or fatalists.

It was to a lonesome world that God gave the first Christmas gift. In Jesus He came to dwell among us and in us. "The gift without the giver is bare." Man did not find Jesus in Bethlehem as a result of his own search. God gave Himself to us, as a little helpless baby. It was all grace, for grace means literally gift. He gave Himself first to the Chosen People, for He had prepared them to receive Him. They were not to be the end of His giving even if they had welcomed Him. "God so loved the world."

Paul was a theologian, the greatest thinker who ever attempted to define his faith. No theologian is great without a great heart. Beware of the leadership of the man with head and no heart. When caught in the swirling currents of Paul's learned exposition of doctrine, and you find yourself getting beyond your depth, turn to I Corinthians 13; or read Ephesians 3:14-21. If you cannot follow every intricate detail of doctrine, you can still know love.

CHRISTIANITY is a revealed religion. It begins with God. He loves first, acts first, makes the advance to His estranged children, gives Himself that we might know, love and serve Him. No matter what difficulties we face, in Christ we know that God loves us. No matter how prodigal we have been, or into what far country we have wandered, we know the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, our Father, is waiting to receive us back with forgiving love. We stand beside the shepherds and look into the manger bed of God and say, "This one thing I know, God loves me."

The breadth, length, depth and height of God's love is revealed in Jesus. In its spread it reaches out for every child, for every person, no matter what the color of his skin or the geography of his dwelling place. There can be no peace in the world until that truth rules the councils of the nations. In its intensity it focuses upon each child, on each person, on me! If I alone should reach out my hand to accept God's greatest gift, it would still be given. There can be no

"Let's decide now . . .
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peace in my soul without that assurance. So much unthinking sentiment, fostered by the commercialism of our age, is taking the heart out of our American Christmas. We bring up our children to think of their gifts and forget the Gift and the Giver. Let us make sure that the joy in our homes this Christmas stems from the source of all true joy. Let us see to it that Christ-interest, not self-interest, rules our celebration. Let us catch the spirit of Him who gave without expectation of any return, save gratitude and love. So may our Christmas be truly Christian.

Questions:

How has the spirit of commercialization affected our present-day celebration of Christmas? What can we do to counteract this spirit?

What should be the key to a Christian celebration of Christmas—getting or giving? How should we plan our Christmas so the children, at least, will find the right answer?

DEC.
29TH



THE WORLD FOR CHRIST

ACTS 9:15; 19:21; 23:11;
28:28-31; ROMANS 1:13-16; 15:22-24

How Christ lifts our horizons! Saul of Tarsus set the boundaries of God's Kingdom by lines of race. With Jewish opponents of Jesus he shared supreme distaste for the inclusion of Samaritans and even Gentiles in the Kingdom. Certainly Jesus' disregard for race and caste made Him appear to them to be a rabble-rouser, a revolutionist and a traitor. It was one important factor leading to His crucifixion.

Saul was converted on the Damascus road, and what a conversion! He was physically blinded that he might see with new insight. Jesus, whom he had persecuted, was Lord, complete ruler of his life. His race was still chosen of God, but chosen to prepare the way for Jesus. The mission of Jesus was to the whole world. Hereafter Paul knew this was one world in the plan of God, to be made one through Jesus Christ.

Our Scripture lessons show how the divine call came to Paul again and again, to preach to the Gentiles. When the Jewish Christians opposed, with some sympathy from Peter and other apostles, Paul threw everything he had into the battle to include the Gentiles. His missionary journeys were aimed at winning a hold in the great centers of Gentile influence. He would not rest until he himself had preached Christ in Rome. If Paul was right, every antagonist of world missions is wrong.

Because of Paul, Christ belongs exclusively to no race, but belongs to all. Because of Paul each unevangelized soul under heaven must be the objective of the missionary program of the Church. "God so loved the world" and nothing less, becomes the battle-cry of missionary advance.

PAUL'S MISSIONARY zeal was always planning for the next step toward the horizons. But his eyes were not lifted so high that they could not see the man who lived next door. It is a temptation to become so farsighted that we miss the call to witness right where we live. There are Christians who will give to evangelize Africa and refuse a seat by the side of a Negro in a bus or subway train. They are concerned about the immorality of heathenism and do nothing about the rising tide of juvenile delinquency and broken family life in their town.

Paul never planted a church that he did not set before it the winning of its community to Christ. The sad fact is that present-day Christianity has so much lost its zeal for witness. It is not home or world missions. It is home and world missions. Paul's world program was a success because seeing their Christian neighbors, the heathen said, "Behold how these Christians love," and they wanted to share that love.

We have prayed for open doors. Never in history are they so wide open as right now. Mission boards are calling for volunteers by the thousands. Young men and women are answering the call. Last summer 400 Protestant missionaries sailed on one ship for China and the Philippines. This group represented the vanguard of 8,000 missionaries going to the Orient. Many are returning, others are first-termers. Pastors are leaving settled and prosperous congregations to volunteer. For instance, Rev. Dr. Paul Anspach, popular pastor of a large church in Columbus, Ohio, left his family as well as his people in order to return to China. He writes: "Now is the time to win China for Christ. Send us more men!"

It is good policy to increase missionary effort in this atomic age. It offers the only hope for one world. Paul was not driven by policy or self-interest. It was the love of Christ, obedience to His great purpose for saving the world, that sent Paul out to evangelize the nations. Beyond policy, our missionary enthusiasm is the measure of our devotion to Jesus Christ. He would that all men be saved and our Christianity is small and mean unless it accepts His dominant purpose. For the sake of our own spiritual health, for the sake of millions dying without Christ, for the sake of Him who gave Himself for us, let us turn with Paul's unconquerable faith to the evangelization of our communities and our world.

Questions:

What is wrong with the thinking of the man who says, "I do not believe in foreign missions. Let's win America first?"

How far does my church program look toward the evangelizing of all non-Christians in my community? What changes should be made in the program?

(Continued from page 49)

gettable expressions of Christmas joy. One of these was Longfellow who sang: "The belfries of all Christendom now roll along the unbroken song of peace on earth, good will to men." However, the best-loved song of all came from a Boston minister, Phillips Brooks: "O little town of Bethlehem! How still we see Thee lie: Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, The silent stars go by. Yet in thy dark street shineth The everlasting light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee, tonight." Let us hum that hymn in our hearts all this day as a part of the process of getting our souls ready for Christmas.

Dear Father of the "hopes and and fears of all the years," we thank Thee that Thou didst send Thy son, the little Christ Child, to earth so long ago to give us eternal hope and to calm our haunting fears. Amen.

SUN.
DEC. 8 READ LUKE 2:12

MARGARET SANGSTER sang a song of the Christmas spirit many years ago which has a strange and beautiful contemporary echo in our present-day needs and opportunities for service to the hungry little children of this earth; a service which Christian people everywhere are accepting in the spirit of the coming Christmas: "At Christmastide the open hand Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land, And none are left to grieve alone, For Love is Heaven and claims its own."

Dear Father of all bounties, all kindnesses and all good; we thank Thee for the privilege this Christmas month of carrying out the spirit of Thy great gift to the world; the privilege of giving food to feed the starving children of this contemporary world. Amen.

MON.
DEC. 9 READ LUKE 2:13

EDWIN MARKHAM caught the spirit of our December meditations in his story of Conrad the Cobbler who dreamed that Christ was coming to his lowly shop to visit him: "So I've been busy with feet astir, Strewing the floor with branches of fir. The wall is washed and the shelf is shined, And over the rafter the holly twined. He comes today, and the table is spread With milk and honey and wheaten bread." However, Conrad not only gets the material things ready in his shop, but he also gets his soul ready: "He lived all the moments o'er and o'er, When the Lord should enter his lowly door—The knock, the call, the latch pulled up. The lighted face, the proffered cup. He would wash the feet where the spikes had been; He would kiss the hands where the nails went in; And then, at the last, would sit with Him, And break the bread as the day grew dim." In that mood we continue our December meditations getting our souls ready for

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Dear God of all sacred days, we thank Thee that every day is sacred because it is a segment of eternity; but that the days of December are just a little more sacred, because each day brings us closer to the Day of Days. Amen.

TUES.
DEC. 10

READ LUKE 2:14

LAST evening in a beautiful Gothic chapel at Boston University School of Theology, I united in the holy bonds of matrimony, a beautiful North Carolina girl and a young G.I. medical student who is at Harvard. As I read one unforgettable phrase in the marriage ceremony I thought of our plan for an all-December preparation for Christmas. That phrase was: "It is therefore not to be entered into unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God. Into this holy estate these two persons come now to be joined." It is exactly that spirit that I want to enter into our hearts as we approach the sacred celebration of the Birth of Christ.

Dear God of all reverences, beauties and worship; we thank Thee for the privilege of approaching the sacred Christmas season with reverence and love. Amen.

WED.
DEC. 11

READ LUKE 2:15

I HAVE a good deal of sympathy with those specialists in worship who are trying to bring the church back to a beautiful service of worship preceding the sermon. I went through such a service recently in Copley Methodist Church in Boston, and when we had finished that reverent service of worship, my heart was hushed, my soul subdued, and I was in the mood of the fine sermon which I heard; and it was all accomplished within the limits of one hour. Before that half hour of worship was through, my heart was "As hushed as a harp to the sound of God's coming, as the pines to the low winds humming," as Angela Morgan put it. That is what I mean by using these December meditation days to get our souls ready for the coming of Christ into our world and our lives.

Dear God of all higher moods of worship and reverence, we pray Thee that Thou wilt teach us to hold our hearts as hushed as a harp to the sound of Thy Christ Child's coming. Amen.

THURS.
DEC. 12

READ LUKE 2:16

"AND they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger." I like that word "haste." I like the feeling of eagerness which is implied. It is the eagerness that little children have about Christmas; the eagerness to hear Mother tell stories about Christmas long before Christmas comes; the eagerness to get Christmas presents ready; the eagerness which rouses chil-

dren from sleep long before daylight (much to the annoyance of parents and grandparents). There is a certain haste, a glorious eagerness in the way that children approach Christmas; just as there was in the hearts of both the shepherds and the wisemen in the long ago. It is that wistful eagerness that I want for the readers of these meditations.

Dear God of all glory, and gladness, we thank Thee for the eagerness of all simple souls; children, shepherds, wisemen. Help us to get into our dull hearts a certain sense of childlike eagerness and haste about Christmas this year. Amen.

FRI.
DEC. 13

READ LUKE 2:17

"AND when they had seen it, they made known abroad the sayings which was told them concerning this child," Testimony; Good News; "The Gospel." That is what the Christian religion is. When any of us gets hold of a bit of good gossip, good news, the first thing we want to do is to go and tell that good news to our friends. That is exactly what happened to the shepherds that glorious morning. They had seen something; they had heard something with glory in it and they immediately started out to spread the news and to repeat the "sayings" about that Christ Child.

Dear God of all good news, give us something in our hearts this day that makes us impetuous to go out "to all the world" and tell the glory and the gladness that Christmas means to us and to all men. Amen.

SAT.
DEC. 14

READ LUKE 2:18

AND all those who heard it, "wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds." That gives us an idea of how the great "good news" of the birth of Christ was received in His day. They wondered; they were amazed; and who wouldn't be? Shakespeare expressed it for us: "O day and night but this is wondrous strange." Spenser also understood what wonder in the human heart can produce when he said: "At last fell humbly down upon his knees, and all his wonder made religion." Out of the wonder in their hearts, the shepherds told the "good news" and out of the wonder in the hearts to whom they told it, "All his wonder made religion" and Christianity was born that dawn.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that we have in our hearts the ability to wonder, to have awe, reverence, and love, for we know that out of those virtues which Thou hast given us we have worship and religion in the world. Amen.

SUN.
DEC. 15

READ LUKE 2:19

ONE of the most universal and beautiful verses in the whole Bible is this one this morning; the wonder that is in a

mother's heart when she knows that she has a newborn child; the joy and delight when people say appreciative things about that child. Even a grandparent keeps in his heart the appreciative things that the neighbors, friends and visitors say about his grandchildren. I know for I keep them. I like to hear people saying kindly things about my grandchildren, just as I did a generation ago when I heard them say kindly things about the intelligence, beauty, and possibilities of my daughter, Betty, the mother of those contemporary grandchildren. That was the human and divine mood of the mother of Jesus on that immortal morning and she "Kept all these sayings in her heart."

Dear Father of all the children of the universe, Thou who hast the Father-Mother heart in Thee; we thank Thee that Thou hast made us as we are, with a great love, and faith and hope in our parent hearts for our children. Amen.

MON.
DEC. 16

READ LUKE 2:20

SEVERAL years ago Prof. C. M. McConnell of Boston University was visiting me in Kansas City. It was the week following Christmas and I said to him: "Give me a good text to preach on for next Sunday and he said immediately: 'And the shepherds returned to their flocks, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen.'" I was so happy for that suggestion that I shouted: "Wonderful text! It has a hundred applications. After every mountaintop experience, every high and holy moment, every vacation trip, every Christmas, we all have to go back to washing dishes, balancing books, and making a living. That is the inevitable experience; we shepherds have to return to the flocks and look after them."

Dear Father of all visions, mountaintop experiences, and inspirations, we thank Thee that Thou hast made it necessary for us to go back to the commonplace things of life, but we thank Thee that we can carry those visions and inspirations with us. Amen.

TUES.
DEC. 17

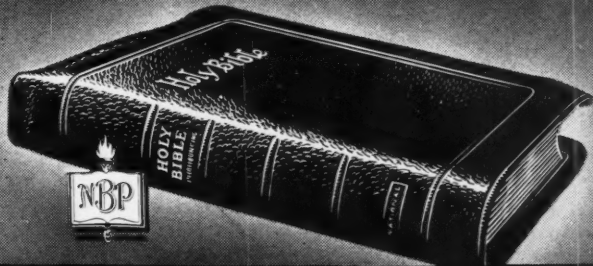
READ LUKE 2:21

I AM impelled this morning to remind my readers in a continuance of yesterday's aftermath of the Christmas spirit, that we have the joy and glory of carrying that experience into, not only the ritual of the Hebrew custom suggested by our text, but into the human experiences of life. I tried to put this thought into a poem which I called "I Have Come Back From the Mountains." "I have come back from the mountains, Back from the snow-white peaks, Back from the crimson sunsets, With opal and golden streaks. Back—but I'm bringing with me, Vision and song, and scent; Vision of glacial canyons, And aspens in worship

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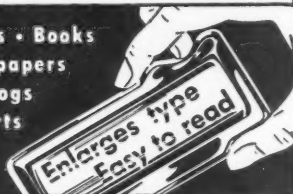
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bent." That is what the shepherds did following that Christmas experience.

Dear God of all rituals, rules and regulations of religion, we thank Thee that "when the eight days were accomplished," we may still fulfill the laws of love and dream of those high and holy experiences of life. Amen.

WED.
DEC. 18

READ LUKE 2:22

"THEY brought him to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord." To me the most beautiful rite of the Church is the baptism of a little child; which is the "presentation" of a child to the Church and to God. That is what Mary did in that long ago scene. Joaquin Miller caught the spirit of this scene better than any other poet: "Then reaching His hands He said, lowly, 'Of such is my Kingdom,' and took the little brown babes in the holy, white hands of the Savior of men; Held them up to His cheeks and caressed them; put His face down to theirs as in prayer; Held them close to His heart, and so blessed them, With baby hands hid in His hair."

Dear Father of all human families, of all little children, of all love, of all homes and affections, we thank Thee that Thou doest take little children to Thy great heart of love and that Mary the mother of Jesus took her child "to present him to the Lord." Amen.

THURS.
DEC. 19

READ LUKE 2:30

IN THIS wonderful chapter of Luke, lies all the law and the prophets as far as the Christmas story is concerned, and its glorious aftermath, from the birth to the "presentation" of Jesus; to the effect it had on the Wisemen, and the Shepherds; to this devout man named Simeon who exclaimed, after he had seen Jesus, "For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." That is exactly what must have happened to all of us who have followed through this immortal story of The Little Christ Child to its ultimate conclusion, the birth, "presentation" and acclamation of Christ to the world. So has it been with us, and so may we be able to say as we approach the Christmastide: "For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Dear God of all glorious things, we thank Thee that our eyes and hearts and minds have seen Thy salvation in this immortal story of Christmas. Amen.

FRI.
DEC. 20

READ LUKE 2:32

THIS story of Christmas is, as our morning text puts it: "A light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people, Israel." Light and glory; those were the two words to interpret the Christmas spirit: a Light and a Glory. It began with the light of a star on high and the singing of angels, and a glory which shone round about them. Light and Glory: those are the results of Christ-

mas. One poet has caught the meaning of both in this quatrain: "It is the Christmastime, And up and down twixt heaven and earth, in Glorious grief and solemn mirth, The Shining Angels climb."

Dear Father of all joy, light, love and laughter, we thank Thee, that in the Christmas story are summed up for all the world, all light and all mirth and all glory for all days. Amen.

SAT.
DEC. 21

READ LUKE 2:33

"AND Joseph and His mother marveled at those things which were spoken of Him." I am glad that Joseph was included in our text, for we already have had it said that "Mary kept all these sayings in her heart." Now the father is included. We naturally think of the women, the mothers, as being the conservers of the spiritual things of life, and more sensitive to the spiritual impressions. Sure enough, a statement of Mary's inner secret was given us first—but now we have even the father entering into the wonder of the spiritual import of the birth of this child. We have our annual Mothers' Day and Fathers' Day, but in Christmas we have a two-in-one: a Fathers' and Mothers' Day.

Dear Father of all family spirit, family love and family life, we thank Thee that Christmas is, first of all, a day of family gatherings and affections. Amen.

SUN.
DEC. 22

READ LUKE 2:34

WHAT a glorious prophecy there is in this text about Jesus, the new-born child. There is talk of "This child is set for the fall and rising of many in Israel." Charles Wesley caught the meaning of this text when he wrote one of our best-loved Christmas hymns: "Hark! the herald angels sing: Glory to the newborn king: Peace on earth and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled." Which leads me to say that one way to get our souls ready, spiritually, for the coming of Christmas is to sing each day in these meditations and each Sabbath of December, the great Christmas hymns; to hum them in our hearts.

Dear Father of all music, all great hopes and hymns, all poetry, color and light; we thank Thee for the great and glorious Christmas hymns and for the privilege of humming them in our hearts these days. Amen.

MON.
DEC. 23

READ LUKE 2:38

"TO ALL them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem." The implication in this text is that all who looked for redemption might find it in this birth of the Son of God in Bethlehem of Judea, for the Israelites had been, for untold centuries, looking for the Messiah whom Isaiah had prophesied. Here was that Messiah, here was that Redeemer of Israel and the world. He had come. He had been proclaimed. He had been "pre-

sented." He had been acknowledged. This child was that Savior and that Redeemer. Longfellow sang it: "Hail to the King of Bethlehem, Who weareth in His diadem The yellow crocus for the gem Of His authority."

Dear God of our Redemption, we offer grateful thanks as we approach the Christmas Sabbath, that Thou didst send Thy son for our Redemption and our Salvation. Amen.

TUES.
DEC. 24

READ LUKE 2:39

"AND when they had performed all things according to the Law of the Lord, they returned unto Galilee, to their own city, Nazareth." To me, that is a beautiful, intimate and universal touch in this immortal story of the birth of Christ. After all the Hebrew rituals had been gone through with, the reverent, loyal, faithful parents went back home to their little village of Nazareth. Christmas is essentially a home celebration. Thomas Wolfe wrote a novel a few years ago entitled "You Can't Go Home Again," but all of us know that the one place we all want to go at Christmastime is "Home Again" and it is comforting to hear that the parents of the Child Christ "returned unto Galilee, to their own city, Nazareth."

Dear Father of all lovely and lowly things; of home and children, and Christmas, we thank Thee that we all love to go home at Christmastime and that Christmas is primarily a home Holy-Day in our American life. Amen.

WED.
DEC. 25

READ LUKE 2:40

"AND the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom and the grace of God was upon Him." Cardinal Gibbons said, long ago, what we all know to be true on this Christmas Day: "Today the whole Christian world prostrates itself in adoration around the crib of Bethlehem and rehearses in accents of love a history which precedes all time and will endure throughout eternity." So has the spirit of Christmas grown through the centuries as our text says, in the way that Christ grew; so might we transpose that sacred sentence and say this Christmas Day: "And the spirit of Christmas grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom and the grace of God is upon it."

Dear God of all memories and miracles of the spirit; we thank Thee this Christmas dawning for the rich memories we have from childhood days on, of the spirit and wisdom and grace of this day. Amen.

THURS.
DEC. 26

READ LUKE 2:12

THIS is an after-Christmas meditation and it is an easy one to follow, for we are having exactly the experience that the three Wisemen had at the first Christmas: "They departed into their

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I've got troubles, Boss. Worms are making me feel low as a toe nail, and dull as a burnt-out match. I can't do a thing about 'em, Boss . . . but you can.

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own country, another way." Now, as a Biblical student I know perfectly well that they did this because they were in danger, being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod. However, I think we are justified in suggesting that they returned to their own country different men, living "another way": "The Way." And that is exactly what Christmas and the observation of it in its simple beauty and spiritual power should mean to us—that we have accepted, taken and intend to live "another way" because of what has happened to us spiritually.

Dear Christ of "The Way," we thank Thee that from this day on we are privileged to return unto our work and play, our homes and friends to take "Another Way," which is the way that Christ mentioned when He said, "I am the way, the truth, the light." Amen.

FRI.
DEC. 27

READ GEN. 1:1

AND now for our meditation this morning we turn from the spirit of Christmas and live out the Old Year, looking forward to the New Year; and we do it in the spirit of our text, "In the beginning . . ." Edwin Markham sang it: "I am done with the years that were; I am quits; I am done with the dead and old. They are mines worked out; I delved in their pits; I have saved their grain of gold. Now I look to the future for wine and bread; I have bidden the past adieu. I laugh and lift hands to the years ahead: 'Come on! I am ready for you!'" Mr. Markham wrote that poem in my home in his 80th year. He called it: "The Look Ahead." In these closing days of the Old Year it is a good thing, spiritually, for all of us to take "The Look Ahead."

Dear God of all creation, and all history, time and eternity, we thank Thee that we Christians have a divine right always to take the Look Ahead and, as we draw near to the ending of an Old Year, we take that look ahead in Thy name. Amen.

SAT.
DEC. 28

READ SONG OF SOLOMON 1:4

"WE SHALL remember Thy love," is a good spirit in which to approach the last days of the Old Year. It is a good time to remember old friends, God's Grace, and the beautiful things that have happened to us through all the past year. One of my richest rituals at the closing of each Old Year is to count the roster of my dear friends in the mood of the poet: "And always as the Old Year ends, I clasp my rosary of friends, and pause to breathe a grateful prayer, For every bead of friendship there." That is a high and holy thing to do in these last days of the Old Year.

Dear Father of all friendships, we lift singing hearts and voices to Thee today in thanks for all of our precious friendships of this year. Amen.

SUN.
DEC. 29

READ PSALM 103:3

ONE of the great hopes of the human heart, as we draw near the end of the Old Year, is the fact that we have a forgiving Father, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities." We have great need of that. My favorite verse tells it beautifully: "He came to my desk with quivering lips, his lesson was done: 'Have you a new leaf for me, dear teacher? I have spoiled this one.' I took his leaf all soiled and blotted. And gave him a new one, all unspotted; and into his child heart smiled: 'Do better now, my child.' I went to the throne; the year was done: 'Have you a New Year for me, dear Father, I have spoiled this one?' He took my year, all soiled and blotted, and gave me a New Year, all unspotted, and into my tired heart smiled: 'Do better now, my child!'"

Dear Father of all weary, worn, and discomfited little children, we pray Thee in these closing hours of the Old Year that Thou wilt give all of us, Thy children, new leaves on which to write, new years in which to do Thy will; new visions and hopes and friends. Amen.

MON.
DEC. 30

READ PSALM 107:7

AS WE look back over this tragic, eventful and victorious year we are not at all certain that we took the right way, day by day, and event by event; but we still have faith to believe in our text that "He led them forth by the right way." Needham Phillips said it this way: "Another year has slipped away. With all its failures and success, Its faith and fears, its joys and cares, Its restlessness! Not always have we felt assured That all was well and all was best; And disappointment, doubt, distrust Would oft molest. Yet as with retrospective eye We contemplate its winding ways, We see that God has led us right."

Dear Father of all faith and hope, we thank Thee for Thy leadership through this turbulent, tumultuous storm-tossed year. We say with the poet: "He led them forth the right way!" Amen.

TUES.
DEC. 31

READ PSALM 27:11

AS WE come to the last day of the Old Year, let us think in terms of the New Year and pray the prayer of our text: "Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path." One of our contemporary American writers said recently: "There's a strong wind blowing today, and it helps if you are going in the right direction." Yes, but what if you are going against the prevailing winds? What then? Here is the answer even to that one, in an old verse: "Well it would be if in the going, A man could have a way of knowing, Which path is meant for him to take, When he alone must find the way And walk against the wind all day." The ultimate answer to

that problem for this year, the year to come, and for all years, is found in our text of today.

Dear God of yesterday, today and all days to come; God of faith and hope and love, we thank Thee that Thou didst send our Master to teach us "The Way." Amen.

TEA TIME CHAT

(Continued from page 31)

hen, keep the bones to the neck whole, roast him—set the bones to the neck above the broach, as he was wont to sit alive. When he is roasted enough (that sounds like some of our recipes, doesn't it?), take him off and let him cool. Then wind the skin with the feathers and the tail about the body and serve him forth as if he were alive."

Maybe you'll have to read that recipe over again before you can get the picture of what that peacock looks like. But my imagination ran rampant when I read it and I could just see the picture of that beautiful bird being carried into the dining room. Of course, you may not have wanted to indulge in some of that peacock but you'll have to admit that it made a very festive dish. In the roasting of the peacock, it was sometimes basted with egg yolks. Very often, it was served in a peacock pie and when that happened, the head and the tail were saved. Then when the dish was prepared and ready for serving, the head was stuck in one end of the crust and the tail in the other. For extra glamour, the bill of the peacock was gilded, then a sponge which had been dipped in syrup was placed in the open bill and lighted and brought to the table in that manner. I understand that peacock meat is dry and that being the case, it was always served with a beef gravy.

Around the peacock there revolved certain customs, also. For instance, the servingmen were never allowed to bring it to the table. It was always carried in state by the honored lady of the court and that must have been a very pretty sight as you can well imagine if you think of those gorgeous gowns with the elaborate headdresses plus the brilliant plumage of the peacock and its flaming bill—all progressing into the room, with the dignity of the lady matched by the dignity of the bird.

The knights also had a part in this occasion for they took what was known as the Peacock Vow. Each one advanced, laid his hand on the back of the bird, and made a pledge, something like our New Year's pledges, I imagine, except that I understand they vied with each other to see who could do the best job of fulfilling his pledge. The vows ranged something like this: "To strike the first blow at the enemy," "To defend the virtue of women," etc.

At the great medieval feasts, these two dishes that I've talked about were just part of the huge meals which lasted

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SO THOROUGH FOR GROWN-UPS

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from three o'clock in the afternoon to midnight. With all this emphasis on food, it would seem to me as though the meaning of the day would be lost in the overindulgence of the guests. However, customs sprang up which attempted to remind the assembled guests that the occasion had another meaning and so between each course "subtleties" were passed. Now, subtleties are sugar statues depicting biblical scenes of the Nativity and these were ushered into the dining hall with great ceremony and song.

Before the Reformation, the Christmas feasts in England were tremendous and extravagant. Henry VIII had a special gold cloth for the occasion costing \$3000. At one Christmas dinner given by Richard II, 2000 oxen and 200 tons of wine were consumed! That figure staggered me at first as it probably staggers you, but when you remember that all the members of the court, their families and all their fairweather friends had to be fed, those oxen were needed. One of the Richards is said to have fed 10,000 at one Christmas feast, so it isn't surprising that such tremendous quantities of food were consumed. Records also show that to cook those 2000 oxen, 2000 cooks were employed.

The Reformation brought about a strict change in some of the religious customs. And socially it would seem that a change would be all to the good. However, when the pendulum swings, it goes over too far and so the Protestants protested against the day and the Puritans worked for its abolition, and they succeeded for awhile here in our own country.

Now it's perfectly obvious that there are very few of the customs in food, of which I've related, still to be found among any of our families. But if we follow along the line of history, we come to the popular conception of an English Christmas dinner and on the bill of fare is turkey and plum pudding. Now, plum pudding has a history all of its own.

It wasn't called plum pudding in those early days, it was called "Frumenty" and it started as a gruel made from wheat boiled until the grain burst. When it cooled, it was strained and boiled again with broth or milk and egg yolk. As years went by, a handful of this and that was added until the consistency thickened and it was no longer possible to serve it from a soup tureen because it was stiff enough to stand alone.

Today the plum pudding is a source of entertainment as well as a dessert. Trinkets are hidden in it, a ring, a button, a thimble, a shilling. You can well imagine the fun which results as the items are found by the eater. For the one who finds the ring gains the prospect of an early marriage. And the moneyfinder builds dreams of what he will do with his millions, while the bachelor and the spinster finding the button and the thimble, console each

other during the rest of the festivities. And speaking of English dishes, we cannot mention plum pudding without talking about mince pie which is also a favorite. Its particular significance at Christmastime is that the ingredients are symbolic of the gifts which the Wise-men brought to the Christ Child.

In Scandinavia there is a great similarity among the countries in the celebration of Christmas. Months ahead of time, the house as well as the Christmas food is prepared. For instance, in Norway, all the clothes that are to be worn at Christmastime are made at home, even to the shoes; from the skin out,



Quiet Word

*He walked along the roads
And up the hills,
From marketplace to city square,
From ancient well
To olive-hidden home,
A word for each man everywhere.*

*Intimate, friendly,
Human, Son of God,
Companion-host to those He met.
Jesus talked quietly,
Gave each a chance
To speak—words never to forget.*

*Dogmas and creeds He knew;
He knew the law;
He knew the human need for talk.
While the winds blew,
And waters lapped the shore,
He talked with men. Now let Him walk*

*Among us here
To speak the quiet way
Against the raging of the nations,
The shrill dogmatic scream
Of men who rule
From their tyrannic ego-stations.*

*Jesus of Galilee,
Come for us now
To dignify our thought and word,
That speaking it
With common men, the boasts
Of men and nations be not heard.*

—Raymond Kresensky



everyone must have a new outfit, woven and sewed at home. The butchering is done for the year and the suet is melted to make the candles. In October or November, the year's supply of baked goods is made: flatbread, waffles, and lesse. Cheeses, too, are made and the choicest put away for Christmas. Nothing is overlooked. Even the birds are thought of and a Christmas tree is made for them from a bundle of straw that the children have gleaned from the field during the harvest.

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Dinner on Christmas Eve when the house and the people are shining from top to toe, is served at six o'clock. After that, the entire family retires to the living room where the Christmas tree is. Father lights the candles, gives a short talk, and retells the Christmas story. Everyone joins in singing the old Christmas favorites. Then the gifts are opened; they consist mainly of things to wear. But everyone receives an apple and some rock candy.

Christmas Day finds the family bound for church and no matter how far it is, everyone goes. In some instances, a boatride of 14 miles is necessary. You can imagine what that must mean on the North Sea in the middle of winter! In some instances, where it is impossible for the family to attend church, the father holds services in his own home. For Christmas is a Holy time and everyone must attend divine worship.

The Holiday Season includes not only Christmas Day but also two days after and in many other countries this is true. In Finland, too, the whole house is washed and the floors covered with straw on which the children sleep on Christmas Eve, reminiscent of the way the Christ Child slept that first Christmas Night. Just before Christmas Eve, the whole family takes a bath and a Finnish bath according to the description which I found, is something to be talked about and not overlooked in a hurry. It consists of a hut of three rooms, one for steaming, one for rubbing, and one for dressing. The men bathe first, then the women and children. After the bath, birch twigs are used to strike the body to increase circulation, after which one rolls in the snow. After the bathing, comes the eating time and such foods as dried codfish, soaked for weeks in a special solution and then boiled, suckling pig, lingonberry relish, many vegetables, and for dessert, rice boiled in milk is served. There are also cookies, coffee, *torte* and other pastries to end the substantial dinner.

All through the story of Christmas in other lands, it is amazing how many pagan beliefs are practiced. For instance, during the Finnish meal, if one had fasted the day before, he would see the person whom he will marry, stand before him, unnoticed, of course, by the others for it is visionary. Or if he goes to the window and sees someone pass by headless, the person whom he has seen will die. Another belief is that, if you should look in the window at a family at dinner, the one who would die within the next year would be sitting at the table headless. How strange it is, that at a Christian festival, such unchristian ideas should persist! But then even we believe in our good-luck charms and perform certain ceremonies which are to bring us good fortune or in some way influence the evil forces and turn them into good.

Are you in the know?



When a blind date's disappointing, would you—

- ☐ Back out gracefully
- ☐ Make like a martyr
- ☐ Grin and bear it

Your blind date's gruesome? Grin and bear it! Even stupor-man has feelings.



Should you agree to meet your "squire"?

- ☐ If it's more practical
- ☐ To show you're not stuffy
- ☐ Nay, nay, never!

That squire's a square who doesn't call for his gal! Unless there's good reason. For instance, on a theatre date—if you live miles out and he works late, it's more practical to meet. For meeting "your public" on trying days, it's practical to choose Kotex. Because the flat tapered ends of Kotex free you from tell-tale outline cares. And for your extra protection, Kotex has an exclusive *safety center*. You get that high octane kind of confidence with Kotex!

Besides, he probably has friends . . . dream-beam material you'll get to know, in time. So stay in the picture; whether it's dancing, bowling or whatever. And on calendar days let Kotex keep you comfortable, with out-of-this-world softness that lasts because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.



Which plaid should "chubby" pick?

- ☐ A kingsize design
- ☐ A petite pattern
- ☐ Neither

Even if you're a plumpish pigeon, you, too can wear plaids. But whether jumbo or tiny patterns intrigue you—pick neither: A medium-size plaid is your best bet. And speaking of sizes, here's a thought for certain times: Only Kotex has 3 sizes, for different women, different days—Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. So you can choose the size that's best for you. What's more, every Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—to help you stay dainty-fresh.

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Our crusade doesn't try to deal with economic, social, or political problems except as they are involved directly in Freedom. We don't try to solve the problems of strikes, rising prices, lack of meat, minority groups, racial tensions, wars, social justice, drunkenness, or any other except Freedom.

If Freedom is preserved categorical freedoms can survive and social, economic, and political problems can be worked out through the democratic process. But Freedom can't be taken for granted. Recent trends threaten it.

No small "f" freedom has ever inspired free men to crusade on its behalf. But for spiritual Freedom man has instituted renaissance, reformation, revolution and revival. He will do it again. For man as a child of God has certain spiritual rights and Freedoms which he must not yield and which the state must not be permitted to usurp.

All collectivism is un-American and anti-Christian. The avowed enemies of Freedom is not in danger in America. A thousand new ministers a month are joining this Crusade. Many of them because Paul Hutchinson's recent book *The New Leviathan* has convinced them "it can happen here." Would you like boiled-down reprints of the book for distribution to your parish? May we send you our monthly bulletin, and a new booklet setting forth our philosophy, background, program and plans?

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SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION

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THEY MADE DEMOCRACY CHRISTIAN

(Continued from page 19)

for the Louisville Christian Civic League, in which they laid down two qualifications for membership. The applicant for a membership must be the member of a Christian church, and he must take the following pledge: "I agree to maintain my status as a registered voter and to vote in accordance with the dictates of my conscience at every regular, primary and special election unless prevented by circumstances beyond my control."

Constitutions are a dime a dozen; this one, to most of the people of Louisville who happened to hear anything about it, was just another one. It roused hardly a ripple on the surface of the community's life, at first. But Searle, shy and modest though nature had made him, was a stubborn soul; he kept at it until he had built the League up to such proportions that the local political solons had to notice it; he began to get some of the best men in town on the roll. Heading the League was a local attorney; one vice president was the president of a big chemical company, president of the Kiwanis Club, and president of Youth For Christ, Inc. The treasurer was a well-known industrial executive. Ministers, drygoods merchants, insurance men, Lions and Kiwanians joined up. You don't laugh off a group of men like that!

There are really two spark-plugs for the organization: Searle, and James T. Robertson, the League's president. They are the last two men you'd think would come together on a job like this. Robertson is a former football player, 6-foot-1 without his shoes and weighing 210. He is a flamboyant debater. You might think, if you watched them work, that Robertson was the fullback selected for heavy line plunging, while Searle runs the ends. Robertson charges head-on into a situation, with furious eloquence and gestures; Searle goes at a problem quietly—and directly. They make a great team. Robertson is a former head of the Gideon Society; Searle worked with him there for some time before getting him to take the presidency of the League, and finally won him over when he presented an elaborate brief—which appealed to the instinctive attorney in Robertson.

Let it be said plainly here, lest we give you the wrong idea, that the League has no desire to do away with the two-party system in Louisville. What they are after is to have the Democrats and the Republicans make a real effort to nominate their best men for office, and not their party hacks. They see clearly that partisanship may continue to dominate the party councils, and that mediocre men who can be controlled by the bosses may be preferred above good men who are free souls and independent minds. If that situation should come, the League will put its own ticket in the field.

You don't have to study this thing very long to see that it is plain unadulterated dynamite. Its potentialities are enormous. It is estimated that there are 10,000 to 20,000 church members in Louisville who are not even registered as voters; if the League can get these people to the polls, anything can happen, and probably will. How many additional voters, gleaned from the great mass of independents and from among those formally but inactively registered as Democrats or Republicans, will follow the League's lead, is anybody's guess. The League has set a goal of 50,000 members. If they ever get it, machine politics are doomed for good.

It is worth watching, for it is an idea applicable to any town or city in the

In an Old Chapel

I sat in a quaint little chapel
Several centuries old,
And the sun streamed in through the windows
In a hovering mist of gold.

It lighted the beams in the rafters
And the broad heavy planks on the floor,
And softened the lines of the box pews
With their stiff backs and small bolted door.

While over the bowed heads, suspended,
There hung, like an unspoken sound,
A peaceful intangible presence
Spreading a glory around.

And I felt that the many departed
Who had worshipped within this shrine,
Were there in the holy quiet
Blending with their God—and mine.

And I knew then that life is immortal
And death but a door of release;
That the soul may abide with its Maker
Creating ineffable peace.

—Ruth Erickson

country. All they have done in Louisville—to get it in the proverbial nutshell—is to put ability and character above partisanship. "As Christian citizens," say the League's leaders, "we bear upon our souls the responsibility of doing our utmost to make democracy Christian. If democracy is to survive, we must make it work. To make it work, we must make it Christian from top to bottom..." And the way to make it Christian, they believe, is to forget that you are a Democrat or a Republican and to vote for the best man.

They may have something there!

(Continued from page 35)

hopelessly. "It is not for me to say who should be underfoot in the kitchen when the cook is a daughter of Beelzebub—but stay—" he knit his brows and combed his beard with his fingers, muttering, "a bed of hay is no worse than a bed of rushes."

Turning abruptly he hurried off toward the stable, beckoning them to follow, calling back, "Come, I have no time for idle talk."

As she turned to go, the woman put a gentle hand on Josepha's shoulder saying softly, "Thank you, daughter. May the Lord reward your good heart."

The girl thought the Lord himself could not have spoken these words as lovingly as this poor traveller. The sense of a gentle hand on her shoulder brought strange tears to her eyes. Never before did the lamps seem to glow with such radiance as she lighted them. The rude noises of the inn seemed far away. She felt a new sympathy for the anxious innkeeper as she saw him return nervously plucking the keys at his belt as he scuffed across the yard in his dusty sandals. His ragged beard moved up and down as he mumbled to himself. Josepha noted the uneasy frown and as he drew nearer she heard the words, "Bedded in a stable—well—warmer than the open field. Clean hay—softer than the bare ground. But the woman—she thanked me like a—like a queen!" The old man spat as if to rid his mind of the matter and the camel stopped chewing his cud long enough to bare his teeth.

As he came in, the innkeeper called loudly to Josepha, "Hast thou lighted all the lamps?"

She held the last lamp waiting for a group of gesticulating merchants to move so she could place it in the wall niche. "This is the last master."

"Then fill the water jugs quickly. A ewer to each guest and basins. Tell them the supper will be ready in an hour. Then come you to the kitchen and tend the fire."

He hustled off and Josepha sped with swift grace to the open well in the courtyard. She placed the brimming jug on her shoulder and carried it quickly with basin and towel before the door of each guest. It was a weary task and her young arms ached. Never before had there been so many heavy jugs to fill. But she almost forgot her tired muscles as she remembered the light in the eyes of the woman. "May the Lord grant her rest," she murmured.

Later when both man and beast had been fed, Josepha was banking the fires of the oven where the bread was baking for the morrow. Looking out of the window she saw the star she called *her* star. She found it nearly every night. Sometimes near and sometimes farther away. Tonight it seemed like a shining jewel. She had only to reach high enough and



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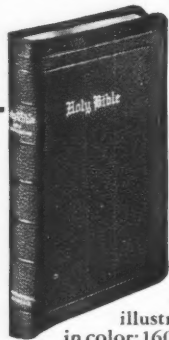
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Deut. 34. 9. 6 ¶ And they shall
Isa. 11. 2. ephod of gold, of blue
Isa. 28. 24. purple, of scarlet,
26. twined linen, with cunn
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it would be hers—hers to wear, or to keep in a secret place and take out to admire, flashing colors like a fire that could never die, a bit of radiance for her very own—or, best of all, hers to lay on the altar as an offering for the high priest to bless, her most precious thing, the best she had to give. But it was always too far away. Like so many things in this life it was just beyond her reach.

The dusk was dark violet. Stars were bright pins stuck in velvet. As she looked out she saw the stranger come from the stable to refill the water jug she had taken to them. He looked tired and worn. They were gentle folk she knew. If only they could have had a better place! Even the camel drivers had better quarters.

Stepping out into the courtyard, Josepha asked, "How rests the woman?"

"She sleeps now, daughter," he answered.

"May she rest well," the girl said.

"God grant it so!" The man's reply was so earnest that Josepha stood staring a moment. Then she darted to her corner in the kitchen and snatched her small lamp from its niche. Shielding it in her hand she followed the man. "Here, take this," she urged. "I have no need of it." "The Lord reward you, my child." The man took the lamp as graciously as if she had been a great lady.

Morning came and the girl was busy running here and there refilling water jugs, emptying basins, cleaning and tidying, directed shrilly by the mistress. She had no time to look toward the stable, so busy was she in the house.

Of a sudden the innkeeper came puffing into the kitchen. His scraggly little beard was twitching with excitement. "Anna," he called to his wife imperatively, spreading his palms as was his wont, "in the stable—the strangers with the ass—a child has been born in the night!"

"A child!" echoed his wife. "Fool that thou art! Now we shall have no peace!"

"Yea, no peace," agreed the little man in annoyance.

"Didst they call thee in the night?"

"No, none called."

"Has she swaddling clothes?"

"Yea, the babe is in swaddling clothes."

"The incense for purification? The offering for the high priest?"

"I saw naught of these."

"Verily thou dost shelter the unrighteous."

"Nay, mistress," broke in Josepha. "The woman was weary and spent. They had no time to get incense and a sacrifice. And they are but poor people."

"Be still," rebuked the woman. "Verily," she concluded, turning to her husband, "I wash my hands of it. Let their unrighteousness be upon your head."

He frowned and chewed his beard. "So be it," he muttered with a helpless gesture.

Josepha could hardly contain herself. Seizing the broom, she started out to

sweep the courtyard, hoping to be able to take a moment to see the babe.

"Stay, girl," demanded the mistress. "Hast filled and polished the lamps? Didst grind the barley and clean the ovens?"

Josepha's returning steps lagged, but soon her energy drove her from one task to another. Like a fiend she worked while her heart seemed to sing.

"A babe," she murmured, "a little babe! I knew the woman must be a mother. All mothers should be like her. I wonder if my mother—"

Try as she would she could not snatch a moment from her work until evening. After lighting the lamps she sped quickly to the stables and crept in quietly. Her heart beat with excitement. She wondered if she could see it. If it would be



We Thank Thee

*A little sunshine, a little rain,
A little loss and a little gain,
Courage to walk the unknown road,
Strength to carry the tiring load,
Blossoming flowers and beauteous trees,
Singing birds—for all of these
We thank Thee, God.*

*For memories of voices sweet,
Of beauty fresh and eager feet
That will not run again our way,
For all the joys of yesterday,
For vision to undo the bars
Of doubting night and see the stars,
We thank Thee, God.*

—Adelaide R. Kemp



awake. If it were a pretty baby. Slipping around the corner of the stalls where the beasts were quietly chewing their cud or had settled themselves for the night, she came upon the little family before she noticed there were others present.

Shepherds they were, rugged fellows with sunburned faces and deepset eyes. Their cloaks were coarse and their heavy sandals worn. One was only a boy. In his arms he carried a little lamb. They were looking in awe at the newborn babe asleep in the manger. Josepha looked, too, and thought it was the most beautiful baby she had ever seen. Of course all babies were beautiful—but this one! There seemed to be a radiance about it. Perhaps it was the reflection of the joy in the mother's face.

Then the youngest shepherd presented the little lamb. A gift, he said, for their Lord and King. Josepha did not quite understand, but the mother took it gently in her arms with a smile of understanding and gratitude. The little girl hung back ashamed. These poor shep-

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herds had brought the new baby a gift, the best they had, and she— The mother beckoned to her to come nearer. She held the girl close to the sleeping child. "Is he not beautiful, my little Jesus?"

As she said it the babe stirred and opened his eyes. They seemed to be caught by the light of the lamp. "Look, daughter," the woman said, "he is thanking you for your gift."

Her gift? Josepha didn't understand. "The beautiful light, shining like the light in your heart."

The babe's lips curved as if to smile and as she looked, Josepha thought the light on the hay of his manger bed turned it to shreds of gold. There seemed to be a radiance about his head. And the mother, too, seemed shining with a certain glory. The shepherds saw it, too, and fell on their knees in silent adoration. Josepha bowed her head. Surely this was a holy place. Her little lamp had never glowed with such jewel-like brilliance before. She who had never known the radiant light of human or divine love now saw both for the first time. Her heart stood still in fullness of joy she did not understand. It was her light—her gift to the baby. The little Jesus, his mother called him.

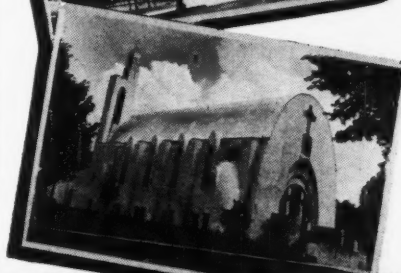
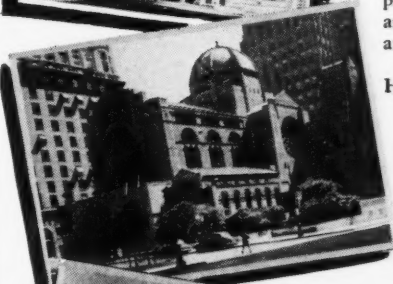
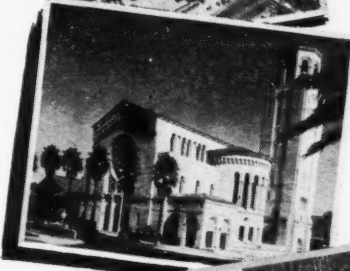
The mother clasped Josepha's hand in farewell and the girl stole away hushed and trembling with secret joy. All at once her heart seemed filled with love for a lonely world. There was the innkeeper, nervous and harassed, his only pleasure was in counting his precious money. His wife, dictator-in-chief, heavy in body and authority. The cook, with furrowed brow and tired eyes. All these Josepha embraced that night in pitying love, wanting to share the blessed light which so strangely illuminated her life. Tonight as she sought her bed of rushes in the dark, the very shadows seemed friendly. The open chimney was no longer a hideous thing where demons lurked. The dark vessels hanging from the walls or huddled on the floor were no crouching enemies ready to spring. The shadow world was His world, too; there was nothing to fear.

Of a sudden Josepha sat up, her eager face turned to the open window. She thought it was music, such heavenly sounds as she had never heard. She stood at the window and listened, but now all was still. The night was crystal clear and up there her star was shining.

The girl caught her breath. The star seemed closer, like a hundred brilliant lamps it seemed to hang in the very courtyard, bathing the little stable with a silver light. As if it knew that humble place were a scene of wonder this night. "Glory to God in the highest!" The words seemed to sing in her heart. Her star was never more hers than it was this night. But now she did not covet it as a possession to keep or even to give away. For now she knew that loving was better than having, and giving one's self was the best gift of all!

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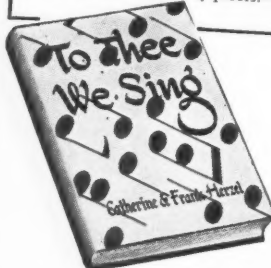
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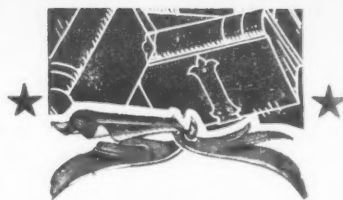
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The NEW BOOKS

By

DANIEL A. POLING

(I have just written two letters to famous American publishers each of which contains the following paragraphs:

"I am returning your book.

"I think that it goes out to the last frontier of suggestive, unclear fiction. To be sure it has company, but if this thing keeps up we are bound to get a Universal League of Decency that will not be good for publishers or for fundamental freedom.

"When an evil becomes intolerable it touches the point of cure.' Surely this evil has become intolerable. I covet the opportunity of talking with my publisher friends for I do not want censorship and I am deeply troubled and concerned."

I hope there may be such a conference as I have suggested. Christian Herald wants to be constructive and positive rather than merely negative.—D. A. P.)

THE SHORE DIMLY SEEN is the book from political America for which the country has waited since Thomas Paine wrote "The Rights of Man." If the present-day population of the United States is 150,000,000 then there should be enough copies printed and distributed to give every American who reads, the chance to read this book. When I had finished the first three hundred words I was doomed to finish the last three hundred. Here is not only the voice of the deep South but the voice of freedom yet to be. The author, Gov. Ellis Arnall of Georgia, is the spiritual twin of Wendell Willkie. Many of his sentences are etched with the skill of a master craftsman. To be sure there are stump speeches and Governor Arnall is a Democrat. He makes that clear! But before he is a partisan he is an American. Also he is a statesman as well as a politician. The book's title is taken from the second verse of the "Star Spangled Banner" and the fire of the military anthem, the passion of Francis Scott Key is in this young Southern governor who challenges the impossible and gets it done. If any Southerner now alive is destined to become President of the United States then I think I have just read the book he has written.

The last paragraph of the last chapter makes vocal the heart of the book: "We can have freedom if we make the freedom of other men our concern, because nowhere in all the world can some men be free, until everywhere all men are free. And they will be free on the shore dimly seen. . . ."

Two volumes have just come from the presses that should be read by every American who treasures freedom and democracy and who regards his own citizenship as something more than his particular Christmas present. The author of CITIZEN 13660, Miné Okubo, spent nearly six months in an assembly center on the Pacific Coast; she lived in a converted horse-stall at a racetrack. Atmosphere and surroundings were hardly conducive to creative writing, but here is creative literature, unique, restrained and at its best. The original illustrations accompanying the text are the most poignant I have ever seen. Humor and pathos, both of which are at times profound, season the volume from cover to cover. I personally visited these assembly centers and made a report to the War Department. What I found then is dramatically con-



See page 75

For Dr. Daniel A. Poling's
BEST BOOKS OF 1946



firmed in this timely but also timeless volume.

The second of these two volumes, THE BOY FROM NEBRASKA, by Ralph G. Martin, is the story of Ben Kuroki, one of the bravest of the heroes of World War II. This Japanese-American had never known intolerance and bigotry until he put on his country's uniform and went out to face death in battle. What he experienced should make every self-respecting American citizen blush with shame, but it did not make Ben either cowardly or embittered. The writer has done well by his hero and he has not failed to accept the opportunity to present the plight of other minorities in the "land of the free and the home of the brave" where the K.K.K. still raises its foul head. Ben Kuroki's breed of Americanism is etched in the blood of these Japanese-Americans whose military record is perhaps unsurpassed in the annals of warfare. Equally significant is this young man's constructive contribution to the peace.

WHEREON TO STAND is a forthright, compelling and, at times to one Protestant at least, a naive book. This picture of the Roman Catholic Church as presented by John Gilland Brunini, a layman, is something that every thinking Protestant should read. I am sure that almost without exception, Protestants who read these pages will turn from them more intelligent and more intensely loyal Protestants. The introduction written by Bishop Francis Cardinal Spellman is authoritative. Here is a significant and characteristic paragraph: "Once the Catholic has received this sacrament of his initiation, he becomes one of the 'faithful'. By this word the church distinguishes all its members, whether cleric or lay from all infidels or the unbaptized. Although one of the latter may change his status, the Catholic cannot become an infidel no matter what he does." The volume, of course, identifies Roman Catholicism and no other, as the "chosen and accepted" of God.

THE SHORE DIMLY SEEN, by Ellis Arnall. (Lippincott, \$3.00)

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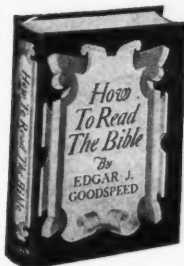
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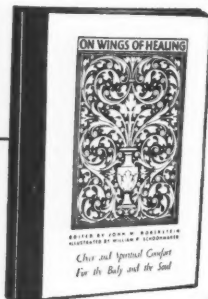
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CITIZEN 13660, by Miné Okubo. (Columbia University Press, 209 pp., \$2.75)

BOY FROM NEBRASKA, by Ralph G. Martin. (Harper, 208 pp., \$2.50)

WHEREON TO STAND, by John Gil-land Brunini. (Harper, 302 pp., \$3.00)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE, by Edgar Goodspeed. (Winston, \$2.50) "How to Read the Bible," by the author of one of its most popular versions, is an open door to a more intimate knowledge of the Scriptures. It tells you where to begin and keeps you on the march with a constant dramatic challenge to reach the goal which is always ahead. This very book was long since due and overdue. Again I was reminded of one of my most poignant experiences of World War I. A First Division sergeant came to me in the canteen out in front of Toul, with a New Testament in his hand. "Tell me how to read it," he said. He knew that it was good but the first verse of the first chapter of Saint Matthew's Gospel left him completely baffled. I had never thought of that! Here is the answer to the sergeant's question.

DRIFTWOOD VALLEY, by Theodora C. Stanwell-Fletcher. (Little, Brown, 384 pp., \$4.50) A glorious adventure book that has an intimate factual story for the heart of the world. In the center of British Columbia two young people made their pioneer home. They captured for future generations the beauty that lies beyond established frontiers. I had just finished scanning an evil novel when I turned to this—it was fresh air after foul, it was sunlight after deep darkness. These two remarkable people turned to their own enjoyment the forty below zero weather, deep snows which isolated them completely and the very disappointments and delays of their quest. The appendix with its list of plants and animals is a unique library and the illustrations are of rare originality and beauty.

ISLAND OF THE ATLANTIC, by Waldo Frank. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 503 pp., \$3.00) A great and majestic novel of New York from the Civil War to the sinking of the Titanic. Tragically it is marred. It is a philosophic study before it is a story and on this famous author's island are few virtuous women or men. Manhattan is a psychopathic ward with unforgettable characters who struggle eternally with themselves and who so often and so needlessly it seems to me, lose their primitive battle with life. Some of the great moments are theological, but here is one of the challenging fallacies: "Knowledge is what is needed, Jeff. Not belief. Belief goes wrong!" I wonder what kind of knowledge. There used to be a college for pick-pockets in New York City and faith is still the victory that overcomes the world. But with all of this and much more that might be written, that first sentence must still be allowed to stand.

THE GREAT CHALLENGE, by Louis Fischer. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 346 pp., \$4.00) Another volume from this distinguished author that can never be

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WELCOME WILDERNESS, by Grace Tomkinson. (Ives Washburn, 289 pp., \$2.50) A book of great distinction. There was no Longfellow brave enough to do for the dispossessed loyalists of the New England colonies what the gentle Cambridge poet did for the Acadians in his "Evangeline." But in this novel we have that dynamic story—poignant and tragic, ruthless and also beautiful. This is a saga of yesterday's land beyond the frontiers. We are taken to the birth of Canada's maritime provinces. Clearly it is a book of the year.

COLLECTED WARTIME MESSAGES OF GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK. (John Day, 1338 pp., \$7.50) Two must volumes for every American's library. For me the generalissimo is bound to be one in any three great names of World War II. And more than any other world leader, he made bricks without straw. Incorruptible in character and with a genius for command, he saved the East from Japan and ruthless dictatorship. Given now the continuing support of his wartime allies, he will lead China into organized democratic freedom. These speeches and messages are both the record of the war between China and Japan and the autobiography of their author.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. (Macmillan, 339 pp., \$3.50) To all meat eaters this is a comforting and convincing argument for the diet they love. It is a gastronomic adventure in the Far North and as thrilling as one of Cooper's tales. Let vegetarians enter here with temerity.

BRAVE NEW WORLD, by Aldous Huxley. (Harper, 311 pp., \$2.50) A new and beautiful edition of the author's classical adventure into the Utopia of the future. Here is satire at its searching best. Written nearly a generation ago, it is more timely now than it was then.

THANK YOU MR. PRESIDENT, by Merriman Smith. (Harper, 304 pp., \$2.50) It is the White House notebook of the correspondent who is the only reporter assigned to Roosevelt before the war and who is still on the job with the President of the United States.

OUT ON A LIMB, by Louise Baker. (Whittlesey House, 213 pp., \$2.00) The author lost a leg at 8; her book is an attempt at hilarity, describing the fun she had, anyway. While one admires her courage one goes a bit cold at her smart-Alec style. She claims to be bored at the thought of spiritual strength, but spiritual strength cannot be so boring as much of her book. F. S. M.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NON-SENSE, by Bergen Evans. (Knopf, 275 pp., \$3.00) The author has a long, long pin which he jabs into one pet misconception.

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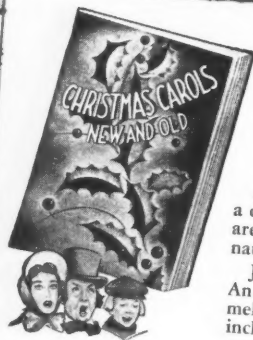
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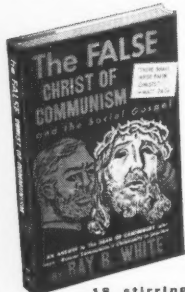
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THE BEST IN DON MARQUIS, edited by Christopher Morley. (Doubleday, 670 pp., \$3.00) Until we read this book, we were not particularly interested in Don Marquis; now he has captured us. Here is humor par excellence; we have read no better. Spotty with profanity and non-church ideas, it is not for church-reading lists, but the bulk of it is still richly and cleanly funny, and shot through with an enviable philosophy of life. F. S. M.

GLASS HOUSE OF PREJUDICE, by Dorothy W. Baruch. (Morrow, 205 pp., \$2.50) The incidents in this little volume, though real names are not used, are vouched for as true. Some of them are stranger than fiction. A few are quite "unbelievable," but all are convincing. There are terrible tales on these pages of what prejudice has done to the innocent, but even more appalling is what it will do presently to the guilty—and to the majority who do not destroy this greatest destroyer.

THE ORIGINS OF CHRISTIAN SUPER-NATURALISM, by Shirley Jackson Case. (University of Chicago Press, 239 pp., \$3.00) Here is a forthright and honest book that will arouse bitterest feeling because it affirms that a majority of the rites and symbols, which are at the heart of Christianity, are traceable directly to pagan origin. The book will also be appreciated for its sincere scholarship. There is nothing orthodox or evangelical about this volume!

QUESTIONS THAT TROUBLE CHRISTIANS, by W. A. Poovey. (Wartburg Press, 187 pp., \$1.50) Here is a sincere and understanding attempt to answer questions that trouble Christians. Your question is very likely to be in this book. One of the finest answers is on "Why do Christians have to suffer?"

THEY HAVE FOUND A FAITH, by Marcus Bach. (Bobbs Merrill, 300 pp., \$3.00) Here is at once an adventure and an educational experience. Eight of the most significant, if little known, religious groups in America, are discussed intimately. They may be ridiculed, despised, or hailed into court but they cannot be ignored. Some of them are simply incredible in the Twentieth Century of so-called "universal enlightenment," but they are with us and in growing numbers. Here are the eight: Jehovah's Witnesses, Spiritualism, The Kingdoms of Father Divine, Unity, The Foursquare Gospel, The Oxford Group, The Baha'i Faith, and Psychiana.

THE RAPE OF PALESTINE, by William B. Ziff. (Argus Books, 118 pp., \$1.00) As a historical document it is of first importance. It should be read by all (Continued on page 76)

THE BEST BOOKS OF 1946



OF ALL the books reviewed in *Christian Herald* this year, Dr. Daniel A. Poling selects these as the best:

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. Macmillan.
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TELL ME ABOUT THE BIBLE, by Alice Mary Jones. Rand McNally.
"... makes the Bible live for children and does it with a rare attractiveness."

HOLDFAST GAINES, by Odell Shepard and Willard Shepard. Macmillan.
"... until a greater is written, this is The Great American Novel."

THE COLORADO, by Frank Waters. Rinehart.
"No historical novel could be more romantic and thrilling."

THE FRIENDLY PERSUASION, by Jessamyn West. Harcourt, Brace.
"A convincing, wholesome, human, dynamic book."

THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF, by William C. Bullitt. Scribner.
"The most provocative book in field of international affairs since the atom bomb."

THE LOWELLS AND THEIR SEVEN WORLDS, by Ferris Greenslet. Houghton Mifflin.
"... pages filled with the artistry of finest writing and with the eloquence of freedom and democracy on the march."

HOW YOU CAN HELP OTHER PEOPLE, by Samuel M. Shoemaker. Dutton.
"The final chapter alone is worth more than the price of the book."

TALE OF THE TWAIN, by Sam Constantino. Harper.
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thoughtful British and American citizens. The justice and humanity of Christian nations is challenged and the mark of shame is left upon them all.

THE KINGDOM OF FLYING MEN, by Frederic Nelson Litten. (Westminster, 247 pp., \$2.00) A thrilling adventure story of today. Flyers return from the far ends of the earth to find themselves if not unwanted, then at least without comparable opportunities in civilian life, but they are still unafraid! They make their own opportunities. Here is something in the field of youth literature that should be welcomed by every parent.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH RELIGION? by Karl B. Justus. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 102 pp., \$2.00) The author did his thinking in the South Pacific. He is a veteran of five major landings and even though you do not like what he has to say, you should read it. He is impatient of division and believes that it points to disaster. Also he believes that a united Church can make the greatest of all contributions to the peace.

NATHAN, BOY OF CAPERNAUM, by Amy Morris Lillie. (Dutton, 192 pp., \$2.50) Here is a story as lovely as sunlight shining through the soft rain. There is beauty and truth on every page. Nathan, the boy of Capernaum, makes Jesus the glorious friend of boys and girls everywhere. The illustrations are very

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

(Continued from page 16)

it and the joyous tears in her eyes when she received it and whispered: "It is much too much!"

In 1897 came illness and its attendant sorrow. The father was not allowed to live to see his children prosper. That first Christmas after his death we dreaded. We knew our mother was brave, but we didn't know how brave.

"We must keep Christmas as we always have," she said. "Your father would have it so. He wouldn't want grief to spoil the day for you. He'll want us all together and he'll want us to be happy."

So we were, and so it was and so it has been all down through the years. Grief has come to us from time to time, but always the most grieved of us has kept Christmas a good day for the others.

Easter is a holy day and one of hope for all of the Christian faith, but I think the influence of Christmas runs even deeper. It does something to the nature and the spirit of mankind that no other day of the calendar can do. Dickens knew it and proved it with his beloved (and I think I could say, eternal) "Christmas Carol." Under the influence of the Christmas spirit grouches become pleasant people; hardened and toughened men of the world prove that they can be tender at times; as a police reporter I have seen tears in the eyes of fallen women at Christmastime, as their

beautiful and those on Pages 51, 57 and 190 are of unusual significance.

A ZEST FOR LIFE, by S. Edward Young. (Foster & Stewart, 169 pp., \$1.50) This little volume tells how to make religion work in the everyday life of the everyday man and woman. The chapters discuss such subjects as personal religion over social religion. "Faith, a Family Matter," and "The Gospel for Too Big a Day."

THE DISTINCTIVE IDEAS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, by Norman H. Snaith. (Westminster, 251 pp., \$2.75) The goal of the Hebrews was knowledge of God, that of the Greek philosophers knowledge of man. This author shows us how an understanding of these ideas is basic to a right understanding of the Christian faith.

THE ANGRY PLANET, by John Keir Cross. (Coward-McCann, 239 pp., \$2.00) Not even Jules Verne ever wrote a more fantastic tale than this—it includes Mars and everything! The illustrations are as thrilling and characteristic as the text.

ALBUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY 1853-1893, by James Truslow Adams. (Scribners, 435 pp., \$7.50) With more than thirteen hundred illustrations and with dynamically condensed text, forty years of American history—1853-1893—are given life and significance.

thoughts turned homeward and to their cleaner and happier childhood; out of the prisons have gone greetings and gifts to the loved ones the inmates have saddened and hurt and seem to have forgotten and betrayed. There is no other day like it, and so heartwarming and so good for both young and old.

Statistics today show that divorces are increasing. War brings hasty and thoughtless marriages. Returning soldiers in many cases prove to be not so desirable as they seemed when departing for the field; long absences do not always make the heart grow fonder; change is ever near and ever at work and he who seemed wonderful once is discovered to be common. Court dockets are filled with pleas for separation—but all is not hopeless: Christmas, thank God, will reunite couples now thinking to divide; the home will be re-established and Santa will return on Christmas Eve.

Christmas is the greatest of all family ties. It brings the grown-up children back to the family fireside. With the beginning of the season the one question on the lips of workers whose duty has taken them afar, is: "Are you going home for Christmas?" Once on a street-car—it was years ago—I overheard a conversation between two young men.

"Are you going home for Christmas?" one asked.

"Not this year," was the reply. "I have just written the folks that I can't get away. Too much to do at the office just now. I wish I could go but I just can't."

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That bothered me and I couldn't seem to get that young fellow out of my mind. I felt that he was making a mistake and would regret it. He bothered me and I couldn't settle down to write my daily bit. An idea for a verse would come, but I kept hearing him say: "Not this year. I've just written and told the folks I won't be there." I decided to try to change his mind. That morning I did a bit which began: "Are you going home for Christmas? Have you written you'll be there?" The last line was: "If you're not I hope there'll never come the time you'll wish you had."

It was printed the next morning in the Detroit *Free Press*, as my daily contribution. I have never known whether or not I captured the youngster I was after, but for two weeks my mail kept bringing me letters from others who had read it telling me they had changed their minds and in spite of business or selfish reasons, they were going home for Christmas. Those letters are the greatest Christmas presents I have ever received.

The Christmas spirit works miracles. It could, if it were given an honest trial, settle many of the problems of the world. If it were truly tried it could build the brotherhood of man so strong that never again would nations go to war; it would spread tolerance throughout the world—not the smug, complacent, haughty tolerance of wrongs of others, but the generous, broadminded tolerance of their rights. Color and caste and creed, under the spirit of Christmas, would be distinctions only; not the causes of hatred and bigotry and bitter feeling. What one is born to be would be judged fairly by what one lives and proves to be. The spirit of Christmas would bring capital and labor closer together; each would see that neither can prosper without the good will of the other. The differing sects of Christian faith would recognize their common goal and find fellowship in their common purpose. It could (as it does one day of the year) make the home a surer and a happier place; it holds families together now, but if we tried it oftener, it would save many that are breaking under the strain of self-seeking.

The Christmas spirit would make every man, great or humble, prouder of himself. There is no glow in the human heart so warming as that which comes from the knowledge of having been useful and having done one thoughtful and unselfish deed. That the giver always learns when he sees delight in the eyes of those his simple gifts have gladdened. That Paul understood when he counseled his followers: "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, when He said: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Christmas is not only a day for children; it is a day for all of us; for the lonely and for the saddened; for the young and for the old. It is good for the world, and I am sure it is good for me.

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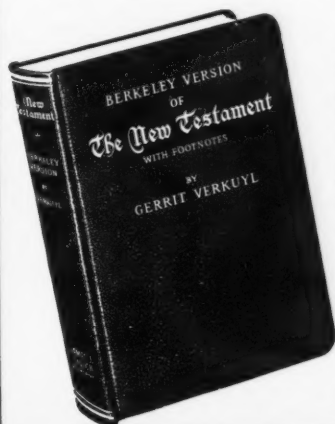
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THE advisory services of CHRISTIAN HERALD's Consultant are freely available to pastors, building committees, architects and others. All questions are answered promptly by mail. The following, with answers, are chosen from our recent mail relating to current church-building problems.

When do you think we shall be able to build?

This is a question frequently asked in these days of shortages and restrictions. At this writing, the building-materials situation has not yet improved to any great degree. Reports from all over the country indicate that prices are still too high and materials too scarce to warrant any but the most urgently needed construction. And only recently the government, for the sake of encouraging more veterans' housing, has placed even greater restrictions on such materials as are available. Under such circumstances, it is impossible to predict when it will be wise to undertake actual construction. But do not let your building program lag! Complete your plans and specifications, collect funds for your projected building program, and be ready when the situation eases. It may ease suddenly, and those whose plans are ready for immediate action will have first claim on materials and labor.

Our contractor advises that, due to the present labor and materials condition, he cannot guarantee to erect our needed building for any certain specified price. Should we undertake to build by hiring the contractor and paying him what it costs him for labor and materials?

This is a dangerous procedure, unless you can secure a bonded guarantee that the building will be completed within a specified time and for a maximum cost within the range of your ability to handle it. Many contractors cannot now give such a guarantee, backed by a bond. It is hoped that churches will be chary of the cost-plus system of contracting; it worked havoc in the not-too-distant past, creating outsized debts that burdened many churches for years.

I see a lot of construction going on—places of business, beauty parlors, amusement halls, etc. Why are such allowed to build at the same time churches are denied?

Churches are not usually as aggressive as commercial interests—nor as unethical. Neither were the majority of regional directors of the Civilian Production Administration as favorable to churches in their claims as they were to such interests. Even when materials were badly needed for the war effort, and all builders were subject to restrictions, at least one great race track, with stables and other auxiliary buildings, was permitted to be

erected. And there have been cases in the present period, just prior to the issuance of the restriction order designed to help the building of veterans' homes, when buildings that already had been "started" (perhaps by laying a yard or so of concrete foundation) were permitted to proceed with construction.

I do not know of a church that tried in this way to "jump the gun" or take advantage of a technicality. However, there are places where churches were granted permission to build; it was up to the CPA authorities, and a few did favor church building as "necessary." How long the new restrictions will last, no one can know.

What is the best method of treating a basement concrete floor in order to avoid the "cold feeling" such a floor gives a room, and to make the room more attractive and less noisy?

The floor may be painted with paint made especially for the purpose. Apply for cost, color card and information at your builders' supply dealer. Better even than paint is an asphalt tile which is manufactured for use over concrete below the grade of the ground. This material is durable, clean and attractive. If wood is used, which we do not recommend, make sure that good ventilation is provided between the wood and the concrete throughout the entire area.

Should we include air conditioning in our planning?

Yes, by all means. But air conditioning must be specially planned by the architect for each individual building, and for each different room in the building. Some buildings in certain areas may need just a continuous supply of fresh air secured through a system of forced ventilation. In other cases, the air may also be cooled to a certain degree. In some climates humidity needs to be added; in others the degree of humidity needs to be decreased.

The plaster on our ceiling is badly cracked and in places even falling off. We are told the present plaster must come off, and we do dread the awful mess and dirt this will mean. What do you recommend?

You can avoid the mess and most of the dirt. Nail thin wood strips over the present plaster ceiling, driving the nails through to the joists. Then over the strips nail one of the excellent brands of insulation board (such as are advertised in CHRISTIAN HERALD). The result will be a beautiful ceiling that will provide insulation against heat and cold, as well as help in correcting bad acoustics. Your lumber dealer can supply samples and color schemes available in this type of material.

When is the next meeting of the North American Conference on Church Architecture?

The North American Conference on Church Architecture will be held in New York City on January 4, 1947. A program of interest to church-building committees, pastors, architects and others is now being prepared. For detailed information concerning the conference, write Dr. E. M. Conover, care of Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York 16.

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THE HAPPY DEBTOR

(Continued from page 30)

program with the coming of summer. An enlarged recreational program, for one thing—and why not? Isn't this the time of year when the youngsters have time on their hands—time to get into trouble? So there is supervised play at First Baptist Church, and picnics and Bible discussion groups and good movies.

They take care of their young people. There are three B.Y.P.U.'s (Baptist Young People's Unions) in this one church—junior, intermediate and senior. A young people's forum provides Sunday-evening programs of worship and fellowship. There is a social get-together for the young people *after* the evening service, which always ends in a fellowship circle.


Then there is the Sunday school (they call it Sunday school, and it sounds good) which is after all the main feeder of any good church. First Baptist Church keeps the feeder in good all-year-round condition; it is run by the happiest Sunday-school superintendent I've ever met. He laughs at the heart of the Sunday-morning session, and that is something, for Sunday school here looks a lot like the subway at rush hour; it's something of a madhouse, but it's a nice place in which to go mad. You have to fight your way through crowded corridors and classrooms; everybody's children and grandchildren are there. It runs the usual gamut from kindergarten to adults, and it is a little hard to figure out which department is strongest. Forty percent of the attendance in this Sunday school is *adult* attendance, which I believe is something rare in Sunday schools. Yet the man who is in charge of it says it is all due to the fact that they put the accent on youth—they concentrate on the young. It doesn't seem to make sense, but it does. Says Superintendent Reynolds:

"I think we've solved the Sunday-school problem. We have solved it by going after them when they're really young, and keeping after them until they are old. There are 1900 registered in this school; 1200 of them show up, on an average, every Sunday. And 120 of them are babies on the cradle-roll. We'll follow that 120 all their lives, right through the adult department. We encourage mothers to bring their tots; Mrs. Adams leads the mothers' class while the tots are being cared for elsewhere. We're planning cribs for *babies* in the new wing. . . ."

On Wednesdays and Fridays the pastor reaches out into the community through a microphone in his study, conducting an informal chat-and-worship with his people and with any other people who care to listen in.

* * *

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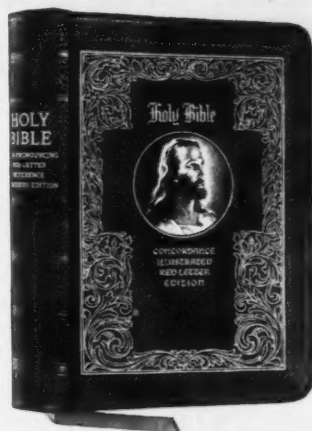
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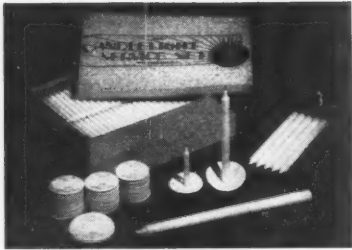
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churches in America. But it is no miracle-church. Once upon a time, when it started, it had no more than any other church has ever had; aside from the one windfall of that endowment, it has been no darling of fortune. It has struggled up, fought up to its present prosperity, with the help of a people who worked like the Happy Debtors of God. They kept everlastingly at it; they kept the missionary vision; they tithed themselves as few churches have the courage to tithe, and it has made them rich, in more ways than one; they dare to use the gifts of science—air-conditioning, radio—to serve God, friend, and the stranger.

I suppose, being human, that these folks have an occasional disagreement; they'd be in another world if they weren't like that. But I have seen few churches where "they all pull together" as they pull in this one. I've seen a lot of churches; this is one of the very few that seemed to me to have just about everything.

A LITTLE LONGER, LORD

(Continued from page 48)

be my New Year's resolution—to go to church, once anyway. Can see how I like it, up there."

Saturday night he brushed his shiny old suit—it was getting pretty thin. He put some black liquid polish on his shoes, and looked out at the weather. The stars were shining; still, couldn't tell. Might change before morning. Well, if he woke up in time, and it was a pretty day, and he felt good, maybe he would go up to the church. He wondered if the ladies who had brought the groceries would be there and if they would remember him.

Next morning he woke early, as usual. It was clear and there was but little frost on the rooftops. He dressed, made coffee and ate his breakfast. Allowing himself plenty of time, he started out for the church. Didn't do him any good to hurry.

It was 9:35 when he arrived. A woman he did not know welcomed him graciously, inviting him to have a seat. The building began to fill, mostly with children. In a few minutes one of the ladies who had brought the food to him came in. She looked at him, and quickly went to him, holding out her hand.

"Why, Mr. Simmons. I'm so glad to see you. I'm Mrs. Adams. Do you remember me?"

"Yeah. Yeah. I remember you. Just thought I'd come up to the church this morning. That chicken, and everything else you brought me, was mighty fine. Sure lasted a long time. The chicken was tender, too, else I couldn't have eaten it without any teeth."

Mrs. Adams turned Mr. Simmons over to the preacher, Mr. David, who took him around to all the adults, mostly women, to introduce him.

In the opening assembly, they asked him to stand and welcomed him, inviting him to come back every Sunday. When the classes assembled he sat where he was until he was asked to move over into another corner of the auditorium, with the Adult Class. All in the class were women, except him. It seemed the men who were there were the teachers of the boys' classes.

Mr. Simmons sat through the lesson period, leaning forward a little, his hands clasped over the head of his cane and his chin on his hands. He had nothing to say, and heard but little of the lesson. He enjoyed what he heard, however, as well as the other sounds in the room. There were two boys' classes meeting in the same room and the boys' feet shuffled back and forth, and their chairs seemed to wiggle of their own accord. Most of the children didn't have bathrooms at home and it was a treat to use the one at the church. Their journeying back and forth made a certain amount of confusion that seemed pleasant to Mr. Simmons. He recalled how his wife Mary had had to take first one, then the other of their babies outside—back when they'd taken them to church. Kids didn't change much, he reckoned.

He hadn't done so much handshaking for a long time; everybody seemed anxious to greet him, and they urged him to come back. He didn't know if he'd go back or not, but Monday, all day, it seemed pleasant, thinking how cordial they were. He walked to town Tuesday—the weather was fine—and at the post office he met one of the men who had taught a boys' class. He recognized Mr. Simmons and stopped to talk to him a few minutes.

"We're looking for you back next Sunday, Mr. Simmons. Hope you won't disappoint us. We don't have too many men who come regularly, the church is new and we're sort of struggling along. Maybe if you came every Sunday, it would encourage other men to come."

"So he remembered my name," Mr. Simmons chuckled to himself as he plodded slowly homeward.

Wednesday and Thursday dragged along; Friday he asked Mrs. Baker if this wasn't Saturday. Early Saturday morning he washed his hair, so's it would be dry by bedtime, and he wouldn't catch cold. After his supper, he bathed in the washbowl, and went to bed thinking, "Believe I'll go back up there in the morning. Seems like they're expectin' me. Too bad to disappoint them."

Mr. David was there when he arrived and said, "Good morning, Mr. Simmons. Glad to see you again."

The teacher of the Adult Class welcomed him with enthusiasm. He didn't know that she was delighted to see the same face two consecutive Sundays.

A youngster who had been there three Sundays in succession was given a Bible. He learned that this was the practice,

(Continued on page 82)

The Standard of Value

GENERAL SMUTS once told of a South African millionaire who was the proud possessor of a great gallery of art treasures in London. He had bought rare and priceless things regardless of cost and when he showed his guests the treasures, his one self-revealing observation was some variant of: "What do you think I gave for this? What do you think that cost?" That was his only standard of values. He might as well have framed a lot of railway bonds. The marketplace was in his soul and wherever he went he carried its mercenary standards with him, unable to see that in some spheres, they are an impertinence and a sacrilege.

The man was an exile amid all his gathered treasures. He is a significant contrast to some impecunious lover of pictures, saving up for months or it may be years, abstaining from little legitimate pleasures, in order to buy some picture on which his heart is set. When he at last buys, what a sense of triumph he has, what joy and authentic satisfaction! His few dollars buy him more of paradise than all his wealth could buy for that millionaire. The poorer man gets infinitely more for his money, for value doesn't depend on cost. What we get out of things is by no means determined by what we pay for them.

Value is a spiritual and not a monetary estimate. Usually when the emphasis is on the cost, it may be taken as a sign that true value or spiritual appreciation is absent.

A main error of our materialistic age is the assumption that money is the thing that matters; if that be secured, then other things, such as the power to appreciate and respond will be added unto it. There is no warrant for any such assumption. Long ago were men told by the greatest of all teachers, that the true order was to seek first the inner, and in that way to ensure the outer. For only through these inner capacities do we become truly rich. Apart from them, men remain paupers in the midst of great possessions. A wise ordering of life proceeds therefore by way of inner culture rather than outward acquisition. It makes sure that if and when pictures are bought, or any other treasures, there will be some deeper satisfaction than the vulgar boast about their cost.

Our acquisitive age would be far happier if it could be persuaded that the inner is more than the outer, that a man's life does not consist in the things that he possesses.

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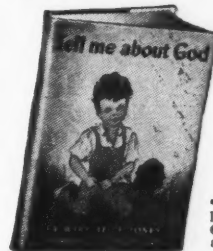
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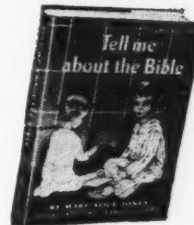
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to present Bibles to anyone who came three Sundays without missing. Well, he only had one more Sunday to go, and he'd get a Bible. His old one was lost a few years back. It would be nice to have another, even though he didn't read much.

* * *

"Come up to the church with me next Sunday," Mr. Simmons urged Mrs. Baker, during the week. "We'll take Mr. Baker along, too. You'd like the church. I do. I like the people. I'm going next Sunday sure, cause they're going to give me a Bible then. Come along with me, you and Mr. Baker. They sure are fine folks up there."

He thought Mr. David would be proud of him if he could bring somebody, and specially proud if Mr. Baker would come. Seemed like they were sort of short of men up there. But the Bakers said, "Maybe some other time."

The third Sunday Mr. Simmons thought he looked pretty spruce in the blue suit Miss Monroe had brought him. It looked almost brand new. Most of the faces seemed familiar to the old man today. He felt like he was among home folks.

He reminded Mr. David this was the day he got his Bible. He was pleased with it and planned to lay it right out in plain sight on the dresser.

"Aren't you mighty dressed up today?" asked Mr. David.

"Yeah. Got my new suit on. Miss Monroe, that lady down to the courthouse, brought it to me this week. Guess I'll have to get married, now I got a new suit. Heh. Heh." He chuckled, his mouth half open, exposing a toothless gap.

He wasn't surprised to see Mrs. Smith, a literal-minded old soul, allow her expression to show her disapproval of such frivolity in the House of the Lord. But Mr. David laughed with him at his little joke.

As he was leaving the building, he overheard the preacher and Mrs. Adams talking. They didn't know who was going to light the fires Saturday nights, since the boy who had been doing it moved out of town.

Mr. Simmons said eagerly, "Say, I could do that. It's just a little piece up here from my place. I'd be glad if I could do something for the church. Just show me how these stoves work, and you sure can count on me. I'd be proud to do it."

Mr. David showed him exactly how to light the stoves, showed him how to regulate the gas, and gave him a key so Mr. Simmons could get into the building.

In the week following Mr. Simmons dreamed he died and went to heaven, and he saw the Lord. He saw the golden stairs, and his wife. She looked just like he remembered her, only sweeter and less tired. And there were his children. Tiny three-year-old Sarah, and five-year-

old John. He'd have known them anywhere, and it had been almost fifty years. He woke with a start, before he had even had time to speak to his wife or touch the children. Funny, he wasn't scared. But he didn't sleep much more that night, pondering it all over in his mind. Could be, all this religion was too much for him. Still, 'twas a kind of nice dream. As good as any other he'd had, maybe better.

He lighted the fires in the church just before sundown Saturday. It looked like it was really going to be cold before morning, so he tried to turn the fires just right so it would be warm enough, but still not too hot, and he calculated just about right. Sunday the church was nice and warm. Mr. David slapped him on the back, and said "It's just fine in here this morning. I knew we could depend on you to take care of it for us."

When he returned home after church he ate his noon meal—wished he had some more chicken. The wind was really howling now. This place was hard to keep warm. He locked the window. Maybe that would make it tighter in the frame and so much air wouldn't come in the cracks. He turned up the gas and lay down to take a nap.

Seemed like the last month had gone faster than any time for years. Here it was more than a month since Christmas. Each week seemed to fall into a pattern. He spent the first three days of the week looking backward to the two hours spent at the church, going over and over in his mind the songs, the opening exercises, the discussions back and forth in the class: Just what he said the one time he entered in; how he said just what he intended. As he thought it over, he couldn't improve on it at all. Then with Thursday, he began to think forward to the time he could go to the church again. Should he wear the old shiny suit, or the new (nearly) one? He had two ties, but nobody commented on them, even after he went one Sunday without a tie at all.

He must remember to tell the preacher about the little talk he had with old man Jones. Old man Jones said he didn't believe in God at all, and he just told old man Jones there would come a time—he'd find out—when the Lord would separate the sheep from the goats. Yes, he thought, drifting off—they were mighty nice folks up there at the church.

When he woke, he could hear voices, but he was too tired to open his eyes. He wondered what they were all doing in his room, and who it was they were talking about.

"Time and time again, I've cautioned him about turning the gas up and leaving it go like that. Wouldn't be surprised if this takes him."

"Poor old fellow. Might be a blessing, though. Nobody in the world at all. Is on the county. Doesn't make any difference to a single soul whether he lives or

(Continued on page 84)

Unsolicited Manuscripts

Successful magazines welcome unsolicited manuscripts. A number of our best articles, stories and poetry have dropped out of the mailbag.

Many unsolicited manuscripts come in beautifully typed, neat and tidy; most of them are well written, interesting and worthwhile and a fair percentage of these are accepted. Others arrive in such untidy condition, they discourage reading. Very rarely is one of these accepted for how could orderly thinking, acceptable to our readers, come from people so untidy in other ways?

Our associate editor who first reads the unsolicited manuscripts, suggests contributors study the following pointers. If followed, they will give your manuscript the best possible chance of being read and seriously considered:

1. Type all manuscripts double-spaced and neatly on one side of a good grade of white bond paper, size 8½ by 11 inches. Use this size even for a four-line poem—there's less chance of it being lost.

2. Place your name and address on first page in the upper left-hand corner and approximate number of words in upper right-hand corner. Type title of article or story about one quarter of way down on first page and beneath that place author's name. Begin manuscript about half way down on the page. In upper left-hand corner of each subsequent page type page number and your last name or first word of article or story. This is for identification in case a page drops out. Indicate end of article with number sign (#) or some other mark. Always clip pages together with an ordinary paper clip, never staple or fasten.

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A LITTLE LONGER, LORD

(Continued from page 82)

dies. He may have had his work to do when he was younger, but he's lived out his time, and then some."

The two voices sounded vaguely familiar—Mr. and Mrs. Baker, he thought. But the third one was strange.

"Is his general health good? I wasn't here before when he came in."

"Yes, he's pretty tough. The trouble is, I think, that he doesn't care much about living. No interest in life, nothing to do. He's just waiting his time out. He told me New Year's he didn't know if he'd make it this year or not."

Why, it dawned on him, 'twas him they were talking about. But he *did* care about living. And he had some folks. He had somebody who cared whether he lived or died. He had a work to do. Weren't they counting on him to light the fires every Saturday night? Must be somebody else they were talking about.

With all the strength he had, he opened his eyes. Everything looked white—'twasn't his room or something had happened to his sight. His ceiling had cracks in it. He closed his eyes again to rest a minute, then opened them. They rested on someone dressed all in white. Could be she was an angel. But no, he'd seen somebody like her before. A nurse—that was it. She was a nurse.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, and the last word was a whisper. Sure did take strength to talk, seemed like.

"I'm working here. Now you just lie quietly and rest and you'll be all right."

He remembered the dream of heaven. That dream had nearly come true, he thought.

He murmured, "Let me stay a little longer, Lord. Wait a little while for me, Mary, Sarah, and John. Got to stay here awhile and help out my folks up at the church. They are counting on me to light the fire Saturday."

He heard the Lord say, just as plain, "O.K., William Simmons—a little longer." Then he dropped off to sleep.

NO BROTHERHOOD WITHOUT FATHERHOOD

(Continued from page 41)

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 Friday.....Genesis 12:1-9; 17:1-8
 Saturday.....Genesis 32

Sunday, Dec. 1.....Genesis 37
 Monday.....Exodus 3
 Tuesday.....Ruth 1
 Wednesday.....I Samuel 3
 Thursday.....I Samuel 16; Psalms 139
 Friday.....I Kings 19:1-18
 Saturday.....Nehemiah 6

Sunday, Dec. 8.....Zechariah 4
 Monday.....Isaiah 1:1-20; 6
 Tuesday.....Isaiah 52:13-53:12
 Wednesday.....Jeremiah 1:1-2:13
 Thursday.....Daniel 6
 Friday.....Luke 1:26-56
 Saturday.....Matthew 3:1-7

Sunday, Dec. 15.....John 3:1-17
 Monday.....Luke 10:30-42
 Tuesday.....Luke 15:11-24
 Wednesday.....John 13:1-17
 Thursday.....John 17
 Friday.....Acts 2
 Saturday.....Acts 6:8-15; 7:44-60

Sunday, Dec. 22.....Acts 9:1-9; 13:14-43
 Monday.....II Timothy 1:1-18
 Tuesday.....Hebrews 11:24-12:2
 Christmas.....Matthew 2

about fifty million; that gives you an idea of the spiritual power which can be claimed if we all join in.

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Film reviews and ratings by the Protestant Motion Picture Council, cooperating with the Protestant Film Commission, Inc.

CHOOSING the Picture of the Month for December called for no little deliberation on the part of reviewers attached to the Protestant Motion Picture Council. Among several possible candidates, "Margie," produced by 20th Century-Fox, finally won out. And that was due to several factors, among them these: (1) it is a clean and wholesome bit of entertainment, depicting family life; (2) it is beautifully produced in technicolor, with just the right balance of dramatic and nostalgic values, and (3) it comes just at the proper season, when the whole family during the Christmas holidays will be seeking the kind of light entertainment all members of the family can enjoy together.

It should be made plain that "Margie" does not offer the solution to any burning question or glorify any special cause. It does not aim at sophistication (so-called); it is no film-epic demanding the use of superlatives to describe it. It is just fun—and tender reminiscence. And as you see it you'll laugh a lot, maybe cry a little, and probably leave with a broader and more tender understanding for each other than you had before.

The picture opens with Margie (Jeanne Crain) and her daughter (Ann Todd) looking over some old things in the attic. The time is now, 1946. To Joyce, her mother's high school days, as revealed in albums and mementoes out of a trunk, are very ancient history. But when her mother turns back the pages, it appears to Joyce, as to the audience, that teenagers are really not so different.

The picture flashes back to the Margie of 1928, busy with her school affairs. She lives with her Grandmother McSweeney (Esther Dale) who has a large supply of commonsense and is quite a person; frank, courageous and humorous. Margie is a healthy, happy, wholesome, uncomplicated girl—and her school's leading debator. Roy (Alan Young), one of her classmates, is interested in Margie; but she is too intrigued by the daring ways of Marybelle, the girl next door, and her friend Johnny to give him much time. Quite unexpectedly she comes in contact with Professor

"MARGIE"

THIS HEARTWARMING STORY OF TEEN-AGERS AND THEIR PROBLEMS WILL DO THINGS BOTH TO YOUR HEARTSTRINGS AND YOUR MEMORIES. GOOD FAMILY FARE FOR HOLIDAYS.



While working on her speech for the high-school debate, Margie (played delightfully by Jeanne Crain) has other and, to her, vastly more important things on her mind—such as Life and Love, spelled with capitals.

Fontaine (Glenn Langan) who is causing many hearts to flutter among the girl students. The social life in school and community follows its course. There are the all-important parties, skating in winter and all the pleasant things young people like to do. Margie fits in naturally and she has her "ups and downs" with the rest.

It is not hard to picture her as the Margie of school days and find that the upbringing she has received from Grandma McSweeney has prepared her for becoming the friend of her own daughter Joyce. Some old records bring back the songs and tunes of that day. To Joyce, they are quaint, and Rudy Vallee is ancient history. But she comes to see that "the more things change, the more they are the same," as the French say.

There is a happy relation in family life, a naturalness which is refreshing in the action of the actors, most of whom belong to the younger group. "Margie" is well worth seeing—which is something you may not gather from the kind of advertising the film is currently receiving. **F**

Previous "Pictures of the Month":

Devotion (Warner); *Courage of Lassie* (MGM); *Anna and the King of Siam* (20th Cent.-Fox); *Henry V* (U.A.); *Sister Kenny* (RKO); *Angel on My Shoulder* (U.A.)

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; YP—Young People; F—Family

THE JOLSON STORY. (Columbia). A well-told biographical story with emphasis on Jolson's creative turn and his ability to understand the human heart and sing to it. The scenes in the synagogue and the Roman Catholic church are authentic and dignified in treatment. There are wholesome family attitudes, and a minimum of drinking for a picture of this sort. Much of Jolson's life has been fictionalized, and perhaps glamorized, but this will not prevent the film from being rated one of the year's best musicals. The acting of Larry Parks in the title role, plus the synchronization of Jolson's voice, create the illusion of seeing and hearing the original character. **F**

CHILD OF DIVORCE. (RKO). Though this gives no solution to our steadily rising divorce problem, it points up that problem, and depicts graphically the tragic emotional situation arising from family break-ups. Done from the standpoint of the child and the parents, it might well have a sobering influence on those considering divorce. **F**

GALLANT JOURNEY. (Columbia). Sensitive conceived and executed, this

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story of young John Montgomery, who designed and flew the first aeroplane in 1883, is good family fare. It is spiritually toned to the idea of living, sacrificing and dying for an ideal. And while the ending, in our opinion, would have been stronger had it closed on a note of triumph rather than that of human sorrow, it nevertheless encourages heroism and perseverance. Glenn Ford and Janet Blair, the principals, handle their parts well, especially in the tender love interest. **F**

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE. (20th Cent.-Fox). The trials and not too heavy tribulations of three sisters—June Haver, Vivian Blaine and Vera Ellen—in search of husbands, preferably rich. A pleasant and colorful comedy, with both farm and wealthy resort life glamorized in tune with the fantasy of the plot. **F**

THE DARK MIRROR. (Universal-International). This sets out to be a mystery story but turns into a study in morbid psychology. With a tensely dramatic ending, the play attempts to be thought-provoking but, due to being spotily unconvincing, often provokes confusion instead. Olivia deHavilland, Thomas Mitchell and Lew Ayres acquit themselves creditably enough. But from previous press reports on Lew Ayres, we rather expected his return to films would be aboard a vehicle more elevating than this. **A**

BRIEF ENCOUNTER. (Cineguild, Universal). A doctor and a housewife, both married, are brought together by chance, meet later by accident, then several times by design—and fall in love. What they do about it is determined by the kind of people they are—essentially decent, ashamed of the evasions and lies in which they find themselves becoming entangled, and courageous enough to dissolve their alliance rather than cause pain to others and the loss of their own self-respect. This film points a powerful moral in adult relations; its appeal lies in the fact that the same thing could happen to almost anyone. The musical background, a rendition of Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto, gives depth and feeling to the story. **A YP**

MR. ACE. (United Artists). The ways of corrupt politicians and the means by which they gain their ends—that's the fabric on which this complicated story is embroidered. George Raft and Sylvia Sydney play the main characters whose ultimate reform seems prompted more by selfish interests than by the kind of social consciousness we fondly hope our candidates for political office may espouse. **A YP**

THE COCKEYED MIRACLE. (MGM). Fantastic and farcical is this comedy depicting the trials and tribulations of a family of seafarers, two of whom (Frank Morgan and Keenan Wynn) are members of the spirit world. The two ghosts run in and out of reality, help and hinder the living, correct some of their earthly mistakes, and have a hand in causing a storm and unleashing lightning like some homely Jove. The action, however amusing, merits the "cockeyed" part of the title but hardly lives up to the

"miracle." Children, and some adults, may be confused at the zany goings-on. **A YP**

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU. (Republic). Music lovers will excuse this film's highly improbable story while basking in a plot involving music-makers and revelling in the delightful piano work of Artur Schnabel. Philip Dorn is excellent as the temperamental and domineering

conductor who trains young Catherine McLeod as a concert artist, then becomes jealous of her achievement and spoils her debut at Carnegie Hall, only to send her unwittingly into a happy marriage. The play has flaws, but is on the whole quite entertaining. **F**

THE SHOW-OFF. (MGM). A comedy made to measure for Red Skelton, who plays a braggart with an inordinate talent for getting his family into trouble while he himself remains, in his own mind at least, the perennial hero. The solidarity of family life is well brought out; even the escapades of the "show-off" cannot shake their wholesomeness, affection and patience. The ending of the film finds Skelton allegedly "cured"; but we're not so sure! **F**

CLOAK AND DAGGER. (Warner). Intense drama, portraying the dangers and hardships faced by our underground agents in Italy during the closing days of the war. Though sinister doings involve Gary Cooper and Lilli Palmer in some quite harrowing situations, the moral and ethical standards of the principals are well pointed. An eye-gouging episode in a hand-to-hand encounter might well have been left out, but on the whole the film does right by the OSS. **A YP**

WHITE TIE AND TAILS. (Universal). The story of a butler (Dan Duryea) who uses his employers' absence to play at being a gentleman, with plenty of ensuing complications. Contains some clever satire on life as it is lived in "high society," revealing the emptiness of the eat-drink-and-be-merry philosophy. **A YP**

ROLL ON TEXAS MOON. (Republic). Cattlemen and sheep ranchers feuding, with Roy Rogers getting the chance to ride his beautiful horse, sing ballads, and rescue the defrauded heroine. Clean, romantic Western film. **F**

IT'S GREAT TO BE YOUNG. (Columbia). A theatre janitor pretends to be an impresario, and thus starts reel after reel of errors and complications. **A YP**

LITTLE MISS BIG. (Universal). Story of an elderly woman of wealth (Fay Holden) who seeks and finds the joys of simple and unselfish living by losing herself among people of humble station. **F**

TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE. (Warner). The story of a Balkan prince (Dennis Morgan) who goes on a spree with a taxi-driver (Jack Carson) and falls in love with the latter's girl friend (Joan Leslie), then makes a broadcast home in praise of democracy. An interesting plot spoiled by too much drinking made amusing and drunken driving made entertaining. **A YP**

NO LEAVE, NO LOVE. (MGM). A rather improbable story which might be construed as a satire on radio programs giving away premiums—in this case, moth balls. The radio part, however, is only incidental in the affairs of two U.S. Marines, Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn. There is a good deal of drinking, which is unfortunate in view of the teen-age Van
(Continued on next page)

THE Children's LIBRARY

AMONG thousands of American families, Saturday morning is set aside as "movie time" for children. Until recently, however, exhibitors seldom took this into consideration, offering their regular adult fare to the kiddies with perhaps an extra Western or serial or cartoon thrown in. The result was that youngsters of elementary school age were often forced to sit through features not at all suited to either their understanding or their morals.

But during the past few years there has arisen quite a movement, sparked by concerned parents and teachers, to encourage movie-house operators to put on special Saturday morning children's shows. Exhibitors at first failed to respond; perhaps they couldn't, due to a number of factors such as block-booking and inability to obtain enough children's subjects.

Now, however, the Motion Picture Association, headed by Eric Johnston, has taken a step that will be applauded by both parents and exhibitors. Ten major producers have made available new prints of the best child-appeal pictures produced during the past 20 years. Already 28 features, all approved by reviewing groups as ideal for children, have been placed in the hands of 316 film exchanges across the country.

These features include such favorites as *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Anne of Green Gables*, *The Human Comedy*, *Little Miss Marker*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, and *Young Tom Edison*.

Says Eric Johnston: "If parents will encourage the screening of these pictures at Saturday shows, their children, I believe, will be enriched in literature, adventure, phantasy and fun. We present The Children's Library with that in mind."

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Johnson fans who will undoubtedly flock to see this picture. **A YP**

BLACK ANGEL. (Universal). Murder story, with Peter Lorre as a Jekyll-Hyde character, interweaving love, music and liquor terminating in crime. Can be taken as a powerful indictment against condemnations based on circumstantial evidence as well as against the deteriorating effects of drinking. **A**

SHADOWED. (Columbia). A well-knit murder story with all the suspense any addict of this type of picture could ask for. The accent is on the solution of the crime, not the crime itself. The rewards of honesty and courage, as contrasted with those accompanying fear and guilty suppression of crime, are well brought out. **F**

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE. (Bing Crosby production; United Artists release). An exaggerated and too-obvious lesson in tolerance, packaged within an up-to-date version of the Anne Nichols play. Because Rosemary Murphy and Abie Levy are afraid to tell their parents of their marriage in London, after V-E Day, by a Protestant minister, they go through two more wedding ceremonies according to the Jewish and Roman Catholic rituals. The film may amuse, but it is doubtful whether the cause of tolerance will be constructively served. **F**

RUSTLERS' ROUNDUP. (Universal). Cattle thieves mixing it up with a clever detective (Kirby Grant) to the accompaniment of much riding and shooting, with Fuzzy Knight's stuttering routines providing comic relief. **F**

LAWLESS BREED. (Universal). More of the same, with same principals, but this time dealing with bank robberies. **F**

LITTLE IODINE. (United Artists). Based on the comic strip of the same name, this is an over-acted comedy of errors arising from a child's pranks. The juvenile capers are never really funny. **F**

DICK TRACY VS. CUEBALL. (RKO). Hectic entertainment, much too nerve-racking for young children, even those who avidly follow the Tracy cartoons. **A YP**

GUNMAN'S CODE. (Universal). Another "crime does not pay" western, on the usual pattern, with Wells-Fargo men fighting stagecoach bandits, and one of them wooing the banker's lovely daughter. **F**

Previously Reviewed and Rated:

Courage of Lassie **F**; Boys' Ranch **F**; Cluny Brown **F**; Renegades **F**; The Stranger **A**, **YP**; Sunset Pass **F**; Do You Love Me? **F**; Vacation From Marriage **A**, **YP**; Anna and the King of Siam **F**; Smoky **F**; O.S.S. **F**; Dressed to Kill **F**; The Searching Wind **A**; Two Smart People **A**, **YP**; Somewhere in the Night **A**; One More Tomorrow **A**, **YP**; Till the End of Time **A**, **YP**; Dead of Night **A**, **YP**; Centennial Summer **F**; Three Wise Fools **F**; Specter of the Rose **A**; Monsieur Beaucaire **F**; Little Mister Jim **F**; Sister Kenny **F**; Claudia and

David **F**; Two Years Before the Mast **F**; Canyon Passage **F**; Caesar and Cleopatra **F**; They Were Sisters **A**; Of Human Bondage **A**; Strange Love of Martha Ivers **A**; Notorious **A**; Swampfire **F**; It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog **A**, **YP**; Angel on My Shoulder **A**; Holiday in Mexico **F**; Cross My Heart **A**, **YP**; Notorious Gentleman **A**; Black Beauty **F**; Criminal Court **A**, **YP**; The Time of Their Lives **F**; Personality Kid **F**; The Great Day **F**; Night and Day **F**; Blue Skies **F**; Home Sweet Homicide **F**; The Perfect Marriage **A**, **YP**.

NO LAND IS FREE

(Continued from page 44)

"Most of America was like this once," Andy said almost reverently. "Work put fields where there had been forests and thickets. Work can do it again, Dave."

Off to the south stretched lower land, thicker grown. They stood at the edge of a deep, gloomy swamp, a region of brakes and bogs and slashes inhabited by frogs, mosquitoes and snakes, by squirrels, possums and coons.

Near the southeast corner of the tract, they found where hogs had been rooting for roots and acorns. The hogs had worked over a considerable area, rolling up thick turf with their tough noses, making holes and wallows, leaving dried ridges of grass and trash.

"It's either a big bunch of hogs," Andy reasoned, "or they spend a lot of time here. I don't like this."

"They'd be rough on a crop of corn," Dave said. "We'll have to build a fence."

"Or else the man who owns the hogs will have to put 'em up," Andy said flatly. "I'll have to find out whose they are, and have a talk with him."

There was little they could do without a team and a wagon, and although it was unpleasant to think of being without a car, the time had come to give theirs up. The car would bring possibly five or six hundred dollars, for used automobiles were much in demand. The mules and the wagon would cost about half of that. In addition, they needed various plows and tools. There would be little money left, and out of that must come wire, seed for planting, and provisions to last them until next fall, when crop-selling time came—if there was a crop to sell! Aside from what the car represented, Andy had little money.

He and Dave went to work at once, building an enclosure with poles. They had an ax and a posthole digger, a hammer and nails. By midafternoon they had finished the job.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Webster came at four o'clock, arriving in a noisy pickup truck that roared like a superfortress, because it lacked a muffler. Mrs. Webster was a slender, timid-looking woman of forty-something, with sad, pale-blue eyes and a general manner of apology. Mr. Webster, however, was not of this cut: he was short and stout, broad of face, chest and feet, stubble-bearded, blunt-spoken.

"Don't Mrs. W want to come b mustn't Oh, in. "So neighbor "We Mr. W he said around "Wor struggling Mr. Andy a Andy s building an' help out her In th chair re but a much here an ahead o "We work," the lan do muc "It's ful har "Blessed shall ha "Tha Granny "No Cowan preache Bible. won't y "We told her church "Wel Method enough or Bap so we a house o ship to wants sprinkle mersed and so "The to ask said, cl fully g we'll h of othe "We' ence v "They hearted better "We "It'll b "Wel with t Sig Fl goin' t with. C

"Don't stop whatever you're doin'," Mrs. Webster begged Kate. "We don't want to butt in. Harley just said we'd come by, an' I said all right, only we mustn't stay an' bother—"

"Oh, we're not that busy," Kate cut in. "So glad you came by. Are you our neighbors?"

"We live three quarters from here," Mr. Webster told her. "Howdy, Ives," he said loudly as Andy and Dave came around the house.

"Won't you come in?" Kate invited, struggling to keep her face straight.

Mr. Webster remained outside with Andy and Dave, and was pleased when Andy solicited his advice concerning the building that lay ahead. "I'll drop aroun' an' help you some," he said. "We folks out here do a lot of neighborin'."

In the house Mrs. Webster took a chair reluctantly, saying: "We can't stay but a minute. I know you've got so much to do, gittin' straightened out here an' ready for the awful job that's ahead of you."

"We know it will take a world of work," Kate told her. "And, looking at the land now, I wonder if we ever can do much with it."

"It's hard," said Birdie Webster. "Awful hard. But as Brother Cowann says, 'Blessed are those that labor, for they shall harvest.'"

"That's not in the Bible, is it?" asked Granny. "I mean, in those words."

"No'm, I don't reckon so. Brother Cowann just made it up, an' him bein' a preacher, it sounds like it's from the Bible. Y'all will come to our church, won't you?"

"We expect to attend church," Kate told her. "What denomination is the church out here?"

"Well, Brother Cowann started out a Methodist, I think, but there wasn't enough Methodists out here for a church, or Baptists either, or Presbyterians; an' so we all pitched in together an' built a house of the Lord for us all, an' we worship together. If somebody joins an' wants to be sprinkled, Brother Cowann sprinkles him; if he wants to be immersed, Brother Cowann immerses him; and so on."

"There'll be lots of things we'll want to ask you and Mr. Webster," Kate said, changing the subject. "We're awfully green about this kind of life, and we'll have to depend on the experience of others in lots of things."

"We'll be proud to share our experience with you," Birdie assured her. "They ain't no use in makin' you down-hearted right at the start. Maybe I better not tell—"

"We can take it," Hope broke in. "It'll be a help, later."

"Well, you're goin' to have trouble with them hogs. They belong to Mr. Sig Flanagan, at Newcastle, an' he's goin' to be a hard man for you to deal with. One thing, he's in with the county

(Continued on page 92)



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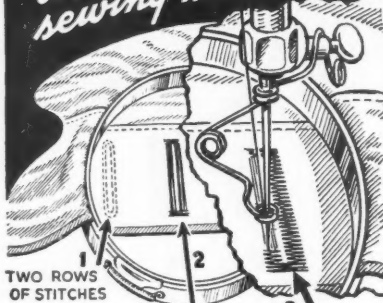
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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN

Sure Signs

Weather Man: "Put down 'rain' for today."

Assistant: "Are you sure, sir?"

Weather Man: "Yes. I lost my umbrella, I'm planning to play golf today, the roof has not been fixed yet, and my wife is giving a lawn party."

—Voiceways.

Letdown

Junior Partner (to pretty stenographer): Are you doing anything on Sunday evening, Miss Dale?

Steno. (hopefully): No, not a thing.

Junior Partner: Then try to be at the office earlier Monday morning, will you?

—The Carbon Copy.

Cautious

When a sailor at a navy swimming class refused to dive from a 15-ft. platform, the instructor asked: "What would you do if you were that high on a sinking ship?"

"Sir," said the student, "I'd wait for it to sink about 10 ft. more."

—Pathfinder.

Horse Sense

The feed store clerk answered the telephone.

"Please send up a bale of hay," came a voice over the line.

"Who's it for?" asked the clerk.

"For a horse, you dumbbell," snapped the voice. "And hurry up with it, too."

—Voiceways.

Check!

Young wife (coily): Wouldn't you be surprised, dear, if I gave you a check for your birthday?

Hubby: I certainly would.

Wife: Well, here it is, already made out, ready for you to sign!

—The Link.

Emergency

A doctor had an urgent call from a man to the effect that his small son had swallowed a fountain pen.

"All right," replied the doctor, "I'll come at once. What are you doing in the meantime?"

Came the answer: "I'm using a pencil."

—The Carbon Copy.

Woman Driver!

When the woman motorist was called upon to stop, she asked indignantly, "What do you want with me?"

"You were traveling at fifty miles an hour," answered the police officer.

"Fifty miles an hour? Why I haven't been out an hour," said the woman.

"Go ahead," said the officer in despair.

—McCall Spirit.

Little Horace

By Lundberg



"I ain't Santa Claus, I'm the laundry."

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Can't Fail

Another way to keep cookies and doughnuts safe from juvenile hands is to lock them in the pantry and hide the key under the soap on the washstand.
—Watchword.

Antique

"She says she was born in Victoria, B.C."

"B.C.? I thought so. She looks it."
—Pathfinder.

Depends

Sonny—Is a ton of coal very much?

Dad—That all depends on whether you're shoveling it or burning it.
—Lookout.

High Finance

He: "The bank has returned your check."

She: "Isn't that just wonderful! What shall we buy with it this time?"
—McCall Spirit.

Good Question

Returned Sailor: Hawaiians have the same weather almost the year round.

Grampaw: Well, how do their conversations begin?
—Selected.

No News is Bad

"Cheer up, old chap. No news is good news."

"Not when you're running a newspaper."
—Exchange.

Repeat the Question

"What advantages do pajamas have over an old-fashioned nightgown?"

"Don't know. I've never worn pajamas over an old-fashioned nightgown."
—Pathfinder.

Awful Fate

First Genii: "What are you laughing at?"

Second Genii: "I just locked a woman in a room with 1,000 hats and no mirror!"
—Watchword.

Literal

A long-suffering diner noted that his coffee was served without a spoon. "This coffee," he remarked pointedly, "is going to be pretty hot to stir with my finger."

A short time later the waiter returned with another cup of coffee.

"Maybe this isn't so hot, sir," he said.
—Pathfinder.

Tête à Tête

An American soldier was seated opposite a nice old lady in the compartment of an English railway car. For some minutes he chewed his gum in silence, then the old lady leaned forward and murmured, "It is so nice of you to try to make conversation, but I must tell you that I'm terribly deaf."
—Exchange.

Speedy

Two men were flying East in a passenger plane, making the first air trips of their lives. The plane touched down at St. Louis, and a little red truck sped out to its side, to refuel it. The plane landed again at Cleveland, and again a little red truck dashed up to it. The third stop

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was Albany, and the same thing happened.

The first of the two men looked at his watch and turned to his companion. "This plane," he said, "makes wonderful time."

"Yep," said the other, "and that little red truck is doing all right, too."

—Boston Globe.

Too Literal

Doctor: "The thing for you to do is to stop thinking about yourself; try burying yourself in your work."

Patient: "Mercy, and me a concrete mixer!"

—Link.

Precocious

Photographer: "Watch the birdie."

Modern Tot: "Nonsense! Kindly pay attention to your exposure, focal length, distance and lighting or you'll ruin your film."

—Carbon Copy.

The Atomic Age

"For Sale—160-acre hill farm in Southern Indiana; poor buildings and poor fences; not much of a farm, but a swell hideout from atomic bombs."

—Ellendale (Ind.) News-Trader.

Can't Wear a Hen

A short-sighted man lost his hat in a strong wind and chased it.

NO LAND IS FREE

(Continued from page 89)

ring, an' that's bad. They don't like us people out here."

"But why?" Kate begged. "What have we done to them?"

"Nothin', but we're clearin' up the country where they've hunted deer for years. It was their wilderness, they figure, an', from the sheriff down, they ain't goin' to be much help to you if there's trouble. You'll see."

Before the Websters left—and their visit lasted until late afternoon, despite Birdie's original intention to remain but a minute—they had learned some further details of unsavory nature connected with their new home: the house in which they now dwelt had once been the residence of a locally notorious moonshiner. Later it had become the camp house of county politicians, in deer season. The section near the thick swamp abounded in rattlesnakes. A few winters ago, Sig Flanagan's hogs attacked a hunter one afternoon and would have "et him plum' up" if he hadn't climbed a tree.

Then they roared away, leaving the family of Andrew and Kate Ives with several things to think about.

* * *

That night, just before dawn, the lights of a car cut through the darkness and found the cabin. Before Andy could get his pants on, the car was stopping in front of the house and men were getting out. They were talking loudly, and not altogether pleasantly. One fellow yelled, "Hey, there!"

Andy went to the door and opened it,

"What are you doing there?" asked a woman from a nearby cottage.

"Getting my hat," he replied.

"Your hat!" exclaimed the woman. "That's our black hen you're chasing."

—Voiceways.

Say This Fast

A tutor who tooted a flute once tutored two tooters to toot. Said the two to the tutor, "Is it harder to toot, or to tutor two tooters to toot?"

—Link.

Correct!

Professor: "What three words are used most among college students?"

Freshman: "I don't know."

Professor: "Correct!"

—Voiceways.

Passing Remark

Boss—Take this letter to the office of Smith & Jones. On the way you will pass a football field.

Office Boy—Yes, sir!

Boss—Well, pass it!

—Lookout.

Baby Care

Sgt.: "Isn't it about time our baby said 'daddy'?"

Mrs. Sgt.: "Not yet, dear, I'm going to wait till he's stronger before I tell him you're his father."

—Carbon Copy.

stood blinking in the brilliant light that flooded the front of the house. "Who is it?" he called. "What do you want?" "You got in the wrong house, didn't you, fellow?" a tall man asked, stepping in front of two others who had emerged from the car first. "This is our camping place."

"I moved here just this week," Andy told him. "I'm homesteading this section of the woods. Are you deer hunters?" "Sure, and we've camped here every season for the past five years. We've just driven down from Monticello to join Sheriff Martin's party. Where are they?"

"I don't know anything about them," Andy said.

A short, heavy man moved ahead of the tall one who had been spokesman. "Why don't you donators take up land somewhere else and let our deer-hunting territory alone? You're a blasted nuisance, coming out here and spoiling—"

Andy stepped out the door. "There are ladies in the house," he said quietly. "Stop your ugly talk."

"Why, you peckerwood!" The heavy-set fellow roared. "You bushwhacking peckerwood, I'll—" He started forward, lurching unsteadily, but the tall one caught him by the shoulder.

"Save it," he advised. "Let's drive to Newcastle and find out where the sheriff's camp is this season."

"Turn me loose!" bellowed the burly intruder. "I'll mash his face in. I'll—"

"Turn him loose," Andy said. "We'll both do some mashing. This is my home

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now, and I don't intend to let a drunk run me away from it."

"Not drunk," the bully growled. He turned and moved unsteadily back to the car. "Come on, boys, let's go to Newcastle. I want to see Sig Flanagan. I wonder how he feels about losing the camp house out here."

They drove away, toward the gravel road that led out to the highway. Andy stood for a moment under the clear, late stars, watching the red tail-light blink through the trees and thickets the car passed. It was like the baleful red eye of a temporarily vanquished enemy in retreat, looking back at him.

When he went into the kitchen, Dave was sound asleep. But, beyond the wall, the women were awake. Kate called: "Who was it, Andy? Wasn't one of them mad about something?"

"We've got their camping place," Andy told her. "They're deer hunters." "Oh!"

Andy returned to the bed, rolled Dave out of the way, and crawled in. But he didn't go to sleep; there was too much to think about.

(To be continued)

STORY OF A FAMOUS CHRISTMAS CAROL

(Continued from page 17)

Once the lines were down on paper, the author still lacked for music to go with the words. Phillips Brooks had to have this if his boys and girls were to sing them as he intended. It was only natural that he should turn to the handiest of all musicians—his organist and choir leader.

Lewis H. Redner was no ordinary person in the world of hymnody, and on this occasion he appears to have been as much inspired as his rector. The story goes that, after being shown the hymn by Phillips Brooks, he went to bed and woke up in the middle of the night with his beautiful tune, "St. Louis," ringing in his mind. He rose at once and put the notes down on paper, not returning to his slumbers until the whole thing was recorded.

It is needless to add that the carol won enthusiastic approval when it was first sung by the Sunday-school children of that Philadelphia church seventy-eight years ago. Although it was nearly twenty years before "O Little Town of Bethlehem" began to be widely sung at Christmas, a later generation has made up for that early neglect. Today there is hardly a Protestant church in which this carol is not heard at the holiday season, nor a hymnal in which it does not appear.

Its enduring popularity is not hard to understand. As Dr. Allen, Phillips Brooks' biographer, points out, "It appeals to the heart of a child, partly because it was the outburst of a happy spirit . . . It is an exquisitely simple thing, and yet one feels behind the words the existence of a great soul, meditating on the mystery of the divine revelation."



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CHRISTMAS IS SPIRITUAL

(Continued from page 25)

States read it and love it. Herbert Hoover gets a copy every year, to read to his grandchildren. A Roman Catholic nun in Japan ordered a copy in July just so she'd be sure to get one. Protestant schools and Roman Catholic parochial schools buy it year after year; they use the annual to work out Christmas programs. Teachers in Sunday schools have come to depend upon it for programs and for the fundamentals of Christmas teaching. Big industries buy it by the hundreds to distribute as gifts—and when you have a big business buying a book that sticks to the Gospel, you *really* have a pat on the back for that book. It crosses every social and racial and denominational line.

The Augsburg Publishing House happens to be a firm operated by Norwegian-American Lutherans, but nothing finer will ever be said of it than that only 8,000 out of last year's 122,000 annuals were distributed in Norwegian-American circles; the rest of them were spread all over the Christian Church.

Why? Why has this one Christmas book succeeded so tremendously while countless others have failed? There is, at bottom, one reason for it; this book, from the start, has concentrated on the one great story held by all Christians of whatever color or creed; it *tells the story of the birth of Jesus Christ, and nothing more, and people love it.* It has won top honors in its field not so much because bankers and Presidents happen to like it, but because the simple spiritual approach of the book appeals so strongly to the simple spiritual folks of this land, of whom God made so many.

The proof in the eating of this publishing pie lies in what it has done to lift the whole tone and meaning of

An Unknown Sea

As I launch my craft on an unknown sea,
The storm clouds lower, and the billows roar;
But my pilot has traveled this way before,
And I know that no harm will come to me.

He has breasted waves of an angry sea,
He has struggled with pain, and hate, and grief
That a sin-burdened world may find relief,
And that tempest-tossed souls a light may see.

So I launch my craft on the unknown sea,
And I set the sails with a steady hand;
For beyond the sea lies a golden strand,
And I know that no harm will come to me.

—Frances Bigelow

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Christmas in the homes of the gloriously little people of the Kingdom of God. There are on file in Minneapolis a flood of letters from farmhouses and small-town cottages, in which mother and dad say they read the Christmas story out of the annual this year, and found something in Christmas that had been missing for years. Perhaps they would have read the old, old story anyway—but just perhaps; it is sad truth that not very many of us open the Book on Christmas Day. If only one family re-read the story because someone happened to give them an annual, it would be worth all the effort and money it has cost. The truth is, of course, that hundreds of families have been led to look back to Bethlehem who might have looked only at the presents under the tree.

There must be a lot of satisfaction in doing a job like this. The printers in the print-shop told us that they get the same "kick" out of producing the book every year that a preacher gets out of preaching a good sermon. They say it isn't just another printing job; there is nothing routine about it. They discuss the type and layout of a title page with all the seriousness of a group of diplomats discussing world peace; they spend a lot of time over the width of an "alley" between two columns of print. Into the book they pour their dreams and inspirations and consecration; all their hopes and all their fears are met in "Christmas." They show it to merciless critics—clergymen, for instance!—before they show it to the public, and they accept or reject uncounted criticisms and suggestions, pouring out all they have to make of it a book for God of which they need not be ashamed. That's why it is a good book.

But the great thrill must come, we think, when they pull the switch that stops the roar of the presses, and take off the last beautiful sheet and turn out the lights and go home, when all who have had anything to do with it go home, their job done, knowing that they have created in a ranch house of the Dakota prairie or in a cliff-dweller's apartment in Manhattan or in a soldier's barracks in Germany a Christmas that God and His son will look down upon and call good.

ANSWERS TO
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR BIBLE?
(See page 54)

1. Jacob. *Genesis 28:12*
2. Joseph. *Gen. 37:3*
3. Abraham and Isaac. *Gen. 22:13*
4. Absalom. *II Samuel 14:26 and 18:9*
5. Moses. *Exodus 3:2*
6. Samson. *Judges 14:8*
7. Noah. *Gen. 8:11*
8. David. *I Sam. 16:23*
9. Gideon. *Judges 6:37*
10. Haman. *Esther 7:10*
11. Jesus or Mary. *Luke 2:21*
12. Paul. *Acts 9:25*

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Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

Discussion

● To Washington this month went Mrs. Jesse Bader, Chairman of Christian Herald's Protestant Motion Picture Council, to represent the HERALD and the Council in a panel discussion called by the Attorney-General of the United States. The discussion dealt with motion pictures in their relation to juvenile delinquency.

Aside from the merits and values of the discussion that took place there, we are particularly interested in the selection of Mrs. Bader as a participant. It is new evidence that as Protestants we are beginning to make our influence really felt in the motion-picture field.

We just thought you'd like to know about this latest activity of your Council.

Two for Mr. Courier

Sir:

This is really the first time you have made me wonder if there is any hope for the Protestants. I'm referring to your criticism of Myron Taylor's stay at the Vatican. What, in heaven's name, is the matter with you? Ordinarily, you're intelligent, but there must be some sort of blind spot in your mind. Let's not hear any more such implied criticism from you. You're worthy of so much more. It's nothing in the world but professional Protestant jealousy, and you know it. I'm ashamed of you.

Well, you can't please everybody and I know it. But stop playing up to the narrowminded. You mean well, though. God bless you. Be true to yourself.
Atlanta, Ga. Maurice Runell

● Mr. Courier has asked for six weeks off; he's doing penance. Seriously—are we “playing up to the narrowminded?” Bishop Oxnam went to the White House on this one, and we've heard him criticized often on the ground that he was too liberal-minded. Then there are all those Southern Baptist leaders in Reader Runell's own state of Georgia who are anti-Taylor with a vengeance; we suggest that he is taking in a little too much territory with his blanket accusation. But we like that “God bless you.” Thank you for that, sir!

My Dear Courier:

I nearly always read your department in the HERALD first, and 99 times out of 100 I agree with you. Even when you handed some of the leaders of my own

Church (Methodist) a left-handed compliment on their leadership in the Crusade movement, I confess you were right. But you hit the nail on the head without hammering the board with your comments on Jehovah's Witnesses. It is high time that you—or someone else—wrote that book. I had some close relatives at one time, conscientious, earnest church workers, who went off after the Witnesses, and they became the worst religious pests that ever came down the pavement . . .
Socorro, N. M. Wallace I. Torbert

● And here's one from a Witness, just to keep the balance:

Dear Editor:

You just don't understand the Witnesses. We are the only ones following Christ; all so-called Christians in the organized Church (an abomination) compromise with the world. We will have nothing to do with the world; it is all sinful and wicked, including the men and women in it. We are the only ones to be saved at Armageddon. There will be no peace until all is destroyed. I don't want my name mentioned in your deceitful paper.
Chicago, Ill. A Witness

● We're sorry if we've offended any real Christian witness, but we rise to remark that we don't quite understand this letter. We wonder how any follower of Jesus Christ can turn his back on the world's men and women with the smug statement that only those who are witnesses of his own particular brand are to be saved. It's good to know that someone is going to get to heaven after “Armageddon”—but it seems a bit brash if not presumptuous to select the survivors before that great event comes off.

Christmas Cards

Dear Sir:

Today I bought my first Christmas cards for 1946. Soon they must start to friends in Europe, Asia and Africa. The day's experience brought to mind the subject of Christian Christmas cards—if you know what I mean. Last year—or was it two years ago?—your splendid paper printed a communication on that subject, contributed by a subscriber. It was by far the best thing I have ever seen on the subject. I am asking, *urging* that you do it again this year . . .
Santa Barbara, Cal. Mrs. C. E. Chaney

● The need for Christian Christmas materials is quite as sharp this year as last, and CHRISTIAN HERALD is quite as much interested. May we call your attention to the story of the

Augsburg Christmas Annual, in this issue? It was written to emphasize this need, and to point out how one Christian publisher has solved it.

Poem

● It takes something unusual to make an editor stop in the middle of a pile of letters or manuscripts, read a letter or a story or a poem twice and say, “That's good!” Whatever it is, really has to be *good*; we grow callouses quickly, in this business.

Mrs. F. I. Graham of Cortland, N. Y. sent us a poem a little while back that really stopped us. It was written by Arthur Guiterman, but we are unable to find either the book or the publisher of the book in which it may originally have appeared, in order to give credit. If you know book or publisher, let us know. The poem entitled “House Blessing,” is a thing altogether lovely:

*Bless the four corners of this house
And the lintel bless;
And bless the hearth and bless the board,
And bless each place of rest;
And bless the door that opens wide
To stranger, as to kin.
And bless each crystal windowpane
That lets the starlight in;
And bless the roottree overhead,
And every sturdy wall.
The peace of God . . . the peace of man . . .
The peace of love . . . on all.*

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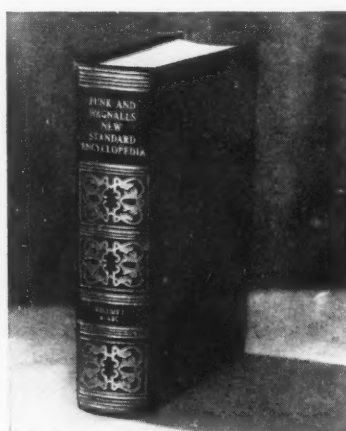
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